

The **A** **MERICAN**
LEGION *Monthly*
25 Cents *October - 1926*



Beginning **HOW RED IS AMERICA?**
By WILL IRWIN

"MAKE" THE BAND



— share the
highest honors

THE winning kick sails between the goal posts . . . the final whistlesounds . . . surging down the field comes the frenzied victory dance . . . at the head of it marches the band!

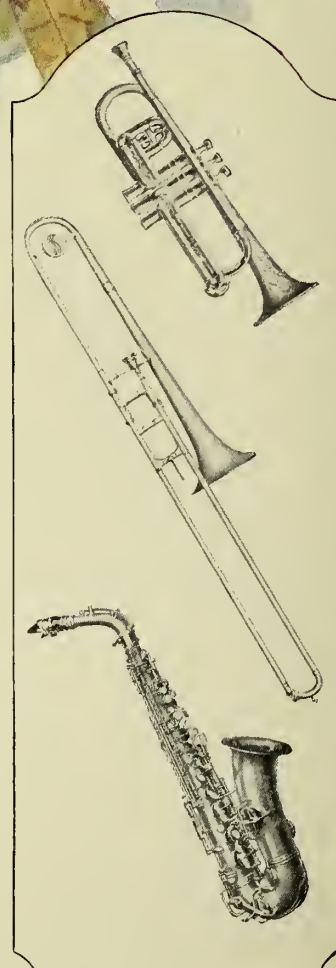
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The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*



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A PATRIOTIC CALENDAR FOR OCTOBER

1st: First United States silver dollar minted at Philadelphia, 1794—2d: Major André hanged, 1780—3d: Death of Black Hawk, 1836—4th: Rutherford B. Hayes born, 1822—5th: Chester A. Arthur born, 1830—6th: Erie Canal opened, 1825—7th: Battle of Kings Mountain, 1780—8th: Chicago fire starts, with eventual loss of \$200,000,000, 1871—9th: Remnants of Braddock's defeated army reach New York, 1755—10th: United States Naval Academy opened, 1845—11th: New Netherlands Company granted charter, 1614—12th: Columbus discovers America, 1492—13th: President Washington lays cornerstone of White House, 1792—14th: First steamboat sails down the Ohio River, 1811—15th: Dirigible ZR-3, America's war prize, arrives from Germany, 1924—16th: John Brown and his men raid Harper's Ferry, 1859—17th: Burgoyne surrenders at Saratoga, 1777—18th: Demobilization of Continental Army begins, 1783—19th: Cornwallis surrenders at Yorktown, 1781—20th: Men called to colors under Universal Service Act placed in five classes, 1917—21st: Edison produces first incandescent electric light, 1879—22d: Sam Houston elected president of the Republic of Texas, 1836—23d: Smithsonian Institution created by will of James Smithson, 1826—24th: William Penn reaches America, 1682—25th: Penn grants charter for city of Philadelphia, 1701—26th: Entry in old New England almanac for this date: "Noah enters the ark, B. C. 1656"—27th: Theodore Roosevelt born, 1858—28th: Statue of Liberty unveiled in New York Harbor, 1886—29th: Census of Washington's forces shows total of 12,480 officers and men, 1777—30th: John Adams born, 1735—31st: Nevada admitted to the Union, 1864.

ROBERT F. SMITH, *General Manager*

JOHN T. WINTERICH, *Editor*

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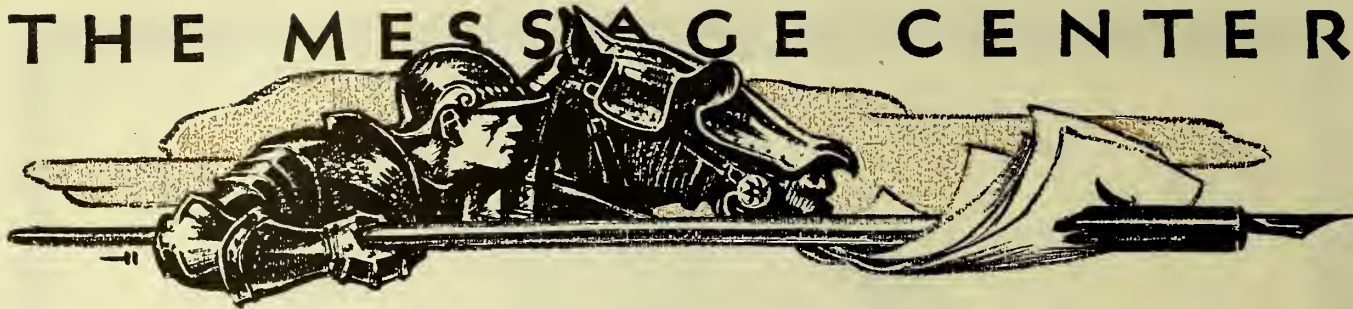
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THE MESSAGE CENTER



SEVERAL nice things about Will Irwin are said on the editorial page of this issue. It is not disclosed there, however, that he was born in Oneida, New York, fifty-three years ago; that he is a graduate of Stanford University, where one year his roommate was a hard-working and not over prosperous engineering student named Herbert Hoover; that he began his journalistic career in San Francisco; that he joined the staff of the New York *Sun* in 1904, remaining there long enough to write, from his knowledge of the city, meagre press reports, and messages put through by friends, the most graphic story that the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906 inspired; that he entered the magazine field in 1906 and two years later was devoting his time entirely to magazine writing; that when the World War broke out he served as correspondent with the German, Belgian and British armies for several American publications and the London *Daily Mail*; that for two years he was a member of the executive committee of the Commission for Relief in Belgium; that from 1916 to 1918 he was a correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post* with the French, Italian, British and American armies; that in 1918 he became Chief of the Foreign Department of the Committee on Public Information; that he is entitled to wear the red ribbon of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and has also been decorated with the King Albert Medal, First Class, and the Belgian Médaille de la Reconnaissance.

HENRY W. DALY, who tells of a truly wild and truly woolly West in "The Powder-Stained 70's," was studying civil engineering in Ireland in 1865 when he decided to see the world. He was fifteen years old. He took a boat to Montreal and from there rode a horse to Vancouver—a noteworthy journey in those days, and in these days as well, we should imagine. The trip gave him a taste for outdoor life which, at seventy-six, has not yet left him. A little later he joined the United States Army as a packer and served through fourteen campaigns—twelve against the Indians, one against the Spanish in Cuba, and one in the Philippines. He rose from a packer, in charge of one mule, to a pack master, in charge of a mule train, and thence to chief pack master of the Army, in charge of all pack transport. In 1917 Mr. Daly was called from retirement to buy horses and mules for America's World War armies, and during this hitch, begun when he was sixty-seven, he was commissioned a major. Major Daly speaks of the old West with greater authority than any

man now living, drawing not from his memory—though that is keen enough—but from the pages of a diary which he has kept for more than fifty years of his eventful and adventurous life. It required some persuading to induce the Major to break into print—and we hope the experience isn't so unpleasant as to prevent us from having a peep or so some day at something else from this remarkable journal. In the course of his fourteen campaigns over the long stretch of years, Packer Daly was wounded six times—twice by arrows.

MERLE THORPE, a native of Illinois with a Pacific Coast newspaper background and a former professor of journalism at the University of Washington and the University of Kansas, is editor of *The Nation's Business*. Rita Weiman, who was born in Philadelphia, is one of the best known women fiction writers in America. C. E. Scoggins lives in Muncie, Indiana, is an authority on Central America, and is the author of the recently-published "The Red Gods Call." Woodward Boyd, wife of Thomas Boyd, author of "Through the Wheat," lives in Chicago. (In the August Message Center we remarked that the Boyds live in St. Paul. We should have said "used to live in St. Paul.") Herbert Ravenel Sass, an accurate and sympathetic student of nature, lives in Charleston, South Carolina. Charles Livingston Bull, who illustrates Mr. Sass's article on the American eagle, is the most famous American animal illustrator now living. It may be argued that the eagle is not an animal, but Mr. Bull's talent easily hurdled that difficulty. He accompanied Mr. Sass on the expedition which the latter describes in the beginning of his article. James A. Drain is a Past National Commander of The American Legion. Devereux Milburn is, in the opinion of several competent judges, the best polo player in the world. His collaborator, J. C. Cooley, is a leading authority on polo.

FROM a dozen letters bearing postmarks that extend across the country from Wellesley Farms, Massachusetts, to Berkeley, California, and concerned with the same idea, we select this one sent us by William H. Whittekin of Brooklyn, New York: "In the August number of *The American Legion Monthly*, Mr. Marquis James, writing under the title, 'Ready, Sir,' and referring to the lamentable Burr-Hamilton duel, makes this erroneous statement: 'Hamilton had been Washington's Colonel House and

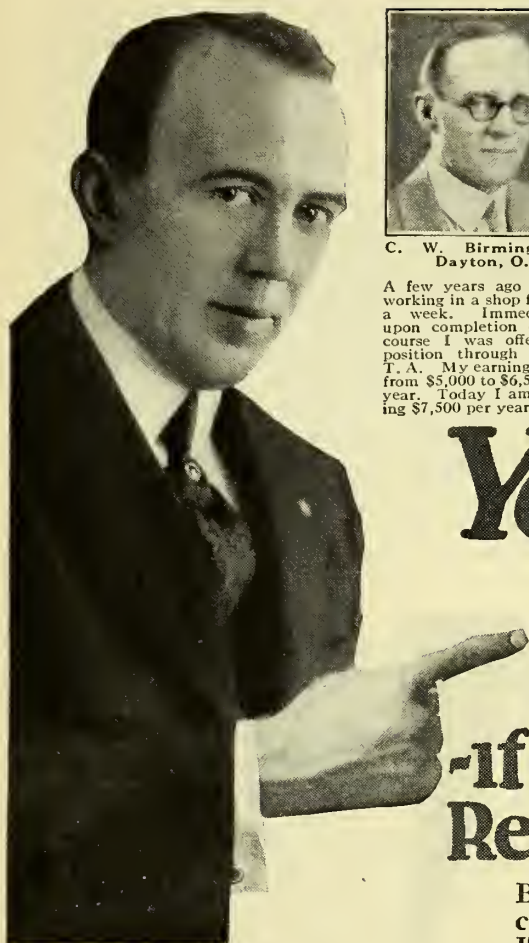
certainly would have been President except for the fact that his West Indian birth made him ineligible.' In refutation, I submit the Presidential qualification clause in Article II, Section I, of the Constitution of the United States, which reads: 'No person except a natural-born citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the office of President.' Hamilton was thus made eligible, as he was at that time a citizen. He had already been an esteemed officer under Washington in the Revolutionary War, a member of Congress from New York and a delegate to this constitutional convention. Historians imply that this proviso was incorporated in the Constitution, not at his suggestion, but for his special benefit, and rightly so. His failure to become President cannot, therefore, be charged to ineligibility. Whether he would have become President, had he lived his natural span, it is not possible to determine. At the time of his death in 1804, there had already been four Presidential elections in which he had not been seriously considered as a candidate. Moreover, the Federalist Party, to which he belonged, was already losing ground."

WE ARE grateful to Mr. Whittekin and the eleven other correspondents who caught the error for letting us know about it. Which reminds us that so far no eagle eye has detected the fact that in the July number of the *Monthly* an editorial declared that President Coolidge would be fifty-three years on July fourth. This was doubtless a gratifying piece of news to Mr. Coolidge, who will, however, be proportionately confused on July 4, 1927, to find that he is fifty-five.

IN NOVEMBER: Will Irwin on "The Revolt of the Blanket Stiffs" (meaning our once obstreperous neighbors the I. W. W.); Marquis James on the rowdy skipper who commanded the *Mayflower*; Dr. Stanley M. Rinehart on "How Old Will You Be at Fifty?" (now is a good time to find out); Leonard H. Nason, a foremost interpreter of the A. E. F. in fiction, on American battlefields in France as they look today; short stories by Peter B. Kyne—"Rainbow's End," a story for Armistice Day—and Gordon Arthur Smith.

The Editor

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



J. E. GREENSLADE



C. W. Birmingham,
Dayton, O.

A few years ago I was working in a shop for \$15 a week. Immediately upon completion of my course I was offered a position through N. S. T. A. My earnings were from \$5,000 to \$6,500 per year. Today I am earning \$7,500 per year.



James Jacobsen,
Winchester, Ky.

When I took up the N. S. T. A. course, I was selling shoes for \$35 a week. Now I am earning an average of \$135 a week. I attribute this remarkable progress to N. S. T. A. training.



F. B. Englehardt,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Without this training I would still be working for the other fellow. This year I will make close to \$7,000—some increase since my enrollment.



Frank Walsh,
Springfield, Mass.

I was clearing around \$1,000 a year when I was enrolled with N. S. T. A. I have increased my income to \$7,286. I now own my home, drive a nice car, and have a summer camp. My grateful thanks to N. S. T. A.

You're Fooling Yourself

-if You Think These Big Pay Records Are Due to LUCK!

But don't take my word for it! When I tell you that you can quickly increase your earning power; I'LL PROVE IT! FREE! I'll show you hundreds of men like yourself who have done it. And I'll show you how you can do it, too

I'LL come directly to the point. First you'll say, "I could never do it, these men were lucky." But remember the men whose pictures are shown above are only four out of thousands and if you think it's luck that has suddenly raised thousands of men into the big pay class *you're fooling yourself.*

Easy to Double Salary

But let's get down to your own case. You want more money. You want the good things in life, a comfortable home of your own where you can entertain, a snappy car, membership in a good club, good clothes, advantages for your loved ones, travel and a place of importance in your community. All this can be yours. And I'll prove it to you, FREE.

First of all get this one thing right—such achievement is not luck—it's KNOWING HOW! And KNOWING HOW in a field in which your opportunities and rewards are ten times greater than in other work. In short, I'll prove that I can make you a Master Salesman—and you know the incomes good salesmen make.

Every one of the four men shown above was sure that he could never SELL! They thought Salesmen were "born" and not "made!" When I said, "Enter the Selling Field where chances in your favor are ten to one," they said it couldn't be

done. But I proved to them that this Association could take any man—regardless of his station in life, regardless of his present job, or lack of selling experience—and in a short time make a MASTER SALESMAN of him—make him capable of earning anywhere from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year. And that's what I'm willing to prove to you, FREE.

Simple as A B C

You may think my promise remarkable. Yet there is nothing remarkable about it. Salesmanship is governed by rules and laws. There are certain ways of saying and doing things, certain ways of approaching a prospect to get his undivided attention, certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudices and outwit competition.

Just as you learned the alphabet, so you can learn salesmanship. And through the NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION METHOD—an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training—you gain the equivalent of actual experience while studying.



Years of Selling Experience in a Few Weeks

The N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service will enable

you to quickly step into the ranks of successful salesmen—will give you a big advantage over those who lack this training. It will enable you to jump from small pay to a real man's income.

Remarkable Book, Sent FREE

With my compliments I want to send you a most remarkable book, "Modern Salesmanship."

It will show you how you can easily become a master salesman—a big money-maker—how the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training will give you years of selling experience in a few weeks; how our FREE Employment Service will help select and secure a good selling position when you are qualified and ready. And it will give you success stories of former routine workers who are now earning amazing salaries as salesmen. Mail the coupon today. In every man's life there is one big moment when he makes the decision that robs him of success—or leads him on to fortune. This may be your turning point.



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Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. R-75, N. S. T. A. Building,
Chicago, Ill.

Send me free your book, "Modern Salesmanship," and Proof that I can become a MASTER SALESMAN.

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ADDRESS.....
CITY.....STATE.....
AGE..... OCCUPATION.....

THE CAMEL'S NOSE

By MERLE THORPE

Illustration by John Richard Flanagan

If a camel once gets his nose in a tent his body will soon follow.—Arabian Proverb

CITIZENS of a great republic are in danger of just that.

Without knowing it, men are gradually losing their individualism. The tragic thing about it is that they alone are responsible.

Every day, through laziness or ignorance, men and women of the United States are asking their Government to do things for them. Our National Anthem is "There Ought to Be a Law."

One million nine hundred thousand laws on the statute books today in this land of the free and this home of the brave. Ninety thousand new laws proposed in the Year of our Lord 1925.

We are asking Government to do everything under the sun from operating a two-billion-dollar merchant marine to the regulation of bedsheets. The head of a government bureau proudly announced recently that he was advising mothers on the use of castor oil—that he had just written a mother telling her how to give castor oil to her baby. More than one hundred bureaus and commissions are now firmly entrenched in Washington. Entrenched, because a commission always "finds work for idle hands to do"—and for more hands.

In our eagerness to say "There ought to be a law" we forget that every law must carry with it its administration, and that means employees on the government payroll. One family out of every eleven is now on a political payroll, and the ratio is increasing by geometrical progression. Ten-elevenths of us earn about sixty billions annually; one-seventh of that goes to pay the expenses of the political eleventh.

WHAT a tidy little tent was set up for us in 1789! There was room for everyone to work out his own happiness and success.

Then the camel came poking its nose around—

Our forefathers constructed a marvelous piece of mechanism; a mechanism designed to do one thing—to protect the individual in his political rights. It has done that well.

How well is shown by the fact that in a recent Administration in Washington, of the twelve men comprising the President, Vice-President, and Cabinet, nine had earned their own way without economic inheritance and eight of them started with manual labor.

The camel has appeared in the form of asking that mechanism to doctor its people; to manufacture; to buy; to sell; to transport.

It will surely break down. It wasn't built for those tasks. Our forefathers, who created the greatest form of government of all time, did not design that political mechanism to operate business enterprise, and do all the odd jobs around the house.

The checks and balances necessary to protect political liberty by their very nature prevent efficiency in operating business projects. As Herbert Hoover puts it, "The Government lacks rapidity of decision," which is proper. It can't cut corners. There must be debate. Even red tape. Business must make quick decisions. It would be fatal if a business man had to take a referendum of one hundred and ten million people when he wanted to hire or fire an office boy.

Yet we go blithely ahead, asking Government to enter new fields of business activity; to operate railroads, gigantic power projects, ships, agriculture, and to furnish advice to mothers on the use of castor oil.

We are becoming confused when we ask our political mechanism to do these things.

The waste in operation is less important. We are rich and could pay the cost.

Most important, every law which requires the Government to take over these activities which the individual should do strikes at that which has made this Nation great—individual reward for individual merit.

Instead of falling back on the easy panacea of letting Government do it, we should practice self-regulation. That goes for self-regulation in business; in medicine; in engineering; in sanitation.

It is not too late to take a good sharp stick and drive the camel out of the tent. If we don't, we are in danger of losing the tent.





All America is Turning to This New Way to Fight Fire!

NOW a new way to snuff out fire instantly is sweeping America. Now fire protection can be everywhere. A new chemical—the most effective fire fighting force the world has ever seen—multiplies itself hundreds of times in a smothering blanket of gas. Fyr-Fyter equipment shoots this harmless, stainless liquid 20 to 30 feet without the slightest damage to rugs, or furniture.

By hundreds and by thousands American homes, factories, hotels and institutions are turning to this new, sure way to blot out fire at the

source. Great organizations like General Motors, Firestone Tire, Ford Motor Co., The Standard Oil Company, Packard Motor Co., and hundreds of others have already adopted it. The U. S. Government is the largest single user of Fyr-Fyters.

Complete Equipment

There are Fyr-Fyters of every size for every building in America. They are approved by the Underwriters Laboratories. Protection costs but a few dollars. Every home should have it, and no business can afford to be without it.



Packard Motor Car Co.
One of the big industrial plants equipped with Fyr-Fyters.

MEN WANTED TO BECOME FIRE PREVENTION EXPERTS

Training FREE

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We start you. We train you quickly at home. We give you a 90-page manual that covers every point. We require no capital. We make you a fire prevention expert capable of earning \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year, or more. Let us send you a free book—"Building a Permanent Income as a Fyr-Fyter Representative." See how hundreds of men have doubled their income. Read how

scores of men like George, Viles, DePries, Hickey, Gill, Payne, etc., entered this business and suddenly found themselves making \$100 to

\$300 a week—every week—week after week. See how easy it is to start as a Fyr-Fyter representative. We do not demand all of your time. You can make a test that will prove to you that you can make the biggest money of your life as a Fyr-Fyter Factory Representative.

AGENTS

The Fyr-Fyter Company has developed a brand new extinguisher at a startling new, low price that sells fast to Stores, Factories, Schools, Garages, Homes, Farms, etc. Everybody wants fire protection at this amazing low price. House to house men are breaking all previous records—making any number of \$30 and \$40 days! You can easily make \$15 a day on this one extinguisher alone—and up to \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year. Write quick for this outstanding opportunity. Simply mail the coupon. Devices approved by The Underwriters Laboratories.

Send for this book and full facts. It is one of the greatest—and surest opportunities ever offered to earn \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year.

Simply Mail the Coupon



ABOVE: The New Shoreland Hotel, Chicago, one of hundreds of similar Fyr-Fyter installations throughout the country.

LEFT: One of the countless American homes protected by Fyr-Fyters.

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Address _____
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FYR-FYTER COMPANY

1235 Fyr-Fyter Bldg. - - - Dayton, Ohio

Just a Matter of Dollars and Sense

THE VALUE of an investment is measured by what you take out of it—not what you put into it

This advertisement is an invitation to Legionnaires to invest in a book.

A book that gives the honest, inside story of the war years.

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Love
Across the
Years

The House on the Square

By Rita Weiman

A NEWSPAPER lay across the arm of a chair rigid and high of back. It was drawn close to the coals that reddened silently as the fire found its way to their hearts. The eyes of the man sitting there rested waveringly on the printed words, dazed, as if they could not credit what they read. He was tall, but his bent shoulders and bowed head made him seem shrunken under the weight of more than his fifty-odd years.

Opposite him, a young woman in silken black sat hunched forward on a low settee, poking at the coals to urge more warmth. Her blonde head caught their light. Her suede-clad foot in its high heel was silhouetted against the time-dulled marble of the fireplace. It was slim and high of arch, a foot that would scarcely touch the floor it crossed. The ankle above it showed delicately pink through the gauze of a filmy stocking.

The long room crept away into silent shadows. From frames of gold whose brilliance was gone, two rows of ancestors looked out upon the scene of their short activities. Their names had been enrolled in the history of these United States. The long, proud line of Abner Crittendens! Yet to the seething, ebullient world outside the old house on Washington Square those names already meant nothing. As shadows fell across the old portraits, so the importance of the Abner Crittenden pride had been dimmed by the brilliance of new names, new wealth, supplanted by a new aristocracy of achievement in this world of commerce.

The man raised his eyes from the newspaper, from the column of print they had been reading until the words were seared red against his eyeballs. Across the top of the sheet spread the date, "Saturday, January 3, 1926."

"It doesn't seem possible," he murmured, entirely to himself. "It doesn't seem possible, after all these years." The voice trailed off. The eyes roved far beyond the walls of that long, silent room, into the corridors of memory. Thought lifted the curtain of today upon scenes of yesterday. Not from the glow of the warming coals, but from the vague, shadowed corners at the far end of the room trooped the ghost actors of years that were gone. Those years whose hurt when we are close to them is too

*"Do you think
I might climb up
and see what you're
doing?"*

poignant to contemplate, whose stumbling mistakes can be viewed only at the distance where sadness has become a lesson and the futility of regret a gentle philosophy.

SPRING—1895

THE old house on Washington Square, which had bowed to the transition of candle to lamp and lamp to gaslight, was submitting, with a final frown, to the installation of the latest blow at tradition. Not that electric lighting was a novelty in the spring of 1895. But its advent into the stately drawing-room that faced the Square most decidedly was.

A young man poised on a step-ladder was gazing, brow puckered, at the showering crystals of the central chandelier.

"It seems a pity to take down anything as beautiful as that," he observed. "Now if I could find some way to substitute electric wires and fixtures in place of all those little gas jets, we could keep the effect and no one would be the wiser."

"That would please father." The girl in the doorway stood with head to one side, solemnly regarding him. "He's only doing this because I want him to. He thinks it almost sacrilege. Electricity, he says, is good for use in business offices and street lamps—not in homes."

"They'll be using it for more than we realize in the next twenty-five years. There's no limit to its possibilities. That's

why I'm so anxious to study all there is to know about it."

The wistful note in his voice was reflected in the look he sent toward the figure in the doorway. But not wistfulness for study. She was a dainty figure in a blue challis dress patterned with rosebuds. A wild mass of pale gold hair was looped at the back of her neck. The brown eyes that gazed at the young electrician were wide and serious. The nose was short and fine with sensitive nostrils, the lips a bit too much the thread of scarlet, as if they had a habit of pressing close together. It was a delicate face, not quite warm nor thoughtless enough for its nineteen years, but a face that fitted the dignity of the room it gazed into, a face of clear white beauty. Back of it, a dusty sunbeam filled the hall with light. To Peter Collins, with coat off and sleeves rolled up, that light was a halo about the most desirable thing on earth.

"I'm studying electrical engineering—a t night. That's the only time I can manage it."

He did not add that he had started the course only since his advent into the Washington Square house, that before then it had seemed too ambitious to undertake, too much of a task after the day of strenuous labor. But now no ambition was too exalted, no task too great, if it brought him a step nearer the girl who bore the distinguished name of Laura Abner Crittenden but who to him was Romance.

Ever since his first visit, when she had floated into the doorway, wide-eyed with interest, those two names had been linked in his consciousness. Shyly, almost shamefacedly, he said hers over when he was alone in the small rented room he called home. And from its four corners came her lifted face for inspiration.

Each day on reaching the Abner Crittenden house he found some excuse to send for her. So that, while earnestly discussing the placement of electric fixtures, he might let the sparks of his imagination play about her, visualize the impossible as his. And he liked to fancy an eagerness in her eyes that was not entirely centered in electricity. Certainly she came the instant he dispatched the butler. Likewise, despite the upset condition of the house, she was always at home when Mr. Collins and his assistant arrived. Her anxiety for knowledge of the elusive science of striking light from space seemed in-

appeasable. He told her much that he knew and more that he did not know.

But it was enough to bring her, as it did today, to the foot of his ladder, face upraised.

"Mr. Collins, have you ever thought of going to college?" came suddenly.

"Often!"

"Then why don't ycu?"





The leaves backed the gold of her head and trembled round her face until she looked like a dryad peeping from them. His breath caught. He wanted this girl

"I can't afford it."

"Oh!" the sensitive face flushed deeply. "I—I'm sorry. I just thought that anyone with your wonderful brain ought to have the advantage——"

"That's all right," he interrupted to save her embarrassment, but there was a bitter note in the short assurance. "I might have managed it—worked my way through, but I have a brother, just a boy, to support. He has no one else."

"Aren't your parents living?"

"No."

"That's too bad."

"No—it's not, exactly. My—my father wasn't much good. He drank himself and worked my mother to death. They're both better off." He dragged out the words though he balked at saying them. Somehow, his vague dreams of the future, peopled by this girl so far beyond his reach, made it a law for him to be honest with her.

She was silent—looking down, moving her slippered foot a bit uncertainly over the pattern of the carpet.

"You see, Miss Crittenden, you can't know what it means to feel like that. Your father is a gentleman. And all the men of your family have been for so long, that it probably shocks you to learn I was ashamed of mine. You can't know what it means, seeing your father come home from the factory every night and beat your mother because he's too drunk to know what he's

doing. And you too small a boy to fight him or protect her."

The flush deepened on the fair face as his darkened.

"I wish I hadn't reminded you of it," came low.

"Oh, that doesn't matter. It's a good thing to keep in mind—makes you want to protect every woman who comes your way, for the rest of your life. Only—" he hesitated, then broke off abruptly. "What right have I to talk to you about myself this way?"

"Please do!" she prompted, a bit anxiously.

"Well—it makes you grow old mighty young, that sort of thing." The dark, rather sombre eyes settled on her lifted ones, rested there a long time. "You're apt to forget that there's sunshine somewhere in life. You don't know how to look for or to find it."

The girl living under the sun of tradition, whose glare is so apt to shut out consciousness of other worlds, gazed into the keen face above hers already marked with lines of care, its sweep of black hair above the forehead parted very faintly with streaks of gray.

"You seem so young," she murmured half questioning, "to have suffered like that."

"Twenty-three," he supplied. "But you can't count living by years. That sounds strange to you, Miss Crittenden, because your life is so sheltered, you can't know how many years a person can crowd into one. I have to be workman, student and parent all in one day."

"A parent?" Her head went back and she took an unconscious step away from the ladder.

"Yes, to my young brother."

"Oh!"

"He's eighteen now and inclined to be wild. He doesn't like work the way I do—and he needs to be watched."

"But that seems too much for just you to undertake."

"It has to be done. I'm the only one to do it."

Her serious gaze encompassed him. He caught suddenly in her young eyes a sympathy, a suggestion of outreaching tenderness that was nothing short of precious. He stood on the ladder-step afraid to break the impression that might be nothing more than his own fancy, after all, as elusive as thought.

She broke it finally with an awkward little laugh.

"We're as solemn as owls, aren't we?"

"Are we? I don't know."

"You—you mustn't let me keep you from your work."

His face reddened. The way he said "I beg your pardon!" told her he knew he was being shown his place.

"Oh," she held out a detaining hand as he mounted another step toward the top of the ladder, "I didn't mean that—not that way. Please!"

"But you were right."

"It—it just suddenly struck me how odd this is. You and I

standing here exchanging ideas and—and—confidences—as if we were old acquaintances.”

“I hadn’t the right, Miss Crittenden—I know. But I don’t have the chance to find sympathy—often.”

“But that’s not what I mean—a bit, Mr. Collins. Please don’t misunderstand. Ever since the first time I talked to you, I’ve been so interested in what you’re doing. Not what you’re doing now—I don’t mean that—but in what you’re going to do. You’re so clever and—” She paused. The flush that had held her delicate face paled. “You see, I’ve never known what it was to be without a family who loved me. My father gives the impression of sternness to outsiders. So does my grandfather. But they’d do anything in the world for me and I for them. We’ve always been like that and so it’s hard to realize that there are others, alone,—without even friends—”

“There are—any number.”

He had climbed close to the lights and his answer was lost in the tinkle of crystal. It was almost as if he hid himself in the task at hand, realizing that those few moments in which he had looked over the barrier that separated them, had been, though priceless to him, merely moments of curiosity to her.

A long silence held them but she did not move. She stood, lip caught between her teeth, head bent, her small foot continuing its travels round the carpet pattern. He glanced down through the tinkling crystals and because she was not looking let his eyes express all the warmth of his imaginings.

“Won’t you—won’t you go on talking?” she spoke presently, in a voice that was almost pleading. “I like so much to listen to you. How did you gain such a wonderful knowledge of things, with so little time for study?”

He came down a few rungs.

“I read a lot. Books are about my only companions.”

“Sometimes books are so much more interesting than just people. I’m awfully fond of reading, too.”

His answer came with sudden rebellious irrelevance.

“A queer thing—birth—isn’t it? Here we are—we two—

with the same tastes and any number of things in common that ought to make us friends. Yet I’m the son of a no-good Irish factory hand and you belong to generations of gentlemen. I’d give anything in the world to see you sometimes and talk about the things we like. But when this job is finished, I’ll never see you again.”

“But it won’t be finished for a long time, will it?” she put in hastily.

“This week, if I want to be fair to your father.”

“But there seems such a lot still to do.”

A smile brightened his eyes. Was it possible she wanted him not to finish soon? He said nothing, busying himself with the fixture.

“Do you think I might climb up and see what you’re doing?”

The big ladder almost toppled over in the haste with which he descended. He took a clean handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his hands, then reached out to her. For the first time, as her foot mounted the lowest rung, their fingers clasped, his rugged ones against the soft white slenderness of hers sending their message of eager supporting strength. She went upward, laughing a little into the eyes above, hesitating as the top of the tall room came nearer.

“You’re not dizzy?” he asked, pausing.

“No. Only I never realized how far away this ceiling is. It seems miles high.”

“Don’t look down!”

She stood beside him, closer than he had ever hoped for, in spite of dreams. Linking an arm through hers, he explained his idea of running wires down the central support and concealing electric lights among the glass pendants. Questions and answers rambled on, heedless of the accompaniment of thought. For thoughts chimed to the music of crystal, to the sunlight that struck from it radiant prismatic color, a rainbow encircling the two who, enthroned on a ladder in a wise old room, felt that they were touching heaven.

For twenty minutes he held her so, high above earthly considerations, far removed from social barriers. And as she leaned gently against him, a little afraid of their height, he knew she must feel the throb of his longing, the ardent young determination that seized him to let no man’s law keep him from the hope of one day holding her in his life for all time.

She might have read this hope in the rambling words that cloaked thought. Color flooded back to her cheeks, the eyes near his closed suddenly.

“I’m afraid I am a little dizzy!”

“Steady now!” He took a quick downward step.

Hand in his, she started to follow. But the heel of her slipper caught in her skirt-flounce and she fell against him. Instantly both arms went around her. Without the slightest effort and not too much haste, he carried her down.

Before they reached the foot, the sunlight was blocked from the doorway. Colonel John Abner Crittenden did not speak for a moment but simply looked at the two close-held forms. Then, erasing Peter Collins from the face of the globe, he addressed his daughter.

“I’ve been waiting for luncheon, my dear.”

“Oh!” She caught her breath. “Is it so late? I didn’t know you were home.” Starting toward the door as Peter released her, she stopped halfway and glanced from one man to the other, from the stern older face to the vital, anxious young one. “Mr. Collins just saved me from a nasty fall, Father. Aren’t you going to thank him?” And her voice suggested amazement that he had not already done so.

Her father took a backward step, completely disarmed by the unexpected display of feminine guile—not one whit deceived by it.

“I dare say the young man acted promptly enough, but I should have preferred you not to risk your neck by mounting the ladder.” And as if to terminate any further conversation, he turned back to the hall. “Come,

Laura.”

She followed him through the doorway, without another glance in Peter’s direction.

Mechanically he resumed his job, dazed at the suddenness with which even a thing as immaterial as a dream can be smashed. The calm way in which he had been eliminated from all consideration, regarded as too low even for the trouncing an ordinary irate father might have offered on sight, set his teeth grimly and sent the blood in a rush to the sweep of black hair. His eyes went wild. He would have preferred a flogging, however unjust.



*The windows
of the old house
glowed with light*



"It's I who have messed our lives, Peter—I who made the mistake"

A proof that to an Abner Crittenden he was at least a human being. It would have given him the self-respect of a man regarded as a power to be reckoned with. This way, he was nothing. A gnat to be flicked off a coat-sleeve! A speck of dust to be brushed from a piece of furniture!

The set teeth gripped hard. He'd show them! He'd prove his stuff to her—to them both. He'd demand—no, command—their respect. That would be his job from today on. But how? How find some way to remain in her life when it had so silently, so potently, been shown him how completely outside of it he was?

All afternoon bitterness held him in a black futile mood. When the day's work was completed, he went into the hall and,

picking up his coat, thrust his arms with still seething fury into the sleeves. A small white card fell from one. He picked it up, but without a glance until he stepped into the shifting twilight.

"I'd like to be your friend," he read then, faintly scrawled in pencil. "Please call on me whenever you need one."

No signature. But none was needed. The name sang in his heart.

SUMMER—1905

ALONG a path of the Square between stretches of green blessed by the gentle hand of June, came a man with head bowed. His step was hurried. Yet as *(Continued on page 70)*



The attack on the New York offices of J. P. Morgan & Co. in September, 1920, was "a typical militant anarchist job." More than thirty people were killed by a bomb which exploded beneath the great windows at the right, which were, of course, shattered into bits. This photograph was taken a few minutes after the explosion

Beginning a Series of articles by WILL IRWIN *How*

THIS is going to be a cold-blooded survey of the so-called "Red element" in the United States—their numbers, their power and their methods. So far as I know, The American Legion Monthly and I, in going at the subject impartially, are doing pioneer work. Of late the public mind, as though infected, has been seeing red on the subject of radicalism. When emotion like this comes in at the door, judgment flies out of the window. The extreme opponents of radicalism on one side, the committed Radicals on the other, have done much wild talking and writing. There has been a deal of exaggeration and distortion, some of it deliberate. For example: Recorded guesses at the number of American "Reds" run from 50,000 to 5,000,000. Again, certain extremists of the conservative faction make no distinction between the various extreme radical elements. "Socialists and other Anarchists—" repeatedly I have heard or read that phrase during the past five years. To one who understands the subject, that is like saying "Baptists and other Catholics" or "Mormons and other Mohammedans." For there are between our Radicals differences in doctrine, in aims and in methods as wide as a church door.

Indeed, we shall get nowhere with this inquiry until we set a boundary; learn what I am going to mean when I speak of a Red Radical. On this phase of the subject also there has been much inaccurate talk. I have since the war heard the term "red" applied to labor unions in general, to a society formed for the promotion of the League of Nations, to a book which tried to treat of the Russian Revolution in the historical spirit, to a party whose sole end is securing equal legal rights for women. The other day a Wall Street broker, having luncheon with a group of newspaper men, mentioned with loathing the graduated inheritance tax. The rest of the party took him up, talked

back. "Why, you're just a bunch of Red Radicals, aren't you?" said the broker quite seriously. A banker from the same district took his first trip West. He returned alarmed. "It's red—red!" said he. "Why, the very bankers are Radicals!" The very words "Radical" and "Red," indeed, have become commonly just mere terms of contempt, applied to anyone whose ideas on politics are more advanced or progressive or unsound—or whatever you want to call it—than your own.

Where shall we draw the line? What classes shall we include in the scope of the inquiry, and which exclude? Shall I include that Progressive party which cast 4,000,000 votes for La Follette in 1924? The Washington correspondents have named its representatives in Congress the "Radical Bloc;" some of its most enthusiastic opponents call it "Red Socialism." Now the simon-pure Socialists, as I shall presently show, believe in wiping out property rights as we know the term. Everything is to be owned by the state, or by associations which amount to the state, and especially the "means of production"—land, machinery, tools, factories. While the platform of the Progressive Party advocated state control to a degree hitherto unpractised in the United States, it did not even hint at general collective ownership or the destruction of property rights. It was socialistic in tendency; but it was not Socialism. If because of that tendency we class it as Red Radicalism, we must tar even the Republican Party with the same stick. No one talks of abolishing the United States post office. Yet it is Socialistic—for the business of carrying mails and parcels, once in private hands, has long been taken over by the Government. Socialistic also are the checks of the Interstate Commerce Commission over unlimited competition between the railroads, government ownership of the *Leviathan*, workmen's indemnity



A police patrol running the gauntlet of the mob in the Haymarket riots in Chicago, May, 1886, as pictured by an artist in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. During the rioting a bomb was thrown which killed seven people, five of them policemen. "No one will ever know exactly who threw it, but he was a militant Anarchist"

RED *is* AMERICA?

insurance, and a dozen other activities of the State and Federal Governments. Because of its tendencies, the somewhat disorganized Socialist Party in most States endorsed the La Follette Progressive Party at the last national election—in the spirit of the old army motto, "It's a hell of a war but it's the only one we've got." However, so did the American Federation of Labor, which, as we shall see, has condemned Socialism repeatedly and emphatically.

I have myself spent a great deal of thought in drawing the line. I inclined at first to include only those who propose to overthrow our form of government by force. But the really revolutionary element in the United States is momentarily so small that if I stopped there I should have little to write about. Moreover, radical policies sometimes shift from "constitutional" methods to violence and back again according to the situation; therefore such a distinction is in itself hazy.

So I end by this definition: A Red Radical is a person who believes in abolishing property rights as we know the term, and replacing them by some form of collective ownership.

We have in the United States four classes of such Radicals:

1. The Communists, called until recently the Bolsheviks, represented politically by the Worker's Party.
2. The Socialists, represented by the Socialist Party.
3. The Anarchists.
4. The Syndicalists, represented by the International Workers of the World—the I. W. W.

In theory, the first and second groups and the third and fourth lie close together. This statement, I am aware, will wound the sensitive susceptibilities of any good Communist who happens to read these lines. At this moment, an American Communist hates an American Socialist as the devil hates holy water, and

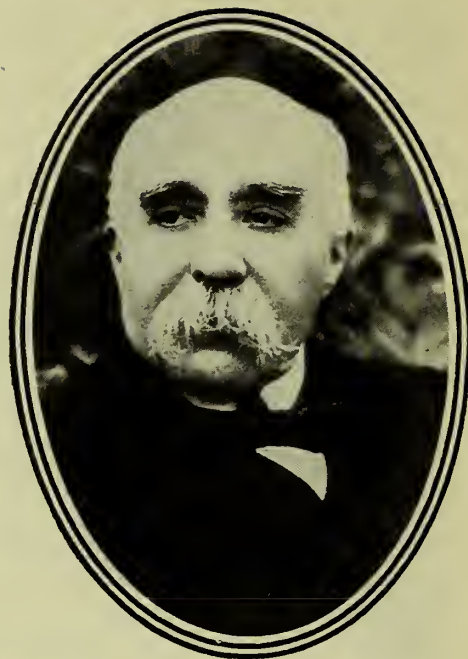
the Socialist looks upon the Communist with contemptuous superiority. Nevertheless, they are branches of the same stem. So also the Syndicalists are first cousins to the Anarchists. Between Groups 1 and 2 and Groups 3 and 4, however, there yawns a wide gulf of theory. It happens nevertheless that in time of stress they often make common cause, as a Catholic and a Holy Roller set down in China might sink their differences and fight the pagans.

Now we shall be forced to take a tabloid lesson in history, so that by knowing the past we may understand the present. Let us begin with the more important of the two groups—the Socialists and the Communists.

The founder of modern Socialism was Karl Marx; his "Communist Manifesto" and his book "Capital" bear somewhat the same relation to this movement as the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution bear to the American Republic. The first was the "inspirational" announcement, intended to start things. "Working-men of the world, unite!" it said. "You have the whole world to gain and nothing to lose but your chains!" The second was the outline of a new social and political order, and of the methods by which it might be accomplished. Further, "Capital" stated an economic theory; unsound, perhaps, but also a profound piece of thinking. Let us, however, ignore the dull and complicated economic theory and get to principles and methods. Ownership of everything was to reside in the state. Under this sovereign state, all industry was to be carried on by co-operative association. Toward this objective the working classes should fight by every means in their power—political action when it served their purpose, violence when it served better. At the end of the road would come the social revolution. In most of his moods—he was sometimes an inconsistent genius



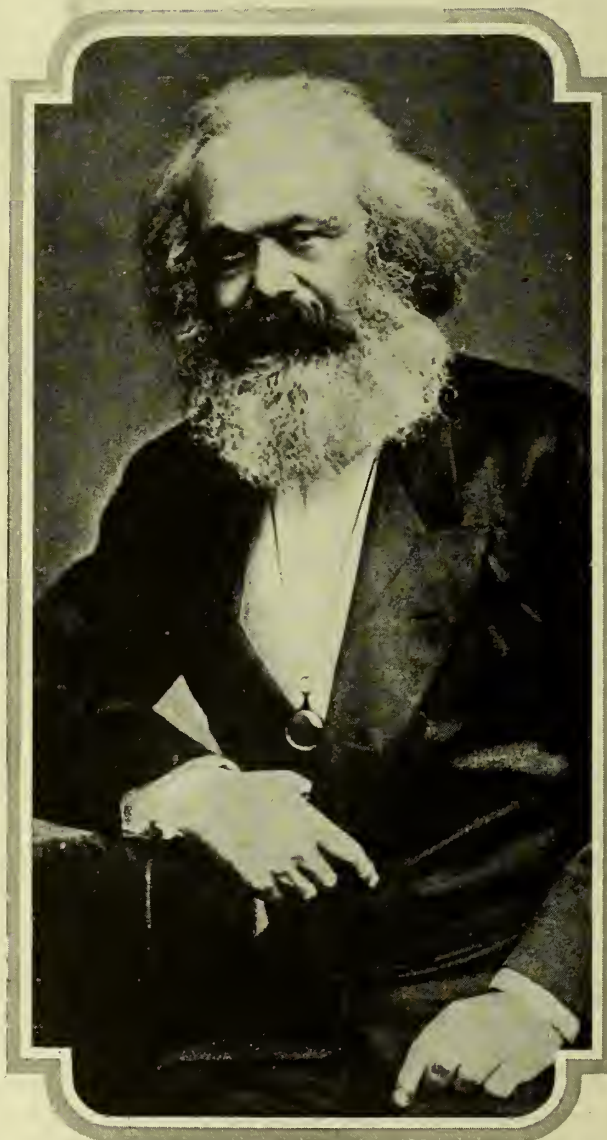
*Former President Miller-
and of France began his
political career as a So-
cialist. Invited to become
a member of a "bourgeois"
cabinet in 1889, he ac-
cepted. Another exemp-
lar of Socialist doctrine
diluted by growth, pros-
perity and development of
political power is Georges
Clemenceau, World War
premier and unrelenting
prosecutor of hostilities
against Germany*



—Marx meant that word "rev-
olution" literally. The working
class—in Marxian slang the
"proletariat"—was to rise up
in arms and sweep away their
opponents, the "bourgeoisie."
That, for our purposes, is the
gist of "Capital", the Marxian
masterpiece—one of the longest
and dullest books ever written.

It had genius in it neverthe-
less; no book which has lasted
so long and influenced so many
lives could be lacking in that.
For instance, he often proph-
esied with uncanny accuracy
what was going to happen in
Europe during the later nine-
teenth century.

Marx was a German Jew.
He had to a high degree the
limitations of his race and
nation. A somewhat extreme
form of atheism was growing
fashionable in Germany. Marx
went squarely up against or-
ganized Christianity when he
denounced the churches as the
chief instrument of oppression;
made atheism, in effect, a pillar
of his theory. His conception
was entirely material; it as-
sumed that if every stomach
were full and every back well
covered all would be right with
the world. That beyond the
material world there might rise
spiritual heights of happiness
and experience—this never en-
tered the mind of Marx. Even
more than the English, the
Germans of his time were
bound by the class system.
And so he saw the accomplish-
ment of the Socialist state al-
ways as a class struggle—those
who worked with their hands
eliminating every other class.
One passage of the Communist
Manifesto illustrates his limi-
tations almost comically. Since
the bourgeoisie by their adult-



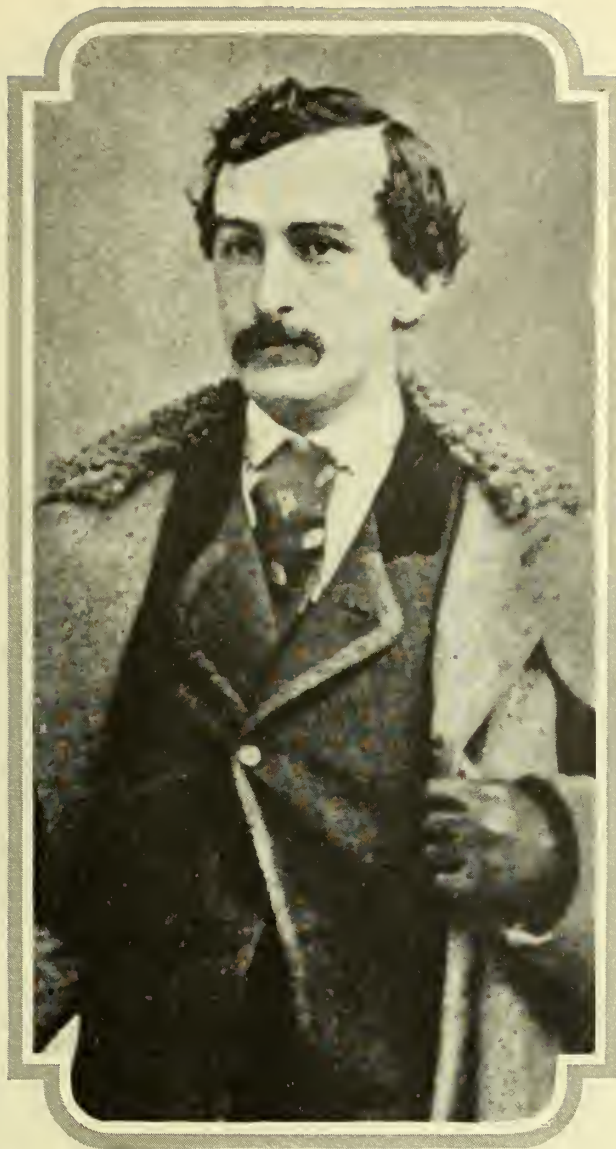
*Karl Marx, founder of modern Socialism and author
of the Socialist Bible, "Capital." His theories,
born out of the unrest of 1848, made a profound im-
pression throughout Europe*

eries [he said] have made a
joke of conventional marriage,
the new working-class state
must demand "community in
women." To Marx and his
collaborator Engels, brought up
in circles where the wife just
obeyed and asked no questions,
it never occurred that women
were anything more than fine
and desirable pieces of property.
Let me add that this plank
dropped out of the Marxian
platform, early and completely!

But the most popular suc-
cesses have their infusion of
bunk, conscious or unconscious.
And the days of Marx were
ripe for such doctrines as his.
He began his agitating, his
writing, his jail terms and his
exiles a little before the rev-
olutionary outbursts of '48, when
the liberal and republican ele-
ments of Europe were breaking
down the tyrannical system
imposed by those kings who
beat Napoleon. In the late
fifties and early sixties, when
Germany and Italy were gather-
ing scattered, ill-governed prin-
cipalities and provinces into
great modern nations, he was
still on the job. It was a period
of change and of violent rev-
olutionary activity. And be-
neath all this lay an economic
system which called for some
kind of adjustment. Modern
machinery and modern manu-
facturing had arrived, and con-
ditions were in many parts of
Europe simply feudal. Em-
ployers drove their operatives
literally to death—men, women
and little children alike. On
the British and French rail-
roads trainmen were working
sixteen and eighteen hours a
day. When the first labor
unions began timidly to organ-
ize for resistance against these

conditions, Macaulay was obliged to debate in Parliament against a bill which would have decreed capital punishment for any man who went on strike.

Such being the atmosphere, the Marxian doctrines made an immediate and furious hit with the working classes of Europe. If I traced the subsequent growth of radical parties in Europe from that day to this, or described the sects which have branched off from the central doctrine, I should only make myself as much a bore as Marx. It is enough perhaps to say that by the seventies Socialism or Communism—for a long time the two terms were practically synonymous—was established as a force in the European continent, and that by the eighties the workingmen of Europe had formed Socialist parties everywhere. Already some of the Marxians had begun to modify their master's teachings. The moderates had repudiated his whole-hog doctrine of collective ownership. It was not necessary that the state, or associations under the state, own every pencil, every suit of clothes or every baby-carriage. It should own merely the "means of production and distribution"—the railroads, the factories and perhaps the agricultural lands. As to the rightful extent of this control, Socialist opinion differed. Some believed that it should include only the "key indus-



on the Marxian doctrine, like his war on the churches; we began to hear of "Christian Socialism." They did not seek so much to destroy capital as capitalism—the system by which surplus wealth is the mainspring of industry. Above all, they abandoned the idea of a literal revolution by force. Modern Socialism must bring about this change by "constitutional means"—persuading the majority of the voters, exactly as the old parties had always done.

From that time forth, the history of Socialist politics in all European countries has nearly the same general outline. The party at its origin was orthodox Marxian, entering the arena for the purpose of helping to prepare for the social revolution. Growth and prosperity always diluted this doctrine. As the leaders approached their day of power, they compromised. By the time they sat in parliaments or cabinets, you could scarcely distinguish them by their actions from representatives of the merely liberal factions. Ten years more of power or influence, and the party often had little in common with Socialism except the name. The French Radical-Socialist party, led by Clemenceau, who prosecuted the war so fiercely in 1918 and grabbed territory so cheerfully in 1919, furnishes an example.

Disgusted with what they



John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Abraham Lincoln; Leon Czolgoz (left), slayer of President McKinley, and Charles J. Guiteau, who shot President Garfield. Czolgoz and Guiteau were hanged, and Booth was shot while defying his pursuers. All "had the same type of disordered mind. In other climes and times, it is probable that they would have been king-killing Anarchists"



tries" such as coal production and steel mining; with consumption, most moderates felt, Socialism should have little concern. They repudiated the doctrine, implied if not expressed by Marx, of "equal rewards"—the same pay or equivalent of pay for incompetents as for men of energy and ability. They concentrated much of their criticism on the "undue power of wealth" in modern society. Some of them sheared off the trimmings

considered betrayal, the orthodox disciples of Marx would break away, organize a party of their own, gather to it new converts from the rising generation, and begin to follow exactly the same cycle.

All Socialist parties the world over gave at least lip-service to the Second International, formed in Amsterdam during the eighties of the last century. This was a (Continued on page 56)

The POWDER-

*Illustration
by
Walter Jardine*



I WAS standing in front of Joel Collins's Tivoli Saloon in Cheyenne one afternoon in the spring of 1876 when somebody let out a whoop and hollers, "Here she comes!"

Glancing down Seventeenth Street I saw swinging along the plank sidewalk a fairly stocky figure, of medium height, dressed in the rumpled blue uniform of a soldier. People crowded the doorways on both sides of the street to get a look at the newcomer, and the shouting and banter, back and forth, made quite a commotion. I couldn't understand the reason for so much fuss over a soldier, as the town was full of soldiers attached to General Crook's expedition, which was outfitting to take the field against the Sioux. That was what had brought me up from Texas. Someone must have noticed the blank look on my face, because a fellow standing beside me remarked:

"You don't mean to say you never heard of Calamity Jane?"

Of course I had heard of Calamity Jane, but that was the first time I had ever seen her.

Calamity walked past where I was standing and turned into the Tivoli, with about a dozen men at her heels. She marched up to the bar, put down a gold piece and asked Billy Heffron, the bartender, to set out a bottle of his smoothest whiskey. The long bar was immediately filled. Calamity had two or three drinks, buying back and forth with members of the crowd, and then she walked into the gambling room, which was in the rear of the bar, where poker, faro and keeno games ran night and day. Calamity asked who wanted to play a little poker. It did not take long to get another game under way.

Calamity was a good poker player, and I think she played a square game. I never heard anyone complain that she cheated. Like any card player with a conscience, she would stake a fellow she had cleaned out. Calamity must have won a lot of money by gambling in her time. I have no way of knowing what she did with it, but she seems to have put something by for old age. I have heard stories, of course—stories of disillusionment and tragedy, and of respectable connections in another part of the

*With a movement which no eye could follow
Wild Bill's hands dropped to his sides.
There was one report, and the cow puncher
fell with two bullets through his belly*

country who were dependent upon the bounty of this strange woman for their support. Others must have heard these stories too, but I have never seen any of them in print, and I will not be the one to break the ice. Calamity was never at a loss for something to say, particularly in the line of repartee, but she seldom spoke of herself and never of her past.

This form of reticence was not uncommon in the West of that day and date. A man's past was his own, and his reserve with reference to it was a privilege not to be questioned lightly. This etiquette applied to Calamity Jane. She accepted the West on even terms with any man. She did a man's work and lived a man's life. She was twenty-eight or thirty years old at the time of which I speak, and had been a character of note in the West for five or six years. I never saw her except in a man's clothes, or without a gun. She was better than an average shot, and in her day the average was high. It has been said that she killed several men. I do not know about that. I never saw her kill anyone, or even draw a gun that I remember of. I think if I had seen Calamity draw for business I would have seen her shoot. She had a sensible look in her cool gray eyes.

Another thing which tended to keep men at their distance where Calamity was concerned was her friendship for Wild Bill Hickok, the most celebrated peace officer and surest shot the West ever knew. It seems that some years before in Abilene or Hays City—one of those Kansas towns where Bill was marshal—Calamity had come to him for protection. To be known as a friend of Wild Bill's was the best accident insurance one could carry. It enabled Calamity to avoid a lot of unpleasantness which a woman in her environment otherwise naturally would have encountered.

In the spring of '76 Wild Bill was the marshal in Deadwood. He was killed there that summer by Jack McCall. Calamity was out on the Rosebud campaign with us at the time, and probably did not get the news until sometime afterward. But when

STAINED 70's

By Henry
W. Daly

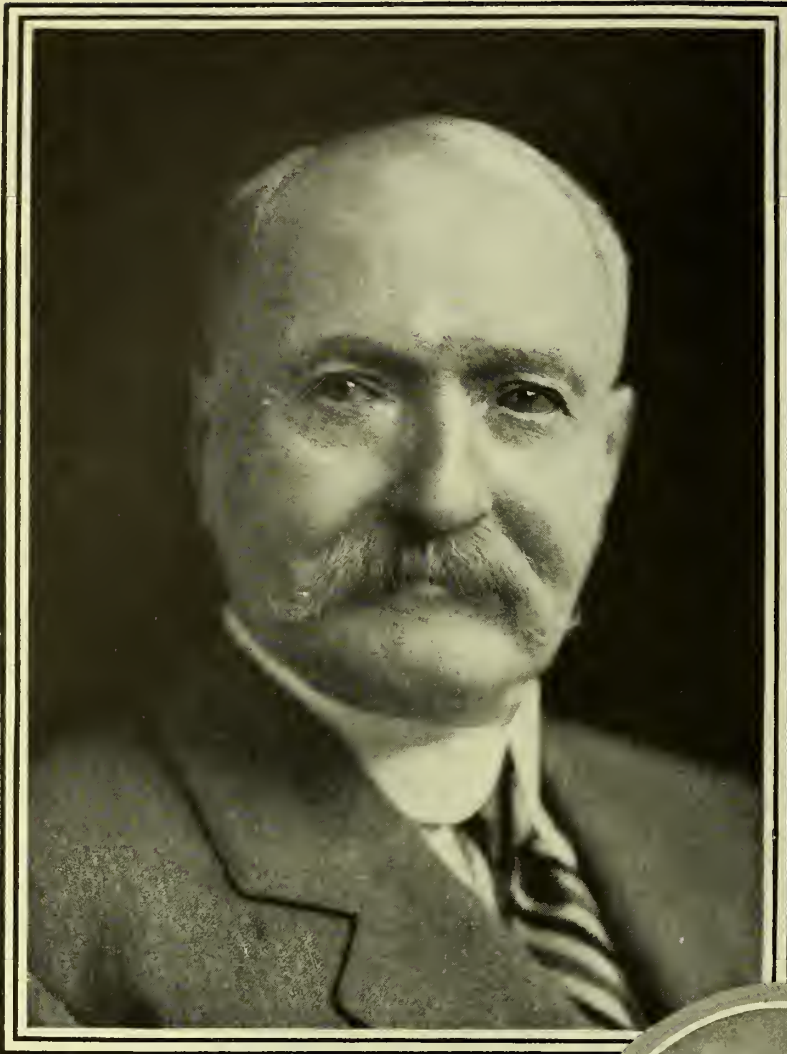


she did she changed her mode of life. She went to Deadwood and finally married Clinton Burke, a hack driver. Burke died in a few years, but Calamity lived until 1903, when in accordance with her dying wish she was buried on Mount Moriah, at Deadwood, close to the grave of Wild Bill. Her tombstone bears only the name Mary E. Burke. When I knew her her real name was supposed to be Martha Canary, and I find it written that way in a diary which I kept at the time.

Calamity drove a six-mule team on that expedition after the Sioux. She was with the wagon train through the entire campaign of Crook's expedition, which was saved only by the shrewdness of its commander from the fate which befell poor Custer, who was operating in conjunction with us on the Little Big Horn a few miles away.

She wore a soldier's uniform, without insignia, as many teamsters did. Teamsters were not enlisted, but contracted for, as were surgeons and considerable of the personnel which one now finds on the regular rolls of the Army. In that expedition I was following the bell, as the saying was. I was a packer with the mule

train. Mule trains kept up with the troops and went any place they did. On the march the trains moved in single file, the line being led by a horse, or pony, with a bell around his neck. It was necessary to have a horse because one mule will not follow another mule unless there is a horse leading the procession. Two horses would split a train, some mules following one horse and some another. So we went out with one horse and had to take good care of him.



Henry W. Daly as he looks today, at seventy-six, and as he looked forty years ago

Following the bell was a regular calling in those days. Men spent their lives at it. I put in most of my time that way between 1868 and 1898.

Cheyenne, where General Crook organized his expedition, was a rough place in 1876, though no worse and no better than twenty other frontier towns which come to mind. But between the gold excitement in the Black Hills around Deadwood and the Crook expedition there was plenty going on. Cheyenne was the outfitting station for prospectors going into the hills. The most flourishing place of business in town, outside of the saloons and dance halls, was the Warren Mercantile Company, which was run by a young man who had come out from Massachusetts eight years before with a capital which consisted of a Congressional Medal of Honor which he had won in the Civil War and a determination to get ahead. The proprietor of that outfitting store still lives in Cheyenne, although Washington, of course, is the best place to catch United States Senator Francis E. Warren, General Pershing's father-in-law, who has represented Wyoming in the upper house of Congress for thirty-four years.

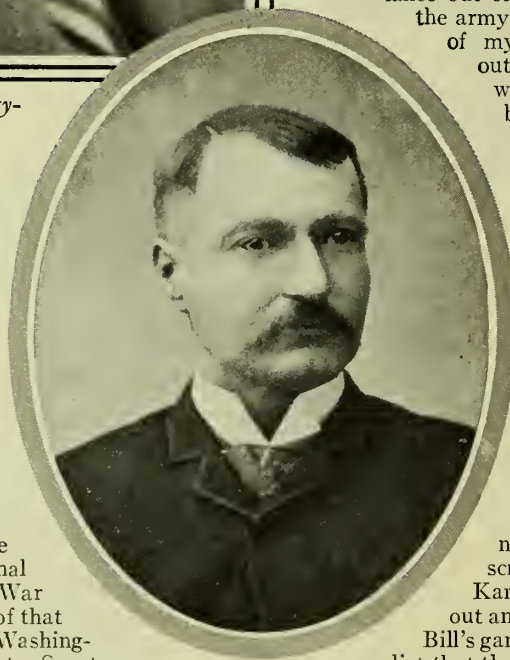
The center of life in Cheyenne was Seventeenth and Eddy Streets. The Tivoli Saloon was on Seventeenth, and up the street a little piece, at the corner of Eddy, was McDaniel's Variety Theatre. Across from McDaniel's was Mahnke's Restaurant, where the flush washed down their oyster suppers with French champagne.

These were all high-toned places. Their doors were never closed and the crowds surged in and out at all hours of the night and day. McDaniel's was the swellest of the lot. Outside it was not so much to look at—a two-story frame building with

a false front to make it look imposing. You walked into an elegant barroom, with a long shining counter, a polished rail and fastidious brass spittoons. Whiskey was twenty-five cents a drink at the bar—which was the standard price. At the end of the bar a double door led into the theatre. The stage was at the far end. Tables were arranged about the auditorium, and when you sat down to watch the performance you were supposed to order a drink. Drinks in the theatre were fifty cents and up. The girls who waited on the tables regulated the charges according to the customer's ability to pay or his willingness to part with his money. There was a balcony, with tables also, and private rooms where the customers might retire and play cards.

Things began to liven up at McDaniel's at about nine in the evening, when the vaudeville started, and the place was in its glory from then until daylight dimmed the big oil lamps which hung in a row from the ceiling. The patrons were miners, soldiers, prospectors, gamblers, cattle men—adventurers of every sort, all with money and all ready to spend. Every stage from Deadwood brought prospectors who had made a strike. Champagne flowed like beer at a German picnic, and ten-dollar gold pieces were tossed as tips to the girls who waited on the tables. If one of the lady performers especially pleased the clientele with a song or a dance she would, on a good night, pick up a small fortune in gold which had been flung at her feet. Many a miner left the hills with enough money to keep him comfortable for the rest of his life, stayed a week or so in Cheyenne and then started back to Deadwood, staked to stage fare and enough to buy grub on until he could get to the diggings again.

I first heard of the Black Hills gold excitement in 1874. I had just returned from the Tonto Basin War in Arizona and was driving an ambulance out of San Antonio carrying gold for the army payrolls. I had enough money of my own to buy a prospector's outfit, so I decided to go to Deadwood and try my luck. I started, but one thing and another turned up and I never got to Deadwood that time.



When I got as far as Sherman, Texas, I found that the first train on that end of the Kansas & Texas Railroad was about to run as far as Denison. This was only ten miles, but it was a big event. The coming of the locomotive turned the page of an epoch. The Kansas & Texas had been building for years. Its construction had made history in the West. It was responsible for Bill Cody's nickname. Bill was handling a scraper on the right-of-way in Kansas and on Sundays used to go out and kill a buffalo or so for the mess.

Bill's gang worked so much better on this diet that the company decided it would be a paying proposition to take Bill off the scraper and give him a steady job killing buffalo for all the messes. That is how they came to call him Buffalo Bill.

The original Buffalo Bill was Billy Comstock, a scout, prospector and all-round Western character. In the early 60's Bill hit it rich prospecting in California or Nevada. He was not, however, the discoverer of the Comstock Lode, the richest gold and silver strike in the world's history. That was Henry Comstock, who, incidentally, died poor also. Bill made a strike somewhere else. He blew in his money as fast as he got it and presently was broke. In 1868 he was scouting again for General Sheridan, and was killed by Cheyennes while carrying dispatches from Fort Wallace to Fort Riley, in Kansas.



A peace conference which would never have been held if Packmaster Daly had not kept his nerve and had not understood Indian character—the meeting between Geronimo, the great Apache chieftain (seated at left of center), and Major General George Crook (second from right) in the Canon de Los Embudos, Sonora, Mexico, in March, 1886. Mr. Daly, surrounded by Indian guides and Geronimo's escort, is seated behind the fifth and sixth figures from the right

When I got to Sherman nothing would do but I must make that maiden trip on the K. & T. to Denison. The train was crowded like a street car coming from a ball game, and people had gathered in Denison from miles around to see the train pull in. I suppose there were between four and five thousand of them, swarming around ankle deep in the sand. Denison was a town of board shacks, and everything was wide open. While killing time and laying plans for getting on north I got in what I took to be a little sociable poker game. There was a fellow in the game called Montezuma, a professional gambler of great finesse, as I later had opportunity to observe. He came from the East somewhere, I should judge by his talk, but Montezuma was the only name I ever heard him called in Texas. We played all night and I got up with fifty cents. Montezuma had all the money. He did not make a move to stake me.

This put a crimp in my Deadwood plans. I walked to Dallas, a matter of eighty miles. There a friendly stage driver gave me a lift toward Fort Worth. Near Fort Worth I saw a cow outfit and a man on horseback under a tree and a cook wagon near by. It was going on three days

since I had had anything to eat. I asked the horseman about the chances for a job with the cow outfit. He looked me over from head to foot. I had on a piccadilly suit, a boiled shirt and a derby hat. I carried a cane. After my dusty eighty mile hike you can judge what this finery looked like—to a Texas cow man, or anyone else.

"Have you ever been on a horse?"

I said I had.

"Have you ever punched cows?"

I said I had done that.

"All right. Go down to the wagon and get some grub. The boss will be back from Weatherford pretty soon."

When the boss returned he sent for me. His name was Mr. Williams.

"Young man," he asked, "did you (Continued on page 80)



A halt at a prairie stage station

The HANDSHAKER

By Peter B. Kyne

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

PART II

THE Handshaker had managed, on being ordered to permanent kitchen police, to impress upon Peep-Sight the fact that, using a recipe of his mother's, he could turn out marvelous doughnuts. But it was two weeks before the mess sergeant sufficiently overcame his prejudice against the man to permit him to experiment with them.

"I'll tackle the job at retail, sarge," the pestiferous little runt promised. "Then if I hit it right I'll tackle it wholesale."

The first attempt was fairly successful, the second more so, the third a culinary dream. "Got it now," the Handshaker announced with a smug, self-satisfied look on his face. Grasby told Peep-Sight later that this smile reminded him of a fox eating guts. Eh, well! Grasby was an old soldier.

That feast of doughnuts brought to the Handshaker the first bit of recognition he had ever received in the battery. The mess sergeant said he wouldn't have believed Bland was a Doughnut King, which was quite a compliment when one takes into consideration the extremely hard lives led by mess sergeants. Nor did the Handshaker's culinary ambitions rest satisfied with his doughnut achievement. With all the persistence of his nature he proceeded to sell himself to that mess sergeant. He came through with a recipe for frijoles Espagnoles, which for the benefit of the proletariat he explained were beans Spanish. He could make a light fluffy hot cake also. Lives there the red leg with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said: "Cripes, why don't them doggone cooks make hot-cakes once in a while"—quite forgetting the enormous labor involved. The Handshaker stood over the hot range and cooked a thousand of them and nobody said "Thank you." Quite without solicitation or encouragement he took to bossing the other K. P.'s and from that to telling the cooks where to head in was but a step. One of them slapped him with a hot dish rag but that did not deter him. He slapped the cook with a tight little fist that set the latter on his broad back; whereupon the mess sergeant suddenly discovered he had never liked that cook from the very beginning, and

promptly besought First Sergeant Grasby to banish him back to the line and give his pay to the Handshaker.

"What's this?" Peep-Sight wanted to know, when the crafty Grasby set before him for his signature the order for Private Bland's promotion to cook.

"Might as well give it to him, sir. He's sold himself again and the men are crazy about his cooking. He can command kitchen police or know the reason why. The mess sergeant asked for his appointment, sir."

"It's all wrong to encourage that man to think he's as good as he knows he is," Peep-Sight grumbled, but signed the order nevertheless. One night a month later he heard a scratching on the canvas of his tent. "Come," he called—and the Handshaker entered. Peep-Sight wasn't surprised. He had suspected who it was.

"Sir, Cook Bland has the first sergeant's permission—"

"All right, Bland. What is it now?"

"I'm too good to be a cook, sir. I don't mind cooking—rather like it in fact, and I've tried to become expert at it so the captain could always feel he wasn't shy a cook in case all the regular cooks got killed. However, I've reached the point of perfection as an army cook and the mess sergeant stands in the way of my advancement in that department. He's a good man and I don't want his chevrons, so I'd like to go back to the line, if it pleases

the captain. The captain will doubtless recall that he placed me in the kitchen, unjustly, for some breach of discipline I hadn't committed. However, I haven't grumbled or complained and I've made good and now I'd like to have my sentence lifted."

"That's so, Bland. Guess I was a little bit irritated at you that day. That confounded woman, Nellie, got me riled. Well, I'll have to admit you've made good, and your doughnuts are things to conjure with. What new worlds do you seek to conquer now?"

"I'd like to be assigned as the supply sergeant's assistant. His office is in terrible shape. I'll bet right now he's got the captain stuck for a thousand dollars' worth of property he can't account for."

"He has me stuck for six hundred dollars I know about, Bland, and we can't find it. I'm hoping we'll get away to France, where there is no property ac-



"That dashed German police dog flew at me. I shot him between the eyes with my pistol as he came on"



He blew a cloud of smoke into the sky. "I always mark my dead, sir"

countability, before I'm inspected again. I'm in a tight place."

"What that supply office needs is system. Get it running right once and it can be kept right, sir."

"Very well, Bland. You put it all shipshape and I'll make you a corporal if I have to bust a good man to do it."

Bland's eyes shone like a cat's in the dark. He went on his new assignment the following morning, quite dominated the supply sergeant, bullied him, in fact, in a cheerful inoffensive way and at the end of three weeks reported to Peep-Sight that he was only two overcoats and two hundred suits of underwear short. The two overcoats he stole from another battery. Presently he learned that a trainload of used underwear had arrived in camp, to be cleaned and renovated preparatory to reissue to thirty thousand indignant patriots. Promptly he made friends with some privates of the Q. M. corps who had been detailed to unload the cars; then he borrowed the battery commander's motorcar without permission while the latter was at luncheon, loaded the tonneau with two hundred suits of underwear formerly worn by soldiers who had died in sundry hospitals, and balanced the battery accounts.

Immediately he sought Grasby's permission to speak to the

battery commander. The weary top accorded it without asking any questions and presently the Handshaker was indulging in the delight of informing the captain that his financial worries were now at an end. No longer need he fear the visit of an inspector or a board of survey. Any old time they arrived the physical property was there for them to count.

"That's very fine of you, Private Bland. I'm obliged to you for your clever work. I have observed that the supply sergeant's tent is in fine shape—a place for everything and everything in its place."

But still the Handshaker lingered and finally Peep-Sight was forced to ask him what else he had on his mind.

"A corporalship, sir," came the pert reply. "The captain promised me a corporalship if I made good. He said he'd bust a good man to make me."

Peep-Sight sighed and busted a good man at Retreat that night to make way for the Handshaker. Immediately after Retreat a number of disappointed privates sneeringly remarked to Bland that he had finally succeeded in handshaking a set of chevrons out of the battery commander. The new corporal immediately preferred charges of disrespectful conduct toward a non-commis-



sioned officer, all to the prejudice of good order and military discipline; Peep-Sight, vastly amused, permitted the charges to go up to the summary court officer, who fined the offenders five dollars each and forever silenced any further insulting remarks of a like nature.

Another month passed, and again the Handshaker presented himself. "Sergeant Hankins died in the general hospital at noon, sir," he reported, "and I'd like to file my application for his chevrons. I'm a first class cook, a first class horseman, a first class clerk, a first class fighter, an expert cannoneer and an expert pistol shot. I know as much about field artillery firing data and how to compute it as any of the lieutenants and none of the sergeants know anything about it. I can compete in an examination and win hands down and if the captain doesn't believe me, all I ask is a chance to show my goods. The captain doesn't have to take my word for all this. Some of it he knows to be true and he can make me prove the rest."

"If Sergeant Grasby will recommend you I'll make you a sergeant," Peep-Sight promised casually. He was seeing too much of the Handshaker and the time-honored methods by which he abashed more modest men had failed in their entirety

to squelch the little nuisance. The hell of it was Peep-Sight couldn't hang anything on him. He was always respectful, always cheerful, a

hard worker, an enthusiast at everything he attempted, bright as a criminal lawyer and as ambitious as a pet coon trying to pick buck shot out of a pail of water. The worst thing that could be said of him—in fact, about the only thing that all men said of him—was that he was an infernal pompous little squirt without the slightest realization of his military inconsequence.

To Peep-Sight's distress, the demon Grasby not only recommended the Handshaker for the vacant sergeantcy, but was unnecessarily hearty about it. "I know he'd anger a sheep, sir, and he'll never learn his place as an enlisted man, but if we tack the rags on him he may become dignified. If he'll do that he'll command the fastest, snappiest section in this outfit. I'd stick him down in the eighth section, sir, and let him work up to the firing battery."

"I'll give him an oral examination," Peep-Sight decided. He did. He demanded prompt and correct definitions of the angle of site and how it was spelled, of direct fire and indirect fire, maximum ordinate, angle of fall and angle of impact, correctors, micrometers; he demanded the utmost familiarity with sights, firing data, use of instruments, draft, care of animals, care of materiel, sanitation and fuses; he wanted to know what an ogive



*The door opened and a snappy little
shave-tail stood in the entrance*

was and delved cruelly into the theory of probable error. Not content with that he questioned him about field telephony, the use of a battery commander's detail, route markers, visual signalling, mounted and dismounted drill, and interior guard duty. The Handshaker had forgotten more than any of Peep-Sight's lieutenants knew and he had boned every scrap of his knowledge while secretly and illegally burning his own midnight oil in the harness room down at the stables. Peep-Sight discovered further that the Handshaker had absorbed practically ninety per cent of the evening lectures of the brigade school of fire. It appeared he was in the habit of standing in the dark outside the screened window of the brigade lecture hall to eavesdrop and on Sundays when Peep-Sight was not in camp, he was wont to invade the captain's tent and spend the day reading Field Artillery Notes, Numbers 1 to 7.

So Peep-Sight sighed and made the Handshaker a sergeant, at the same time giving him a fatherly lecture on the manifest indecency of tooting his own horn and the necessity for the dignity that went with a sergeant's chevrons.

"Speaking of tooting one's own horn, sir," Bland piped, at the conclusion of the captain's lecture, "I don't suppose the captain is aware that I can blow every call in the service and blow it better than any windjammer in this division. I used to play first cornet in my home town band, so the bugle came easy to me. It'd make the captain weep to hear me sound Taps. Why, there's

death and sorrow in every note—"

"Damn you, Sergeant Bland," Peep-Sight roared, "you're incorrigible."

"Nevertheless, I'm a bugling fool, sir."

"He's all of that," First Sergeant Grasby groaned as the pest disappeared after executing a perfect salute. "He couldn't blow a sour note if he tried. And another thing, sir. Sergeant Bland can play the accordion piano as good as any Eyetalian, and he's dug up a banjo player and a saxophone snake and has organized an orchestra and a glee club. The hell of it is I enjoy both. Gosh," he added, sotto voce, "I'm just naturally losing all my military self-respect."

Peep-Sight gritted his teeth. "It's terrible to be handicapped with a sense of justice," he assured his top. "I'm tired having that man Bland sell himself to me. I don't want the idiot and I have to take him because even if the very sight of him throws me into a rage, he's as smart as Theodore Roosevelt and has more bright facets on him than a diamond. I do wish he didn't have the swelled head. Grasby, don't you ever get mad at me and resign your job, and don't you ever get killed until we've first started Bland to pushing up the daisies. If you do this battery is just naturally going to start skidding under its new top sergeant. That little fellow certainly beats my time."

With the acquisition of his sergeant's chevrons the Handshaker no longer appeared to deem it incumbent upon him to ask the top's permission to speak to the battery commander. Although always meticulously respectful he had the most casual way of entering into conversation with Peep-Sight half a dozen times a day.

The captain managed to gather the impression that if, at any time, he should happen to find himself in a military quandary he was perfectly free to consult Sergeant Bland about it, calm in the knowledge that together they would iron the problem out promptly and correctly.

Three weeks after Bland became a sergeant, Grasby with a sigh handed the battery commander a folded document. "That's Sergeant Bland's application for permission to enter the officers' reserve training camp, sir," he informed the captain. "He desires the captain to endorse it favorably."

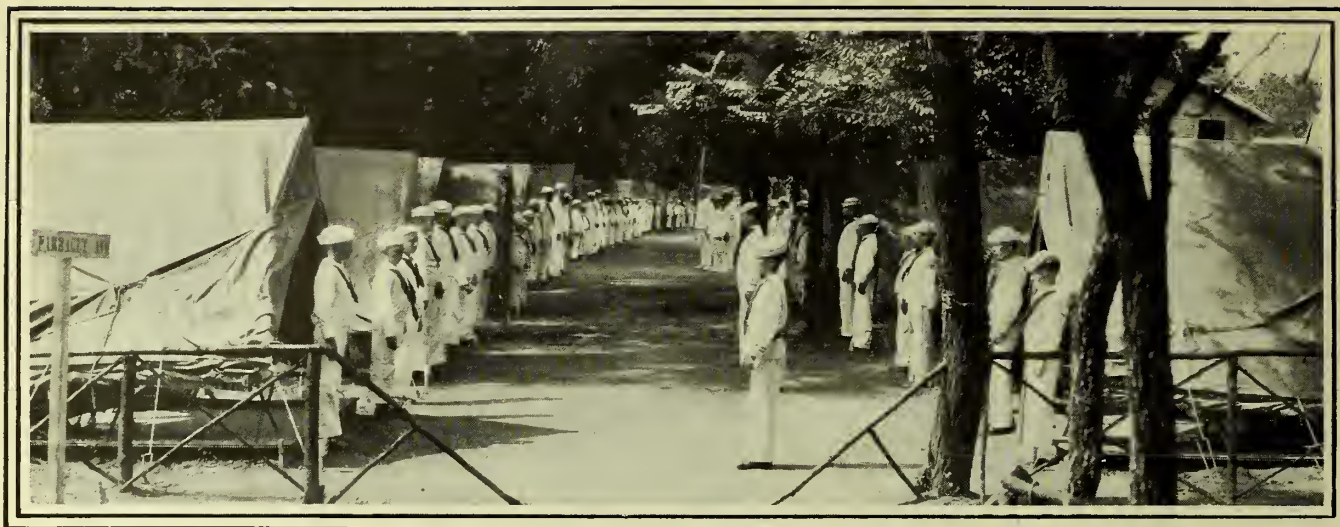
Peep-Sight brightened. "The Lord is still on our side, sergeant. I thought for a while He had deserted us. I think we must have acquired merit recently! I'd like to see the photograph of the man who can deter me from recommending Bland to the training camp. I'd recommend him to the penitentiary in order to get rid of him gracefully—whoa! I've struck a snag. I have to certify, on my honor as an officer and gentleman, that if Bland should be commissioned I would be glad to have him serve in my own battery. I can't promise that. I wouldn't be glad to have him. I'd be horrified, because then he'd be my social equal and intellectual superior. I just couldn't stand him at mess. He'd be slipping me a lot of inside information about my own battery. Mr. Grasby, I can't tell a lie or be a hypocrite. Bland remains a sergeant."

"By the way, sir, he's engaged to be married again."

"Never mind, Grasby. Heaven will protect the working girl. Have you seen his most recent affliction?"

"No, sir, but the battery gossip is to the effect that she's eighteen years old and as lovely as an army with banners."

Peep-Sight reflected that it would be (Continued on page 64)



LEUTENANT Knachel, U. S. N. R., gauging the narrowing distance between the white cutter-bow and the dock, roared to his sailor-men:

"Oars!"

Ten oars poised parallel—more or less parallel—to the water. The cutter slid on, lost headway, touched.

"Stand by to toss!"

Ten pairs of hands shifted grip. Ten pairs of eyes were glued on Lieutenant Knachel, U. S. N. R.

"Toss—oars!"

Ten oars swept up. They swept up so earnestly that some of them swept past the vertical; bumped, port and starboard; untangled and stood in tall double file above the boat; wavering considerably, for they were very tall oars in the grip of very short sailors, and it's a bit hard to keep one oar exactly in line with four others when none of them stays put.

"Boat the oars!"

They did their durnedest—these very short sailors with their very tall oars. Wet blades went crashing down, bumping, tangling. I, standing safely on the dock, expected to see half a dozen young ears sheared off and knocked overboard; but five port oars clumped somehow safely on the thwarts, and five starboard oars collapsed inside the starboard gunwale, and ten earnest young sailor-men breathed proud sighs of relief. Lieutenant Knachel relaxed his official dignity and grinned.

"All right, men," said he. "Now let's get it right."

Get it right—that's what the Navy teaches you. He showed them how, indulgently, for these were very young men—twelve, fourteen, fifteen years along the road to being men; but he didn't call them boys. He called them men. Lieutenant Knachel, U. S. N. R., was teaching them more than the correct way to stow oars into a boat.

He was teaching them to be men.

"Now, men," he said, "I'll show you why it pays to do it right. This oar next the gunwale—see? The next one overlapping, and the next one overlapping that, and so on, until—"

This oar next the gunwale; not sometimes, but always. The next one neatly parallel, the blade just overlapping; not sometimes, but always. I don't remember whether it was the stern oar or the bow oar that went next the gunwale, because I wasn't navy-trained to do things in orderly and shipshape fashion. I wish I had been. So does my wife—I'll bet. It would make housekeeping after me a good deal easier, I know that.

It would have been just as easy for me to learn to lay certain things in certain places, where they belong, by habit—if I'd been caught young enough.

"Now," said Lieutenant Knachel, "you see? Every man knows exactly where to lay his hand on his own oar."

(Excuse me a minute, indulgent reader. I'm looking for a note I made at the time; I had a notebook with me, but I scribbled this note hastily on the back of a letter, and I forget which letter it was and where I put it. It was a word the lieutenant used—a navy word for landsman. A word of scorn; I remember I blushed, standing there safely on the dock.)

"Now this is the way," he said, "a bunch of—" never mind;

TOSS-

By C.E.

I can't find the note; maybe you're a navy man and know the word—"landsmen would do it."

And he seized the port oars in one hand and the starboard oars in the other and jumbled them, the way they'd fall, for instance, if you and I had dropped them—I mean, unless you are a navy man. If he had ordered them to toss oars then, three or four earnest young sailors would have been wrestling to toss the same oar. It would have taken them five minutes to get an oar apiece.

But he laid them in order again and barked smartly, "Stand by! Toss—oars!"

And ten hands fell neatly on ten separate oars. Ten oars rose without confusion, blades up, in orderly double file, ready to drop into the water at the word of command.

"Boat—oars!"

Back into the boat they fell, almost in order this time.

"Toss—oars!"

That's how right methods can be learned; the only way—by practice, so that right habit forms. "The more details a man can leave to right habits," says William James in effect, "the more energy he releases for constructive work." These boys were too young to be interested in theories of human behavior, but they were learning in practice why right habits pay.

It was the end of the first cutter-pull of the season at Camp Gridley. The boys—excuse me; men—were dismissed and went whooping and galloping for their bathing suits; a swim was next in order. Lieutenant Knachel came up on the dock, grinning.

"They're green now," he said, "but just wait a month or two. They learn fast, these youngsters. Know what they did last year? They turned out a 'varsity crew that beat the Naval Reserve racing-cutter crews from Indiana and Wisconsin—grown men, eighteen to twenty-five or even thirty years old—and lost by only half a boat-length to the crack Culver crew. We've got some moving pictures of them; show you after awhile."

I saw the pictures, a marvelous contrast to the awkward struggles of the green crew I had watched. Ten straight, deep-chested youngsters, brown shoulders beautifully muscled—that was the 'varsity crew. A white boat on the water—not a racing shell, but a trim and sturdy regulation navy cutter—and ten slim oars that swung, feathered, dipped and pulled as if they were driven by one machine; and you could see the white boat fairly jump at each concerted pull. That was the teamwork they had learned; and they had learned it quickly, for Camp Gridley is only in its fourth summer season now.



They could build their own cutters if they had to, these members of the Legion-sponsored Naval Reserve Summer Training Camp for Boys at Indianapolis. This picture was taken in John Paul Jones Square at Camp Gridley; on the opposite page is a view down Farragut Avenue

OARS!

Scoggins

Boys of that age—Camp Gridley takes them from twelve to eighteen—acquire right habits more quickly than older men can hope to do. Or wrong habits, for that matter. It all depends on what they have a chance to learn.

They will learn something; that much is sure.

II

THE boys came galloping back to swim. They swarmed up over Old Ironsides, the practical wooden deck of an imaginary ship on shore. They swarmed down over the cutter-docks and over the boats—over everything, it seemed to me; the landscape was full of boys, hundreds of them, it seemed to me; but Lieutenant Denny, Executive Officer of Camp Gridley, assured me solemnly that there were only fifty or sixty of them. There would be hundreds later in the season; but the day of which I write was only the day after the camp's opening.

The avalanche of boys stopped, suddenly respectful.

"Men," said Lieutenant Knachel, "we haven't got our life-lines out yet. So no man who can't swim will be allowed off shore. Lawrence, you're a good swimmer; you go in first. Wade out as far as you can, to show the depth. Nobody else in the water."

Lawrence went off the stern of a cutter. So did another boy—excuse me, I should say, man; a man about twelve or thirteen years old, who hadn't learned the value of obeying reasonable orders.

"Come ashore, Tommy," said Lieutenant Knachel. "Go to your quarters and get on dry clothes. No swim for you today."

That was all there was to it. They haven't had any boys drowned at Camp Gridley, and they don't intend to have. Tommy came ashore, a sadder but wiser Tommy, learning something of the value of discipline and self-restraint. He did it cheerfully enough, I will say that for him. Yes, he was already something of a man.

III

WHEN I first heard of Camp Gridley, I remember, I felt like pulling that ancient joke about the Swiss navy.

"What?" I said. "A navy camp at Indianapolis? What are they training there? Dry-land sailors?"

But in the first place, of course, it isn't a navy camp; not exactly. It's the Naval Reserve Summer Training Camp for Boys, to be very accurate. They are not training any kind of sailors, except incidentally, as a means to an end. They are training boys.

Any boy is eligible, between the ages of twelve and eighteen; in special circumstances they will take them younger; but over eighteen, of course, a boy can enter the regular Naval Reserve camps. Camp Gridley is for the younger ones, and is the only camp of its kind in the United States.

The complete naval equipment—boats, regulation tents, cots, and ship's paraphernalia—is furnished to the camp by the Navy, and the Naval Reserve officers in charge are paid by the Navy, and the "merit men" of the camp, fifty to a hundred of them, are rewarded each summer by a cruise on the United States Training Ship *Hawk*. There Camp Gridley's connection with the Navy ends.

No boy incurs any obligation whatever by attending this camp. He is under no authority but the personal authority of trained men who are responsible for his well-being. There is no compulsion whatever. A boy who will not behave himself is sent home; that's all.

But they do behave themselves. Lieutenant Denny, the Executive Officer, understands boys.

"I wonder how you do it," one mother wrote to him. "We couldn't do a thing with our boy here at home. He was impudent and disrespectful, and punishing him only made him worse. We couldn't keep him satisfied with anything."

"You've made him not only cheerful and obedient, but respectful. When his father speaks to him now he doesn't mumble or get sulky or impudent. He says 'Yes, sir!'"

So I asked the lieutenant how he did it, and he grinned.

"I didn't do it," said he. "The boys did it. They're each assigned to a division, and the division is rated on its general excellence. If one boy lets them down, the others show him the error of his ways. They want merits; they want the chance to go on the cruise."

"There wasn't anything the matter with the boy," he said. "He was just full of energy. We gave him an interesting way to spend it, that's all."

Camp Gridley is no school for bad boys; it keeps them too much interested to be bad. It isn't a reform school; but it undoubtedly has kept some boys from needing reform school. It's just like any other summer camp for boys, except that it gives them a training not to be had anywhere else at anywhere near the price. The only preliminary expense is \$4.50 for a uniform, which is of regulation white navy design. The only running expense is \$4.75 a week for board.

The idea was conceived by four men, all of them interested in the Navy and in boys. It was well thought out, even to the apparently curious detail of locating the camp in an inland State. Boys on the seaboard, of course, are more or less acquainted with the water; yet the Navy, in an emergency, must depend on manpower drawn from inland States too.

The idea was a double-barreled one; and neither barrel was in



Two earnest seekers after naval knowledge at Camp Gridley

the least militaristic. The four men served in the World War, and it made the finest kind of pacifists of them. Of which more presently. The men were Lieutenant Commander Frederick Payne, Lieutenant Firman F. Knachel, commanding the U. S. S. *Hawk*; and Lieutenant Paul Denny and Ensign Paul Akin, both Past Commanders of Admiral George Dewey Post of The American Legion at Indianapolis. They secured the approval of the Navy Department and got the camp site from the city of Indianapolis.

The Chamber of Commerce built and donated the large assembly hall, which also serves to house the mess, and a bath-house with showers and pure water pumped from a deep well. The Navy Department furnished the naval equipment. The Junior Chamber of Commerce sponsored the project, at first named Camp Shank in honor of the then mayor of Indianapolis. But the scope of the camp's usefulness has become national; boys come now from distant States; three boys from Shreveport, Louisiana, arrived the day I visited the camp. It has been thought fitting to rename the camp in honor of one of our national heroes.

The Junior Chamber of Commerce is still active in its support; and now, through the efforts of the camp's founders—all Legion men—and such men as Lieutenant S. A. Bishop, S. C., F., U. S. N. R., Legion Executive Committeeman for the Seventh Indiana District, it has enlisted the national interest and support of The American Legion.

IV

MY APPETITE, the day I visited the camp, had not been whetted by setting-up exercises and drill and oar-pulling and swimming; but while the boys—men, I mean—were having

their swim, certain agreeable smells began to drift to us from Assembly Hall, which, you will recall, is also the mess hall. So when Lieutenant Denny, the executive officer, asked me if I'd like to inspect Assembly Hall I made no objection.

"What would you like to see first?" he asked me.

"The kitchen!" I told him promptly.

The lieutenant corrected me. They don't have kitchens in the Navy; it's a galley.

So we saw the galley. The lieutenant introduced me to John Cook. I said "Howd'y' do, Mr. Cook?" So Mr. Cook corrected me. His name, it seems, was Vaser. I suppose John Cook is the nautical term for cook. He didn't look like a cook, at that. He was young and cheerful and athletic-looking, and his galley was as neat and shipshape as any lady's kitchen, though Mr. Cook—I mean Vaser—and his galley slaves—correct me if I'm wrong—were preparing to feed fifty or sixty hungry boys.

No, I feel sure galley slaves is not the correct nautical term. You know what I mean—K. P.; but if they don't have kitchens, how can they have kitchen police?

They didn't look like slaves, I admit. They were quite cheerful about it, because it isn't a punishment; every boy takes his turn at it. Good training, eh?—as all ex-soldiers' wives will testify.

It was good food they were preparing, too. I know; I tried it. And I know it was regulation stuff, because no visitors were expected; I had to pry an invitation out of Lieutenant Denny. I ate large quantities of it. I saw the same food served to the boys—I mean men—as to the officers; but I'll make a small bet that they couldn't feed me on \$4.75 a week. Not if it's always that good.

I was just saying so to Lieutenant Denny when Lieutenant

Knachel rose. The boys came to attention in their seats. Fairly well to attention, that is; it was only the second day of camp; they were green. Dishes had disappeared; the tables were completely clear. One by one the lieutenant inspected them.

"This table's out," he said crisply. "The men are not sitting straight. And this table is not clean. And this table has had water spilled on it."

"No merits today!"

Get that? No merits. Not a punishment; simply no reward. No points to count toward a free trip and a week's cruise aboard the *Hawk*—a training ship now; once Mark Hanna's yacht; sold to the Government for one dollar, and hit by a Spanish shell in the blockade of Santiago. If you were a boy, wouldn't you get a kick out of such a cruise?

The boys were disappointed; you could see that. I saw the youngster who had spilled the water cutting his eyes ruefully at the wet place. He'll be more careful during his stay in Camp Gridley, you may lay to that. Yes, and when he gets home. Good habits stick as well as bad ones.

V

AFTER lunch—what is the nautical term for lunch?—the boys were ordered to their quarters to rest. It has been found that boys will wear themselves out unless they have certain periods of rest. They may rest, if they choose, or amuse themselves as they choose, a good part of the day; but a half-hour's rest at noon is the regulation.

Camp Gridley is situated on one of the broadest and most beautiful stretches of White River. Across the river green banks rise steep and high, and at a short distance is old Camp Robinson, once the camp of Colonel Lew Wallace's regiment, the Eleventh Indiana.

No, not General Lew Wallace. He was a colonel then.

On the near side of the river the ground slopes gently. The company street, Farragut Avenue, is shaded by trees. At one end of it is John Paul Jones Square, with a band stand and benches before Assembly Hall. Behind it, stretching off to the embankment of Riverside Park, is a

broad, almost level, grass-covered parade ground. Along the company street, around the bath-house, almost everywhere, in fact, are rustic benches, rustic fences, rustic bridges designed and built by the boys themselves—with no tools but a hatchet and for no reward but merits.

Of course there are demerits too; these cancel the merits earned. But those are for real offenses. I saw no sign of intimidation in the boys—not that I looked for any, having met the officers in charge. I'd be glad to entrust my own son to them if I had one. The camp doctor, indeed, who visits the camp every day and should know it if anybody does, has done that very thing.

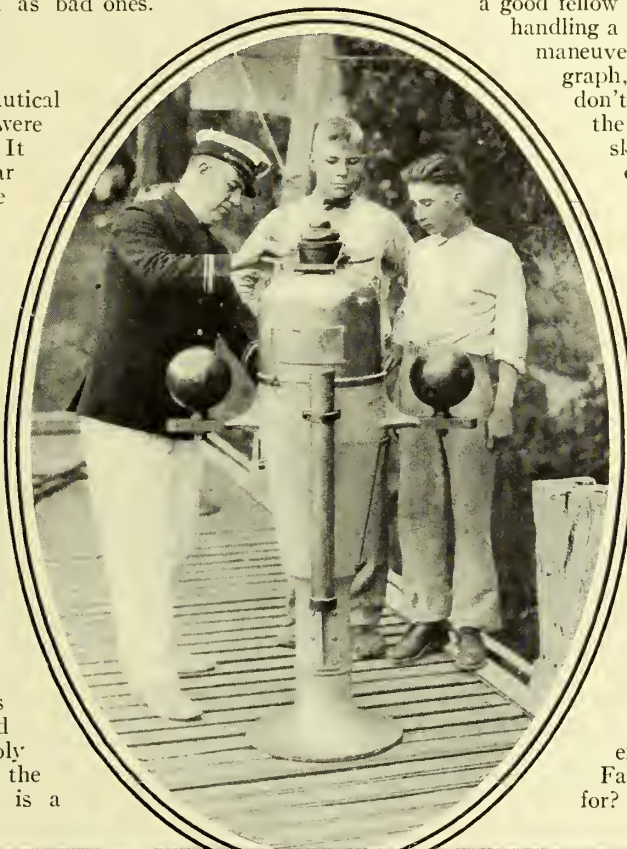
I'd be glad to have my son acquire the poise and quiet self-confidence, for instance, of little "Lieutenant Commander" Cedric White, senior officer among the boys—the men—the midshipmen, I believe they're called. I'd be glad to have my son taught seamanship and self-reliance by Max—Chief Boat-

swain's Mate Max J. Rawlings. Max is a real sailor, a good fellow and a gentleman. I watched him handling a cutter manned by half-trained boys, maneuvering it into position for a photograph, with a high wind blowing; and I don't know which impressed me most—the earnest efforts of the boys, or the skill and the good-humored patience of Chief Boatswain's Mate Max Rawlings.

The cutter carried the blue-and-white tiller of the racing cutter in which a crew of last year's midshipmen won honors; already the camp is building up its own honorable traditions. And this year's crews will be trying to live up to that achievement, to surpass it if possible. That's the use of tradition. What has been done, you know, can be done again—and maybe better.

There's valiant suggestion in the names John Paul Jones Square, Admiral Farragut Avenue, Old Ironsides. And on the first day of the camp the boys crossed the river and pitched camp where the Eleventh Indiana camped sixty-five years ago.

Militaristic suggestion? No. The Eleventh Indiana never fought for empire. John Paul Jones, Admiral Farragut—what do those names stand for? Courage— (Continued on page 88)



Lieutenant P. C. Denny, a member of Naval Post of Chicago and Past Commander of Admiral George Dewey Post of Indianapolis, explains to two protégés of Clifton E. Peterson Post of Kirklín, Indiana, the inner mysteries of the binnacle. The bottom picture shows veterans of the 1925 camp raising a fresh crop of blisters on the opening day of this year's session

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

The Legion and Radicalism

THE American Legion stands four square for that system of constitutional government which is the bedrock of American democracy. An unshakable conviction of the efficacy and desirability of this form of government puts the Legion in direct and unequivocal opposition to any program or theory which would destroy or make basic alteration in that system.

Of course, the temptation which always faces every man of strong convictions is to take the best means at hand to express his disagreement with those differing from him. The grand old man of the Supreme Court of the United States, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, himself bearing the scars of service in defense of the Union, was conscious of this tendency when he said: "We should be eternally vigilant against any attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country."

Those unfriendly to The American Legion have repeatedly pictured it as a self-appointed police force whose chief aim is to spy on radical activities. To accept this view is to imply that the Legion has no confidence in the fundamental principles of American government. The Legion has, however, on every test proved its confidence in the ability of the United States to maintain itself, unweakened, by the lawful agencies which have been set up as a part of our government. Temptations aplenty there have been to demand abridgment of those constitutional sanctions, liberty of utterance and liberty of the press. But always in this country government has shown itself able to take care of itself. Always in the end results have demonstrated the wisdom of keeping the constitutional guaranties inviolate. The American Legion, therefore, has confined itself to giving support to the agents of government charged with keeping watch over radical activities lest these activities pass beyond the boundary of the rights guaranteed to every citizen into the realm of treason and violence.

IT IS chiefly through the unspectacular, methodical, slowly-working process of education that radical programs and practices can most intelligently be combated. The Legion, conscious of the high percentage of illiteracy in America, realizes that this condition cannot be altered in the twinkling of an eye—that literates cannot be made overnight. The Legion's deep concern with the general question of popular education—a program in which it co-operates actively with the National Education Association—provides

the best possible proof of its eagerness to raise the general intellectual level of America, including alike her citizens and her non-citizens. The Legion is specifically desirous of a closer acquaintance on the part of school pupils with the fundamental principles of civics and government, and in several States has effected the enactment of laws placing these subjects in the curricula. Here is a tangible and positive assertion of Americanism which imposes at the same time a direct check to the spread of radical doctrine.

WHILE the Legion as an organization properly makes no partisan political commitments, Legionnaires as individuals play important parts in the civic life of thousands of American communities. But the number of Legionnaire office-holders—national, state, local—is small in comparison with the total number of men and women on the rolls of the organization. As American citizens with sufficient civic consciousness—and conscience—to exercise the right of the ballot on every occasion it is offered, these men and women wage effective war on radicalism by seeing to it that, so far as their voices and their votes are concerned, the affairs of government are properly administered by those to whom those affairs are entrusted; that corruption is eliminated from the polls and from public offices; that only competent, honest and intelligent citizens are set in positions of power in the land, be those positions high or low; that the splendid theories which embody the principles of American government become and remain splendid precedents, thanks to the pride and interest of an alert and watchful citizenship. Radicalism can ask no finer propaganda than is provided in the spectacle of government mismanaged, of incompetent and corrupt office-holders unpunished, of wholesale trafficking in votes and in the spoils of office.

IN A word, The American Legion seeks to make its opposition to radicalism constructive and intelligent. And as no small share in that intelligence it believes that its membership should have some understanding of the program, methods, history and present status of the radical groups.

For the radical movement is an evolutionary growth, and one can no more understand it by beginning one's study of it with its post-war manifestations than he can understand the history of the United States by beginning with the Tilden-Hayes election dispute, or the science of architecture by assuming that that science was ushered in with the World's Columbian Exposition of 1892. "I know no way of judging the future but by the past," declared Patrick Henry, and though the statement has been



CAN THEY ESCAPE?

used by thousands of less gifted orators and thinkers since it was first uttered, it still carries the unmistakable and timeless ring of truth.

It is for this reason that The American Legion Monthly presents in this issue the first of a series of articles by one of the most competent reporters that has ever been produced in a country which can pride itself, among other things, on a journalism more painstakingly accurate, more free from bias, more fair in its presentation of fact as opposed to propaganda, than any other nation on earth can boast. To call Will Irwin an unbiased reporter is not to say that he stands blandly neutral as between the mossback reactionary and the bomb-throwing revolutionist. But unbiased and impartial he is in the true sense of accepting nothing on hearsay, of investigating before he states, of allowing no sentimentality, no hysteria, no desire to prove anything beyond what the facts prove

of themselves to blur his vision or to influence his judgment.

No audience in America will welcome this careful exposition of the scope and potentialities of the radical movement more than The American Legion. The Legion's membership participated actively in a war designed, among other benefits to humanity, to preserve the Constitution of the United States. To the Legionnaire his citizenship is not a thing to be taken for granted. It is something of which he would not lightly permit himself to be deprived, something which he has risked his life to maintain. Recognition of its worth to him and to those who will come after him to the final sunset of Time has been the dominant motive actuating him to join with his fellows in establishing The American Legion—that he might thereby help “to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy.”

ALL HANDS

By Woodward

"*ALL chaw hay!*" Elizabeth giggled as she remembered that. Though the late afternoon sun was pouring mercilessly down on her bare head and arms, and the hot city pavements fairly toasted the soles of her thin slippers, she laughed to herself as she thought that Saturday night had come at last with its weekly party. As she turned into the drug store to buy some orange rouge, she was glad that she had worn her sleeveless rose-colored georgette to work that day, for she had not much time to get ready in. "Make it snappy," she told her friend Mabel, who worked behind the counter. "I gotta date to go to the old-time dance up at the Armory tonight."

"Never been to those dances," sighed Mabel. "Sure wish I had a boy friend!"

"Say," Elizabeth told her, "you don't need a boy friend. The dance is given by the Murrykin Legion—you heard of the Murrykin Legion, kid, surely! It's a clean place, girly, not one of these—now—jazz palaces. You can go with your folks!"

"Then it won't be any fun," said Mabel dismally.

"Say!" Elizabeth's pretty eyes crinkled at the corners as she leaned forward humorously. "Applesauce! Just come on up and try it. I'm here to tell you you'll get a big kick out of it. Why, girl, that's where I *met* my boy friend! And besides—we dance those old-fashioned square dances all the time. Laugh! You'll laugh your head off. A man stands up on a platform and yells out what we're supposed to do—see? That guy sure has a funny line. It's as good as a show just to listen to him. The other day he called out when the dance was over, 'All chaw hay!' Laugh! I nearly died. Like we was a lot of hicks, see? All the way home I was kidding Mac, my boy friend, about chawing hay. He lives on a farm—"

"Well," said Mabel slowly, "I might come up to-night if you think I'd have any fun."

"I'm here to tell you," said Elizabeth as she took the wrapped-up package, "that you'd have the time of your young life." She turned to go out. "So long, Mabel," she ended. "It's a promise."

All week it had been very hot there in Mason City, and out on the corn-brightened Iowa prairies where men worked under the blazing sun. The soda clerks could tell their story of swollen profits from cold drinks, and of swollen eyes from late hours working overtime at the milk shaker. And at Clear Lake ten miles away the water had been a blue sheet with polka dots of wet human heads. All week it had been broiling hot in the quiet little city, and then—

Eight hundred people stopped thinking about the weather, for it was Saturday night, and time to go to the weekly old-time dance of Clausen-Worden Post of The American Legion.

The mercury pointed higher than ever as members of Clausen-Worden Post prepared for the crowd that would later fill the Armory. For three years they had been doing this every Saturday, and neither a heat wave nor a blizzard would interfere with their plans, because neither could stop the crowds from coming. The big hall was in readiness. Art Shook, the talented caller who had so roused the admiration of Elizabeth, was ready to start.

*All dance pretty! Just as pretty as you can,
But why in the devil don't you left allemande!*

He hummed this couplet over, smiling to himself as he did so. In the front of the building, John Brown, the ticket seller, was in his little office, ready to give out tickets for the sum of twenty-five cents each, and Mr. and Mrs. John Horton, the ticket takers, were standing in the door in readiness to take up the tickets as the crowd passed through. In the check room, Gene



Kew was looking forward to a long, quiet evening with no worries, for the heat made it unlikely that there would be many overcoats or rubbers. A. C. Holly and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hutchins, whose duty it would be to act as patrolmen, were merrily stationing themselves in different parts of the hall. And Mrs. J. J. Sheldon, in charge of the Legion Auxiliary refreshment stand, was arranging pop

in tempting lines getting ready to take in a lot of money that would later go to the Auxiliary unit (which happens to be the largest one in the country) for its welfare work.

And all over the city girls and boys, men and women—even children—were getting ready for the week's recreation with a gusto that only comes when tasks are laid aside and playtime begins. For instance, out in the country Farmer Robinson had finished up his chores early. As he came up to the house his wife heard him whistling through the window. "Towels ready?" he sang as he came in the door. "Got plenty soap? I need plenty!"

"Your bath's drawn," said Mrs. Robinson, looking up from the stove and smiling.

"Did you fix the flivver?" shouted a child's voice, and three little yellow heads like so many yellow steps stood in an anxious row ready to hear his reply.

"Yup," replied Farmer Robinson. "You kids all ready to start after supper?"

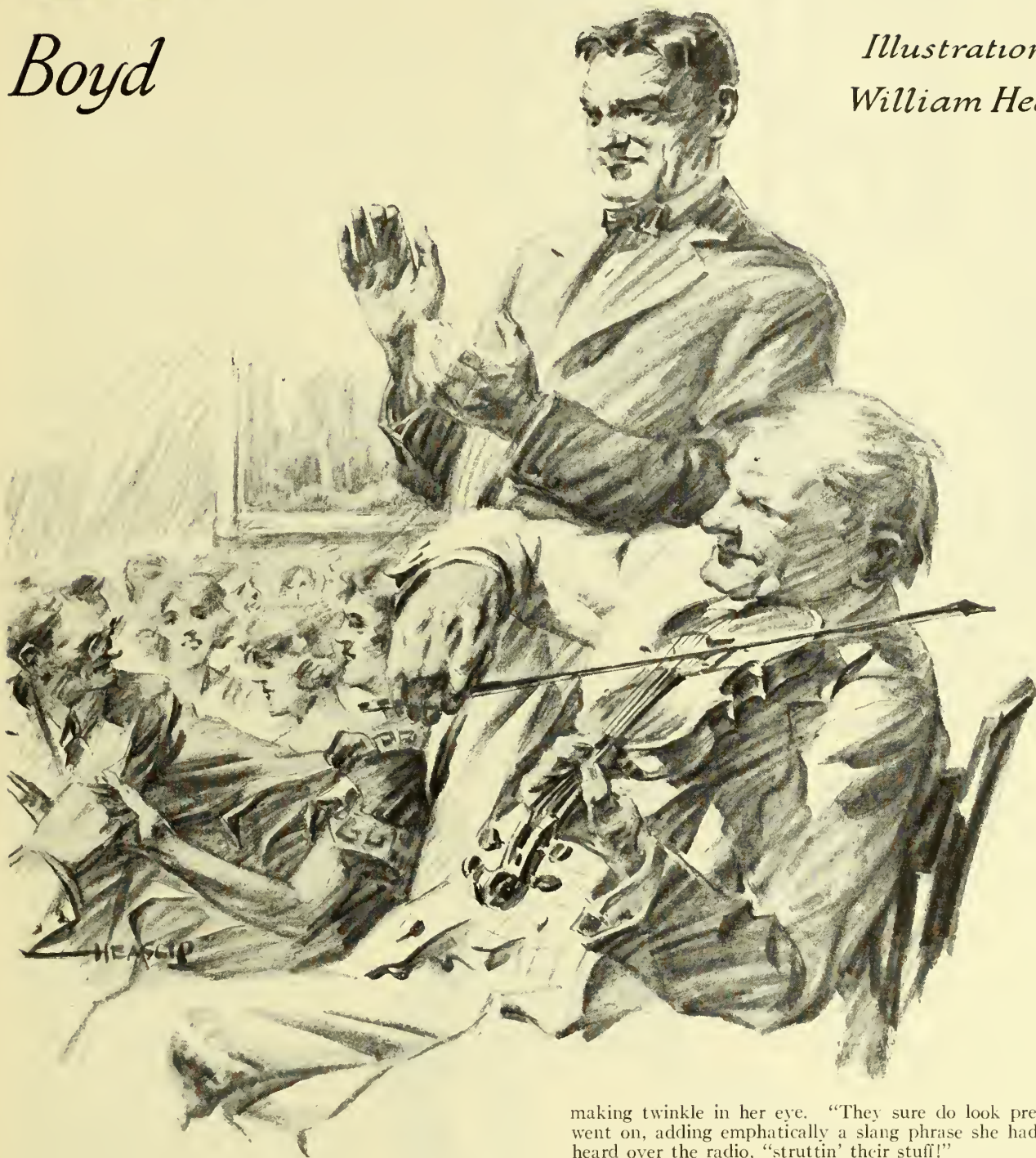
"I got on my new dress!" shouted the youngest yellow head.

"I had my bath!" screamed the next.

'ROUND!

Boyd

*Illustration by
William Heaslip*



"Ready—huh—I guess so," exclaimed the sophisticated eldest. "You ain't, though."

So Farmer Robinson disappeared into the bathroom.

"Willy's going with us," remarked Mrs. Robinson later at the dinner table. "He's so bashful I reckon goin' out in society will do him a lot of good."

"Shucks," exclaimed Willy, who was Mrs. Robinson's brother. "Ain't got much use for society, but guess I can stand it for once."

Farmer Robinson winked. "He'll get himself a nice girl to-night, mother, and that will be the end of Willy."

"I see some right pretty girls comin' and goin' through those old-fashioned dances," said Mrs. Robinson, with a match-

making twinkle in her eye. "They sure do look pretty," she went on, adding emphatically a slang phrase she had recently heard over the radio, "struttin' their stuff!"

But if the radio had enlarged Mrs. Robinson's knowledge of jazz phrases it had not made her into a jazzy person, for later she would be one of the leading figures in the square dance with its gracious spirited figures—a rhythmic expression of joy, utterly natural in its youthful dramatization of relaxation after a week of hard work.

These dances are a revival of what might be called the old American country dances. They are a part of the history of our country, and are more truly native to the spirit of its institutions than any dance that ever came off the docks at Charleston, South Carolina. Before Henry Ford had started them as an antidote to jazz, Clausen-Worden Post of the Legion at Mason City had already realized this, and was packing the hall with Americans doing American dances. The music which



Not much bustle but lots of bustle—Myrtle Ashblock and Robert Bell portray the costumes and steps of the 1880's. Contrast with this the get-up-and-git of the tango of yesteryear, as exemplified below by Genevieve De Long and Fred Schueller. All four are regular attendants at the Mason City (Iowa) Legion dances

accompanies the quadrille has none of that savage appeal of jazz. Square-dance music has the rhythm of pioneer days when men swung their axes in regular time to the flexing of perfectly working muscles, and women washed their family linen or baked their bread in the open air with the subtle cadences of the wind sighing through the trees for music.

Everyone in the post orchestra understands this fact. "Yes, We Have No Bananas" is sometimes allowed as a special treat to the still-growing minds which have not yet been able to cast off the shackles of jazz. But this is the very latest tune. Albert Coe, who is the pianist of the group, has arranged all the old-time dances for the orchestra, and all play without notes. John Clark and Harry Roberts are the fiddlers, John Berry has the bass viol, Harold Van Note the saxophone, Wesley Schmidt the banjo, O. F. Brown the drum, and E. F. Humpal the cornet. And with them stands A. B. Shook, the caller who intones the instructions to the dancers.



But on this hot night in Mason City there was to be more than just a dance. There was—and if you had been listening outside of a certain house in the suburbs you would have known it—to be an old fiddlers' contest!

*A buckwheat cake was in her mouth,
A tear was in her eye,
Molasses running down her cheeks—
Susannah, don't you cry.*

Inside this suburban house Grandpaw held a fiddle lovingly under his chin and sang these words softly, with a faraway look in his eyes as he finished. Pink and white, and dressed in his best clothes, Grandpaw was waiting for his son Bill to get ready to go to the party. Bill owned the best small garage in the country, but he was leaving it in the hands of assistants tonight while he went off to the dance with his family. And as he washed the oil off his face and poked fastidiously into his ears, he, too, hummed the tune of the old song.

"Grandpaw's going to walk off with the prize at the old fiddlers' contest tonight," proclaimed Bill, coming out from a struggle with his razor, shining and triumphant. "They've got a prize of ten dollars up for the best fiddler of oldtime dance music, and Grandpaw sure used to be able to handle a mean fiddle back in the days of the square dances."

"The days of the square dances are right now," called Bill's daughter from the wheel of the big car she was going to drive to the Armory. "And I'm the best square dancer in the State!"

Grandpaw had finished "Susannah" and had started a realistic rendering of "Pop! Goes the Weasel." But he broke right off in the middle of a pop! to exclaim indignantly, "No, you ain't, young one, your Grandmaw is!"

And so to eight hundred people all over the city and out along the quiet country road the week had been long, hot and arduous. But when the last chore was done, the last customer waited on, the last little business shut up for the day, Saturday night had come bringing its weekly quota of joy. And echoing through the corn belt was

the famous sound of revelry by night. And if the whole State of Iowa was not there, at least the beauty and the chivalry of a cross section of it was in full attendance. It was undoubted-

ly the hottest night of the season, but when all heads were counted, there were eight hundred and twenty-one—each ready to put himself under the spell, not of the modern flapper, jazz, but of the gentler, sweeter mistress of another day, the square dance.

The Mason City Armory—a huge airy hall, oblong in shape and with a gallery running around three sides of it—has a stage at one end where the eight men of the orchestra sit each Saturday night. And now, soon after eight o'clock, the people began to come through the great doors. Elizabeth came in with her Mac—a hundred Elizabeths with their Macs. Farmer

Robinson and fifty more Farmer Robinsons arrived safely with their broods. There were any number of bashful Willies and backward Mabels. Nor was Grandpaw the only grandfather, nor the only old fiddler there. Soon the Armory was full, and as the music for the first quadrille started, the big dance hall was flooded with couples standing in apparent disorder, waiting for the first words of command.

On the platform beside the orchestra (Continued on page 60)

A PERSONAL VIEW

by

Frederick Palmer

THERE WILL BE great reaping in Philadelphia. The harvest is last year's membership surpassed; the Auxiliary's surpassed, too. Placard the news to all who said that the Legion would not last. The increase did not come by wishing. Work did it—work in the ranks and in local Legion papers. A year of construction which counts for permanence and usefulness.

*We Are
Riding High*

IT IS THE thirteen original colonies' convention. Let the Eastern seaboard make the most of it which is to meet those who come from the West. Last year where tall corn, wheat and cattle grow—this year where population is densest. Two hours from New York and Baltimore to Philadelphia. There are fifteen million people within a radius which permits of taking an early train out and a late train back and having a day at the Sesqui-Centennial in Legion week.

*Make It a
Big Crowd*

DOUBTLESS EVERYONE going to Philadelphia has an idea of some particular thing that he wants to see or do. I have very definitely. No invitation but I shall plead another pressing appointment. A box seat for picked nines from the major leagues would not be sufficient counter attraction to alienate my presence. I am going to have the time of my life seeing the championships of the Legion boys baseball clubs played.

*So Glad
I Am a Fan*

THE OTHER EIGHT see him as a boy. He is ninety-five and the youngest survivor. Soon all will be gone—the last living link with the Mexican War of 1848 broken. The nine were as young and eager as the men of 1917-'18 when they marched to the remote hot distances of the Rio Grande under Rough and Ready Zachary Taylor, or through the jungle to the taking of Mexico City, and freed Texas and California for development. A Legionnaire who writes from Canada wants the last Mexican War survivor to have the funeral of a brigadier general and other honors. Why not?

*All Hail,
Surviving Nine!*

LET NO ONE CONSIDER this a partisan question. It deals with a common shame. In face of the revelations of the colossal sums spent in influencing votes—which would build so many hospitals and schools—I am asking, Why the Sesqui-Centennial? What were the men of '76 fighting for? Freedom. In what terms did they see freedom? The right to govern themselves.

*Are You
For Sale?*

How use that right? Through manhood suffrage. It was this they won for us.

Are their descendants putting that right up for sale? Will voters soon be lining up for Mammon's bidding? Will office go to the man who has the biggest campaign chest?

Our forefathers and their sons who were near '76 days and heard veterans' tales, knew what the ballot cost. They called it a "priceless heritage." This was not hifalutin' language to them. It was as real as food and drink. They tramped miles to vote. Now, the more automobiles we have the less we vote. In the last Presidential campaign only a little over half of our citizens voted. The others were indifferent as to how they were governed. They scorned the priceless heritage.

The way to stop elections being feuds between party campaign chests is to vote without being drummed to the polls by hired workers who regard citizens as so many pawns to be bought and sold. Then poor men will be in the running and candidates will be elected on their merits, irrespective of the amount of money their backers are able to command.

A good time for every citizen to begin voting of his own initiative for the men and the principles he favors is in this sesqui-centennial year. Who ought to lead the way? The men of '17-'18 who fought to preserve the right which the men of '76 won. Otherwise, those who were in uniform at thirty dollars a month and resented war profiteers play into the hands of vote profiteers. Otherwise, veterans by indifference desert the principles for which they fought and invite the growth of corruption which has led to the downfall of many rich, proud and powerful nations in the past.

NEVER FORGET THAT this is your magazine. As a stockholder you get it cheaper than any other first-class magazine. It is the common meeting place of all posts; the clearing house of all Legion ideas. It is also your market place. Many like to read magazines for the advertisements. The more advertisements the bigger the magazine. Advertisers show their goods in the market where they sell. Buy in your own market on the profit-sharing plan.

*This Is
Your Property*

HERE IS ANOTHER one of the "little things" that the Legion's legislative program has done—and a very big thing for the veteran's widow whose son is her concern. The new law assures an education, a place in the service in which the father gave all and left the son at home without his care and counsel. Forty new appointments-at-large by (Continued on page 88)

*For Sons of
Great Memory*

KEEP LOOKING YOU'LL

THE shallow waters of the river flats were packed and crammed with life. From farther south, regiment after regiment of wild ducks had come in—big, burly-bodied mallards, compact, keen-winged teal, slim, graceful pintails, already beginning, by easy stages, their long journey to the far northern breeding grounds. The sunlight, striking downward through the morning mists, glittered up on a thousand iridescent green heads, illumined the snowy breasts and necks of the pintail squadrons, lit the white cheek-crescents of the blue-winged teal. More numerous even than the ducks, a multitude of coots moved here and there along the reedy margins, their blue-black heads bobbing awkwardly as they swam, their white bills gleaming like polished nickel.

A half-mile upstream, the river swung to the west in a sharp curve, and there a long narrow peninsula, densely wooded with tall pines, thrust outward like a lofty promontory half-way across the flats. Suddenly, from behind this promontory, a dark shape sailed into view—a great white-headed eagle, planing on motionless pinions some sixty feet above the surface of the water.

For half a minute nothing happened. Then swiftly the panorama was transformed. The life that crowded the flooded flats, the feathered fleets that had been floating idly there, awoke to frenzied activity. Near the pine promontory the surface of the lagoon heaved upward, while at the same moment a surging, roaring sound filled the air.

*By Herbert
Illustrations by*

birds and invests him with an incomparable majesty. It is the majesty of acknowledged supremacy; the majesty of strength and speed, of perfectly proportioned beauty, of physical perfection, in one of its most impressive forms. At such a time the eagle appears as the monarch that he is, the king of all his kind, the irresistible Lord of the Air; and that drumming thunder of wings that rolls before him down the flats, as the wild duck regiments take flight at his approach, is his vassals' tribute to his power.

He is a king in truth, the snowy-headed ruler of the skyspaces; a king in that older and better sense in which kingliness meant strength, courage, nobility of bearing. He is, take him all in all, the grandest bird to be found on the continent of North America. Thus he is the fitting emblem of our country, and Congress made no mistake when, at the close of the Revolution, it chose the bald or white-headed eagle as the symbol of the new nation.

Broad-shouldered, compact, powerfully muscled, massive yet clean of build, he is the peer in stalwart beauty of any of his royal race. Out of his piercing yellow eyes, deep-set under frowning brows, gleams the proud spirit of the warrior. His trenchant talons, his great hooked beak are weapons of deadly power. His wide dark wings of ample spread can drive him at terrific speed through the air or lift him



Directly in front of the eagle, a flock of mallards had risen with a drumming thunder of pinions; and that thunder was a signal to all the varicolored multitude thronging that watery world.

Squadron after squadron, regiment after regiment, the wild duck armies lifted from the surface. The air shook with the swelling roar of their wings, with the palpitant clamor of companies of coots scurrying madly across the water. Swiftly the teeming flats were emptying themselves of life. In a tumult of whirring wings and a turmoil of pattering, splashing feet, the myriads of the water-fowl were fleeing before their master and sovereign.

I do not know whether the heart of the oncoming eagle swelled with pride and exultation at that moment; but I know that mine did, and that it always does when I see a sight like the one which I have attempted to describe. There is something superb and glorious in the spectacle of the King of Birds thus manifesting his sovereignty—something that lifts the eagle above all other

high above the earth to dizzy altitudes. Above all else, he is the very type of freedom, that freedom which the United States had just achieved at the cost of a long and bloody war; and, unlike the golden eagle, which is found not only in this country but also in northern Europe and Asia, he is a true American whose home is this land which has adopted him as its emblem.

The bald eagle (which, of course, is not really bald, though its white head feathers give it somewhat that appearance at a distance) was chosen as the national symbol of the United States by Act of Congress on June 20, 1782. On that date a

and SOME DAY SEE HIM

Ravenel Sass

Charles Livingston Bull

design for a national coat of arms was approved. The step was taken at that time because an official sign of sovereignty to be used as a seal was needed, and it was intended that the design should be the same as that for a national coat of arms. In the report of William Barton and Charles Thomson, Secretary of Congress, the device was described in heraldic fashion as follows:

"The Escutcheon placed in the Breast of an American (the bald-headed) Eagle, displayed proper, holding in his Beak a Scroll, inscribed with the Motto, viz., 'E Pluribus Unum'—and in his dexter Talon a Palm or an Olive Branch—in the other a Bundle of 13 Arrows; all proper." It was stipulated that the Eagle was to be "displayed;" which meant, in the language of heraldry, that it was to be represented with wings and talons extended.

In selecting the eagle as its emblem, the United States followed a precedent established centuries before. From the earliest days the eagle in one form or another has figured prominently in the history of nations. It was only natural that this should be the case. The eagle's great size, his swiftness and strength, his noble and fearless aspect, his power of soaring to incredible heights appealed irresistibly not only to the poet and the singer of folk songs but also to the peasant and hunter.

The warrior, too, found in this most powerful and most martial-looking of birds a potent inspiration. "Forward!" cried Germanicus, when seven great eagles flew out in front of the legions arrayed for battle. "Forward, and follow the Roman birds!" To the soldiers of Prussia, of Czarist Russia, of Napoleonic France, of Hapsburg Austria the eagle was the



Directly in front of the eagle, a flock of mallards had risen with a drumming thunder of pinions. In a tumult of whirring wings and a turmoil of pattering, splashing feet, the myriads of the waterfowl were fleeing before their master and sovereign



bird of war, the symbol of victory; and in all cases he was chosen for this role because to those who saw him in the full exercise of his magnificent powers he seemed to combine in superlative degree the virile attributes of the warrior.

Perhaps another factor in the important part which he has played in the history of nations is his wide distribution. There are many species of eagles, scattered over practically all parts of the world. South America has the giant harpy, the "winged wolf" of the old chroniclers, which kills fawns, sloths, foxes, and even the larger monkeys of the tropical jungles, creatures three times its size and weight. In northern Europe, northern Asia and Greenland breeds the gray sea eagle or *erne*, a handsome white-tailed species, closely related to our bald eagle. Germany has the spotted eagle, India the crested eagle, Malaysia the strange bird-nesting eagle, which spends its time hunting for eggs and nestlings. In central Asia and southeastern Europe the imperial eagle still survives, probably the species which in the days of the Caesars was hailed as the Roman bird. In Africa are many fine forms, including the black eagle, the *bataleur* eagles and the serpent eagles, which are deadly enemies of the serpent race and which are found also in India; and these are only a few of the many kinds of eagles known to science.

In North America only two species of eagle are known. Possibly in the old days the terrible harpy strayed north occasionally to the lower Rio Grande valley in Texas, and probably the Greenland *erne* sometimes visits the ice-bound northern shores of the continent. But the only eagles which breed in this country and are fairly familiar to Americans are the golden eagle, a dark-brown bird with a sprinkling of lighter brown feathers on its head and nape; and the white-headed or American eagle, commonly called the bald eagle, averaging a little larger than the golden eagle and, in the adult plumage, a handsomer, more striking bird because of its white head, neck and tail, which stand out in sharp contrast with its somber body and wings.

Of these two, the bald eagle—the true American eagle—is the better known and the more abundant. The golden eagle has a more extensive range, being found not only in North America but throughout the northern half of the northern hemisphere; but in this country the golden eagle is now confined mainly to the mountainous regions of the West, though a few may still nest in the wilder and more rugged parts of the Appalachians. The bald eagle, on the other hand, exists practically throughout the United States and nests in suitable localities throughout that vast area.

Any American, no matter in what part of the United States he lives, may hope to see the bald eagle if he has an eye for the birds of the air. One reason why so few of us ever see the Bird of Freedom in a wild state (in a cage, where his spirit is broken,

he is hardly worth seeing) lies in the fact that not many of us can devote much time to watching the highway of the sky. Sooner or later, whether you live in the heart of New York City, or on the plains of Kansas, or in the swamps of Mississippi, or amid the valleys of California, Old Baldy will pass within range of your vision and you will see him if you are on the watch for him.

But while every American may hope to see the American eagle, in most parts of the country that hope is likely to be gratified only at the cost of long and patient watching. Due largely to the failure of the American people to give him the protection he should have, over most of his habitat the great bird is not now as abundant as he once was. There are regions, however, generally close to the sea, where he is still a familiar spectacle, and one of the things I am thankful for is the fact that I live in one such region—the coastal country of South Carolina.

Scores, perhaps hundreds of times I have looked up and have seen the King of Birds soaring above my garden in Charleston, his white head and tail gleaming in the sun. At any season except mid-summer I can look forward with considerable confidence to seeing the bald eagle on nearly every trip that I make into the surrounding country. On Edisto Island last October Charles Livingston Bull and I saw eagles so many times each day that we ceased keeping count of them. In parts of Florida the bird is even more abundant, while Alaska, in spite of a systematic crusade carried on against it there, is probably its greatest surviving stronghold.

At rest, the eagle is unmistakable. You may know the eagle in flight by his great size (from wing-tip to wing-tip he may spread seven feet or even more), by the flatness of his wings and their width near the tips, and by the shape of his head, which appears much longer than that of a hawk or vulture, due to the fact that his strong hooked beak is longer than that of most birds of prey. If the head, neck and tail of this eagle are white, you may know beyond all doubt that it is the bald or American eagle. If, however, the whole bird is of a more or less uniform dark color, the identification is not so simple. In that case the bird may be either an adult golden eagle which has passed beyond the immature ring-tailed stage or a young bald eagle.

The bald eagle requires at least three years for the acquirement of the white head and tail which characterize the adult bird, and in the meantime its dark brownish or grayish plumage closely resembles at a distance that of the golden eagle. Very close at hand you can distinguish the bald eagle in any plumage from the golden eagle by the fact that Old Baldy's legs (tarsi) are bare of feathers, while the golden eagle's legs are booted right down to the toes; but since eagles in flight carry their legs close up against their bodies (extending straight backward, not forward with the claws clenched, as is commonly supposed) this is a field mark of little value in the field. So rare is the golden eagle, however, except in the mountainous parts of the West, that most Americans who see an eagle, no matter what the color of his plumage, may be fairly sure that it is Old Baldy, the Bird of America, the symbol of American sovereignty and freedom.

To every American that sight should bring a thrill of patriotic pride; to too many of them, alas, it seems to bring nothing except an impulse to destroy. We are proud of the eagle on our national crest, and we are supposed to love the Bird of Freedom which typifies the strength and independence of America. But it is a queer sort of love.

For when we see the American eagle in life—when we see him in all his stalwart beauty and majesty, standing aloof and watchful on some lofty vantage point or sailing on wide motionless pinions through the air—too often the gun leaps to the shoulder, and the great bird comes whirling down, a blood-spattered mass of carrion.

Why? The answer is simple.

The eagle is a big bird, a very big bird, and we shoot all very big birds that come our way. Moreover, he is, in most parts of the country,





He is a king in truth, this snowy-headed ruler of the sky-spaces; a king in that older and better sense in which kingliness meant strength, courage, nobility of bearing. He is, take him all in all, the grandest bird to be found on the continent of North America. He is the fitting emblem of our country

something of a rarity, and it is considered quite a feat to kill and bring home so huge and strange a creature. Everybody is interested and scores of people crowd around the carcass and marvel at the vast spread of wing and the long, sharp claws. We are pointed out as the mighty Nimrod who did the deed. We

puff out our chest; and great is our pride when we read a story in the paper next day that Mr. So-and-So, one of the most enthusiastic of local sportsmen, killed an eagle measuring seven and a half feet from tip to tip, and how the great bird, the first one seen in that region in years, created a (Continued on page 78)

RED DONOVAN *Comes Through*

By JAMES A. DRAIN

Illustration by L.F. Wilford

I SPENT a lot of time before I finally gave it up, trying to learn to throw a lariat properly. I could never get the hang of it, though of course I could handle a rope a little, but every youngster who grew up in the West in my day could do that. I will say, however, to prove that my youth was not altogether misspent, that I could use a six-shooter with the best of them, but you can't be a cowboy on a six-gun alone. So comparatively early in life I was obliged to relinquish any plans I had made for a career on the range.

It was different, however, with Joseph C. Donovan. I have the word of Watson B. Miller, who speaks with authority on such matters, that Red Donovan was equally at home with a diamond or a squaw hitch, and a hackamore and a latigo were tools of the trade with which he was thoroughly familiar. Mr. Donovan was a Montana cowboy from the region of Powder River—that singular stream which, if I have been correctly informed by the Montana delegations at several National Conventions of The American Legion, is a mile wide, an inch deep and flows up hill.

This was all before the war. In 1917 Donovan unsaddled his horse and put away his chaps and his five gallon hat. He joined the Army, a red headed private in the Forty-first Division, that outfit of Western National Guardsmen which got to France just in time to verify Sherman's famous definition. It became a replacement division. Its fine units were split and scattered. Little dabs of men were sent hither and yon over the map of France, to this duty and that, and to fill the gaps in other outfits which had been at the front. Private Donovan went to the Second Division and fought at Soissons. By September he was ready to swear to anyone that the Second Division was the greatest fighting outfit in any army, and to swear at anyone who didn't believe it.

In September the Second Division walked through the St. Mihiel salient and Private Donovan was carried back with six machine-gun bullets in one of his legs.

The leg was badly torn up, but no bones were broken. Donovan stayed in hospitals in France until after the Armistice, and then he was sent home. He was in a hospital on this side until March of 1919, when he was discharged. He headed for Montana. He was not feeling very well. The leg had healed up, but Red still seemed weak and good-for-nothing. This, he told himself, was from being cooped up in those hospitals for so long. Red had spent his life out of doors, and hadn't much use for houses except in very bad weather. Let him get out in the open again, with a horse under him and a rope in his hands, and he would be his old self in no time. That would be better medicine than any the doctors could give him.

No doctor would quarrel with that, but in this case it did not work out. For a while Red felt fine. The exhilaration of being back home buoyed him up and carried him along. He got a job and was riding herd, but it wasn't long before he had to give that up and take it easier doing chores about the ranch house. He could not figure it out. The leg was well, and except for an occasional twitch, like rheumatism, it did not bother him. But Red seemed short of breath and just naturally pegged out all the time. It was rough on a man who always had been so strong and husky.

But there is more than one way of getting on in the world. If he could not stand up to a cow puncher's work it occurred to Donovan that he might take to farming, especially since he could homestead a claim and get it for almost nothing from the Government, because of the preference rights which Congress had given to ex-service men. Then there was another reason which turned Donovan's thoughts toward a home and the idea of settling down. He was thinking about getting married, and a home-

stead with a place of his own is apt to loom a little more desirable in the eyes of a smart girl than a cowboy whose sole estate is a saddle and bridle, a tooth brush and a sack of Bull Durham. So Donovan homesteaded a hundred and sixty acres, built a house, dug a cyclone cellar and married the girl from Miles City. He put in some crops and seemed to be getting better, financially as well as physically.

One day some government geologists came poking around over the place, but Farmer Donovan thought nothing of that.

Some months later a letter came in a government envelope. Donovan had to read it over two or three times before he could believe his eyes. Mineral had been discovered on his land. It didn't say what mineral—just mineral. And Donovan would have to get off. A mistake had been made. Mineral lands could not be homesteaded.

That simply knocked the props out from under ex-Private Donovan. He worried about it until it made him sick. He consulted all of the local people he could think of, but they could not suggest anything except to say in a vague way that "influence in Washington" would have to be put to work if he hoped to save his farm or the money he had put in it in improvements. Someone told of hearing that The American Legion had an office in Washington which did things for ex-soldiers. Donovan had been a member of the Legion when he first came home, but when he got to feeling badly he neglected to pay his dues and was dropped from the rolls. But he wrote to Washington—to the National Rehabilitation Committee of the Legion, and asked what could be done.

The Legion's agents took up the case. A representative went over to the general land office, looked up the facts and looked up the law. Donovan had filed his claim in good faith. The Government had granted the claim in good faith. Then mineral—columbite, as it proved—had been discovered. This cancelled the homesteading rights of Donovan. There were no two ways about that. It was the law. The case was hopeless. Donovan could not even be reimbursed for the money he had spent improving the land.

This was a bad piece of news to break to a sick man. The Legion representative who handled the case felt that if the Legion could not keep Donovan on his land it might be able to do something else for him. So before the word was sent concerning the hopelessness of fighting to retain the land, the Legion's traveling representative from the Seattle branch office of the National Rehabilitation Committee was directed to go to Montana and see Donovan and find out if ways could not be devised to soften the blow. The man from the Seattle office did not make that trip solely to see Donovan, of course. He stopped off at nearly every town to visit some veteran who was reported to be in difficulties of one kind or another.

He found Donovan in bed—blue and discouraged. He was about to lose his farm. His wife was trying to keep things going and help plan for the future as best she could, but she could not do everything, because in a month or so there was going to be a baby. They had no money.

On the spot the Legion's travelling man arranged by telegraph for Donovan's removal to the new government hospital which had just been opened at Helena. He also filed a claim for disability compensation for Donovan.

This relieved the situation some. Donovan went to Helena and his wife went the other way to Miles City to the home of her parents. This was in June of 1921, more than two years after Donovan's discharge from the Army as a well man. In a few weeks, at the hospital, Donovan got word that he was the father of a baby girl.



A letter came in a government envelope. Donovan had to read it over two or three times before he could believe his eyes

Meantime the Legion was at work. The representatives of its Rehabilitation Committee, at the Committee's main office in Washington, were trying to get action on that compensation claim so that Donovan would have something with which to support his wife and child. To obtain favorable action on a compensation claim it is necessary to establish that the applicant's physical condition is due to his military service.

In Donovan's case there was very little evidence to start on. Clinical reports from the Helena hospital showed the patient to be suffering from an impairment of the lungs, a bad heart and a slight abscess in one of his old leg wounds. But the main trouble was with the lungs and heart, and there was nothing in the records of the Adjutant General's office to show that his military service had affected those organs. It had affected his leg, yes—

but this leg infection seemed to be a small matter which could be cured up in a little while. So the patient was rated as suffering from disabilities not connected with the service, saving the minor leg trouble. This not only denied him compensation, but actually jeopardized his right to stay in the hospital. He might be removed at any time to make room for a veteran with more serious disabilities which were traceable to service.

The Legion kept on working. Donovan told a story about having been gassed and treated for gas in France. But this was not in the medical records. He gave the names of two soldiers who he said were in the infirmary with him where he was treated. The Legion advertised for the whereabouts of these men in the "Buddies in Distress" column of *The American Legion Weekly*, and located them both—one in Texas (Continued on page 62)

By
Arthur
Somers
Roche

Illustrations by
Grattan Condon



CHAPTER X

1. MERINO, who had a cauliflower ear, a flattened nose, and other markings of the fourth-rate pugilist, as well as a furtive shiftiness that made me think him more at home with a knife or blackjack than with the padded mitts.

2. Mike—surname unknown—who was thick of chest and skull, beady-eyed and suspicious, a bully at heart, but a demon, I guessed, against an inferior opponent.

3. Alston, a little cockney, of amazing agility, a bland dishonesty, and a murderous glare in his eyes when his temper was aroused.

4. Kinsella, a tall, broad-shouldered, pleasant-faced chap, who was a sort of mate or second officer aboard the *Alida*, and who seemed completely out of place amid these people.

5. Schulz, a Polish Jew, flat-headed, high-cheekboned, gorilla-armed. I set him down as a moron.

6. Dick, a youth of seventeen or eighteen, merry-eyed, reckless-mannered; no criminal at heart, but wild. Really an honest boy, if given opportunity.

7. Myself.

8. Rose Blaney, knickerbockered, white jerseyed, a khaki cap cocked jauntily on her brown bobbed hair, cool-eyed, unafraid and beautiful.

This was the company that found itself on the Bahaman key when the *Alida*, stores having been put ashore for our sustenance, sailed away to a port that I could only guess, from Rose's utterances, to be Havana.

I itemized the group, not idly, but with deliberate intent, weighing each one as accurately as my limited acquaintance permitted. For while it was all very well for Captain Greve to make dire threats, and equally well for Rose to state that she could—and would—shoot, these statements would avail little against a tide of sudden passion. And these were the sort of men in whom such tides rose swiftly and unexpectedly. The least little thing—a difference over a crap game, a quarrel over a cigarette—might arouse the blood-lust in any of them. And in the midst of maddened men was no place for such a girl as Rose Blaney.

Criminal she might be, as vicious, deep down inside, as the wickedest of the crew, but that did not mean that she could cope with the least of these men.

So I tried to figure which men, in the event of trouble, I could count upon. For, as is apparent, I anticipated trouble from the very moment that the girl announced her intention of remaining on the key. She *might* be safe from unpleasant advances, but there was always jealousy to be reckoned with. If she favored one with a smile . . .

Merino, Mike, Alston and Schulz: these I could put definitely on the vicious side. Kinsella was doubtful, but more probably on the side of comparative decency. The same was true of young Dick. These, including myself, meant three men. And Rose, if we three tried to protect her, could, of course, be counted with us. Four against four, then, were the sides, allowing that hopes

came true. But one of our four was a mere lad, and another was a girl.

I will confess that my heart sank as I contemplated the possibilities. But, I tried to assure myself, the possibilities were remote. These men were enlisted in some game whose stakes must be high; they would hardly jeopardize such chances of gain as they anticipated. So, as I turned shoreward with the intention of exploring the island, I decided.

Kinsella called me back. His pleasant face fought for an expression of sternness.

"No skylarking around yet, Jack," he said. But his voice, that should have been peremptory, was conciliatory. "Plenty work to be done. Got to get these stores under cover." He pointed to the piles of boxes upon the beach. "Got to fix up sleeping quarters for us men, and also for the lady."

"I'll attend to that little job," said Merino. He smirked knowingly, and looked around for applause. Young Dick giggled and Mike laughed outright.

I looked quickly at Kinsella. Now, if ever, was his chance to demonstrate his authority, to put the fear of God, at the very outset, into the hearts of this gang.

But he merely flushed, cast a quick glance at the expressionless countenance of the girl, and replied, "You'll do as you're ordered, Merino."

Merino merely grinned; I took a step toward him, and then held myself back. The one thing to avoid was an open quarrel over the girl. That would put the fat in the fire with a vengeance. It would have been all right for Kinsella to rebuke the man; he was the officer in charge; but it would never have done for another of the crew openly to resent the ex-pugilist's remark. There must be pretense that something else caused the quarrels.

But I knew what I'd do. Further, that every man present would get the point, I mustn't delay. So when Kinsella pointed out the larger of the corrugated iron sheds, and said that our bunks and the stores were to be placed therein, while the other was to be used by Miss Blaney, and ordered us to begin removing the stores, I purposely edged close to Merino. Picking up a rather heavy case, I dropped it on his toes.

"Why, you—clumsy—!" cried Merino.

And I knocked him down.

"Here, none of that!" cried Kinsella.

Merino scrambled to his feet. "None of what?" he demanded. "Think I'm gonna let this ——— slug me?"

"I'll slug you again, you Camorra rat," I told him.

For I realized, what the thick-witted Kinsella did not, that Merino had to be punished now, put definitely in his place; and if Kinsella didn't do it, someone else must.

Merino rushed at me. I sidestepped. Kinsella glared at us uncertainly.

"Let him have it, Jack!" cried young Dick. Despite his

DANGEROUS WAYS



"You can't get away," Kinsella yelled. "You'll be dead with thirst in an hour or so of sun. We're going to get you, Jack"

giggle of a moment ago, his heart, I felt, was in the right place.

There was a rush to form a ring; Kinsella gave up his half-hearted effort to stop us, and Merino rushed again. This time I went into a clinch with him.

"Listen, rat," I whispered to him. "I'm going to beat you half to death because you looked at the girl. Get it?"

He sneered and threw me off, smashing me on the kidneys as we broke. "I've licked a hundred like you," he jeered. "And after I've done that we'll see about the girl."

I heard a murmur from the onlookers, and was angered that I'd given Merino opportunity to mention Rose. But the thing had to be done, and perhaps it was as well that the issue was drawn at once.

And to my amazement, Mike, who had no liking for me, and who had laughed aloud at Merino's innuendo, applauded as I drove a left into the Italian's face.

"Bust him in two, Jack!" he roared. "Let the black-faced dago learn his place!"

I heard the girl appeal to Kinsella. "Stop it," she said.

"Stop a cyclone," Kinsella replied. "Let 'em have it out. This Jack is a fresh guy."

And I knew, even as I dodged Merino's dangerous right, that while Mike had come over to what I termed "our" side, Kinsella, annoyed because he realized that I was doing what he should have done, had gone over to the enemy.

And that was the last I heard of comment. Merino was tough; not only that, his experience in the ring had taught him a lot. He could out-box me easily. But his left jab had no sting; his only

offensive weapon was a murderous right swing that looped over and down, and was not too hard to avoid.

And so, despite his knowledge of all the dirty things that can be done in close, I went right inside his swings and chopped away at his face and body. I had the height and this offset his weight. I don't know how long we were at it; I know that one of his wild swings landed on the back of my neck, and that I went down, and that Merino tried to give me the boots as I lay there. But I rolled away, caught at his knees, pulled myself up, half insane at his foul tactics, and knocked him absolutely cold with a right uppercut as we were breaking away.

Then I looked around the yelling group and, as my glare silenced them, uttered a direct challenge.

"If there's anyone wants what Merino got, I'm here to deliver," I said.

"Now, my lad," said Kinsella, "we've had enough of this. We don't need any bullies here——"

"If we had a boss with any sense we'd not need a bully," I told him. "But as it is—what I said goes."

I turned away and Mike grabbed my arm. "Better let me wash that eye out," he said. "I know how to do it. I been behind guys more than once. Say, kid, what a sock you carry! Glad I didn't get mussy with you yesterday."

"You're all right, Mike," I told him.

"Well, this dame business is all wrong," he said shamefacedly. "She's got no place with a gang like this anyway, but—so long's she's here, treat her respectful, I say. Merino was kinda funny, and I give him a laugh for it, but I'm tickled silly you put him away. But watch him, Jack. What he can't do with his hands he might try to do with a knife. He's bad."

I nodded. "I'll watch him, but he won't ask for trouble right away."

We had reached the larger shed now. In the midst of a clump of palms nearby was a spring from which a tiny stream trickled to the sea. There I bathed my cut eye, and let Mike put some stinging stuff on it that he procured from a tiny medicine kit he carried inside his shirt.

"This Kinsella," he said, as we started back toward the beach, "watch out for him. He's mean, for all his pleasant way."

"You think there'll be trouble, Mike?" I asked.

He spat upon the ground. "Well, what do *you* think? There's a dame, and there's booze—plenty booze on this key. And Kinsella's kinda yeller. And there's some tough lads besides Merino here. There's three of a kind to draw to. You oughta fill a hand plumb full of trouble with a start like that."

"I'm afraid you're right, Mike," I admitted. "Well, I know where you stand."

"You're right you do, kid," he rejoined.

Kinsella frowned at me as we rejoined the group on the beach. Merino, to my great surprise, walked up to me, grinning. His face was swollen and cut, and one eye was almost closed. But he held out his hand.

"Some sock, Jack," he said. "I oughta know; some good guys have tried out their wallops on me. But I never bear no hard feelings when a guy outclasses me. Forget it?"

The words were sincere, but the rat eyes of the man twinkled with malice. However, I could not go behind his speech. I shook hands, pretending that I believed him.

"And now *that's* over, Mr. Jack," sneered Kinsella, "now that you've had your fight and kissed and made up, and made us waste an hour's time, suppose you see if that wonderful sock of yours is any good at rustling a bale of stuff around."

I made no answer. Kinsella was picking no row with me just now. As our English friends say, I wasn't having any. But, if anything, I felt that he would prove a more dangerous enemy than the Italian.

For an hour we labored at storing the provisions, and at making the sheds shipshape and livable.

"You were helping Alf in the galley," said Kinsella. "Suppose you do the cooking here."

Rose Blaney came out of her shed as Kinsella spoke.

"I think, Mr. Kinsella," she said, "that I'd better cook. Unless Jack is pretty good."

"Coffee," I said, "about lets me out."

She nodded. "Then I think I'd better."

Kinsella scowled. "Well, we'll let Jack wash the dishes," he jeered.

He turned on his heel and walked off.

But his shaft fell short. Washing the dishes meant that I'd be near Rose, and—I might as well confess it now; it's probably been guessed a long time ago—I'd discovered that being near her was quite important to me. I was in love with her. I hadn't been aware of it until Merino sneered, but I was certainly positive of it now.

It didn't matter who or what she was; it didn't matter that love for such a woman could never culminate in the thing that decent men anticipate, in honorable, happy wedlock. I couldn't help it, I now found out: I loved her.

"I owe you thanks, Jack," she said.

"Not at all," I said gruffly. "Let a man get away with stuff like that and there's all sorts of trouble to pay."

A wicked little smile glinted in her gray eyes.

"Oh, you fought for the company, for all the folks on this island, eh?"

"Well, what did you think?" I rashly asked.

"I? Oh, does it matter? What did I think? Oh, I thought that by some queer stroke of fate a gentleman had been thrown in among a group of cutthroats. I thought, Jack, you fought for me."

I stared at her. "Well," I told her gruffly and ungraciously, "I can't very well help what you think, Miss Blaney."

She chuckled. "One can hardly hope for soft words from a man inclined to hard deeds, can one? Well, shall we get dinner?"

I blushed. I was angered that she was right. For what did I know of pretty speeches, of things to say to pretty girls, I who had hardly talked to any girl in seven years, save to ask, as I wrapped up her purchases, if that was all?

And then I felt resentment toward her. Who was she, associate of the scourgings of the underworld, who dared essay flirtation with an honest man?

The preparations for the meal progressed in silence. Ever and again Kinsella wandered near, and I felt a burning jealousy seething within him. I wondered that looks should so often belie the character they veil. For Kinsella had seemed pleasant, honest, different from the rest of the gang. Yet, resentment clearing my vision—anger does not always color our view; it frequently enlightens it—I saw that Kinsella's chin was weak, his lips loose, and his eyes inclined to watery weakness. At that, though, he was a big handsome husky, the sort who might pride himself on his attraction toward women, and might easily be enraged at the most casual preference shown toward another.

But the expedition had landed on the wrong foot, anyway. Too late, now, to wish things otherwise, or to try to remedy them. Kinsella, by way of humiliating me, had made me dishwasher. Now he regretted that I was in such close companionship to the girl. But I couldn't do his thinking for him.

The noon meal was served; bacon, canned beans, and some flapjacks, served smoking hot. Cries of approbation greeted the feast.

Merino voiced the thought of all. "Too bad, Miss Blaney, that Alf don't die or something when we go back to the *Alida*, and let you cook."

Once again I distrusted the man. He was too meek, too good a sportsman, too anxious to make amends.

"Say," snarled Kinsella, "you got a crust, Merino, thinking a lady like Miss Blaney would be regular cook for people like us."

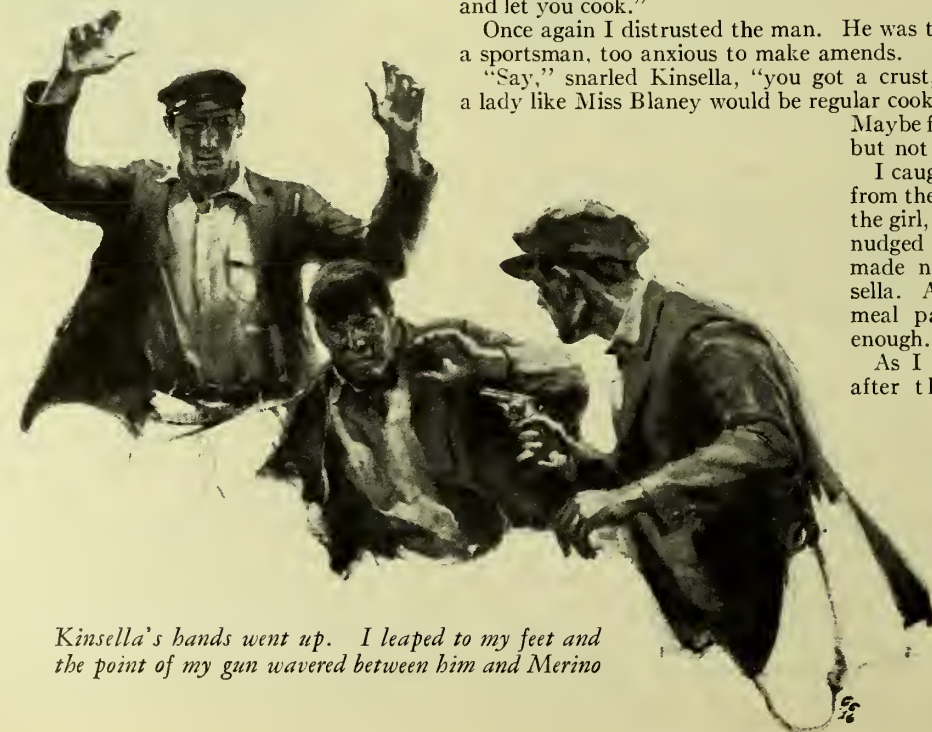
Maybe for a hero like Jack, but not for us."

I caught a warning flash from the eyes of Mike; and the girl, beside whom I sat, nudged me swiftly. So I made no answer to Kinsella. And the rest of the meal passed peacefully enough.

As I washed the dishes after the meal, Mike strolled up to the spring where I knelt.

"I will say, kid," he chuckled, "that you start plenty when you start anything. Are you heeled?"

I nodded.



Kinsella's hands went up. I leaped to my feet and the point of my gun wavered between him and Merino



I caught at his knees, pulled myself up, half insane at his foul tactics

"Well, keep your gat loose in your pocket, then, or wherever you keep it. Where *do* you keep it?"

"Hip pocket," I replied shortly.

He shook a sage head. He threw back his jacket and I beheld, protruding from his left arm-pit, the butt of a revolver.

"That's the place, Jack, and the *only* place. Lemme rig you up a sort of sling, or holster."

"Go to it," I told him.

He sat down cross-legged on the coarse grass and busied himself with some bits of cloth and twine. He was the best-equipped man, for unusual emergencies, I've ever met. Medicines, sewing materials, and heaven knows what not, all stored in the most

amazingly small compass. It was marvelous, to say the least.

He grinned as I commented on it. "Do a long bit in stir, Jack, and you learn things. You meet wise guys who put you hep to what a guy oughta know. For instance, because I didn't know how to stop a leak in me leg, where a buckshot had landed, I left a trail that made me do a two-stretch in Joliet. Ever since then I got me medicine kit right with me. Once I couldn't fix a tear in me pants and that cost me six months in the reformatory. I've lived, me lad, and done a little bit of learning. Well, here you are. Get into it."

He handed me the improvised holster and I put my revolver inside the sling, and fastened it around my (Continued on page 89)

It Takes 2

By Devereux Milburn



Mr. Milburn's Tenby had a share in more international games than any animal of his day. His owner took him to England in 1921 and played him for sentiment's sake in one chukker. On the way back to the United States Tenby died. The grooms who tended him on the ship said his ailment was a broken heart. Did Tenby realize that his day on the polo field was done?

DOUBTLESS in prehistoric days man had very little time for play, and woman never dared think of it at all. If she had given a thought to anything except roasting a slice from the last dinosaur she would have been knocked unconscious and left to lie in her gore. There was not time for much play in an existence where wild and gruesome animals prowling around the backyard were every-day occurrences, and where any minute you were liable to be knocked on the head with a stone hatchet.

But civilization grew apace and man made all sorts of instruments, and then one day someone had the idea of making a round object of wood which rolled along the ground. And once it began to roll, the idea was so intriguing that they kept on rolling it. And then the development came of striking this round object with some sort of implement instead of stooping down to pick it up and roll it with the hand. And so was born the eternal principle of almost all out-of-door games—of striking a round object that will move swiftly along the ground or through the air propelled by some sort of implement held in the hand.

In the course of the centuries that basic idea has been expanded to a bewildering extent. There are balls of all kinds and all shapes, there are a myriad of instruments. All games have to do with a ball—you could hardly call fencing

a game—and in virtually all games the player has an instrument given him with which to strike at that ball, even if, as is so often the case, he doesn't hit it. About the only game one can think of where the player is given no instrument to carry is football. Heaven knows what would happen if there were. The seats of learning in this country would be seats of learning no more, but would become hospitals and morgues entirely surrounded by desolated parents.

The balls that have been invented in all these centuries are of infinite variety. There is a football made of leather, egg shaped, which comparatively seldom touches the ground except when grasped by a player during a day's play, and which, naturally enough, considering its shape, bounces along in the crookedest kind of way. But the rest of the balls are round. The polo ball is made of wood and the baseball of leather, and though the cricket ball is covered with leather it has a core of some unholy material which makes it harder than a rock and a menace to catch. The smallest of all is the golf ball, and probably there are more golf balls in existence than all other balls put together. After all, golf balls cannot pass out of existence entirely. They cannot melt up and disintegrate. Sick and tired of public life, they may disappear from view amidst a fury of curses, but somewhere in long grasses and amidst rocks and in the bottom of ponds millions of them must be lying.

For all these balls different sorts of implements are used by the

hitter or would-be hitter. All tennis bats are more or less alike, and there is comparatively little difference in the outward appearance of baseball bats and cricket bats. There is little difference in polo sticks, as the use of the cigar-shaped head is now almost uni-

versal, and the difference in polo sticks is one only of weight and length. Of the variety of golf sticks there is no limit. They are made, as everyone knows, of all materials, of all shapes and weights and sizes, and no matter in what coy and secluded position a golf ball may hide itself, somewhere in the golfer's bag is some curious distorted weapon which, if handled rightly, will dislodge the ball from its temporary home and send it on its way.



The cigar-shaped head is now almost universal among polo sticks, and the differences are only in weight and length

to Make a POLO PLAYER

and J. C. Cooley



Quickness and strength and agility on the part of the player can avail him little if his pony lacks these attributes

And for all games except polo, the player relies on the strength and quickness and agility of his own legs and his own arms and wrists. In tennis he must of necessity be quick, in golf he can be as slow and sedate as he wishes. But with polo all the quickness and strength and agility in the world is of little consequence unless the instrument on which the player is seated is also quick and strong and fast and agile.

Yes, quickness and strength and agility on the part of the player can avail him little if his pony lacks these attributes. And this of course is so when the player is greatly out-mounted by other players on the field. It does not mean that these qualities are unneeded in a polo player, because there is no game in the world where they are so essential. And with players all mounted on equally bad ponies, the player who imparts something of his own keenness and hustle into his mount will of course be conspicuous. But the quality of the ponies that are playing now is so high, there is so much thoroughbred blood in the best of them, for the highest class games so much courage and stamina and speed are necessary, that a player on an inferior pony has very few chances of getting to the ball, and when he does get to it, the chances are that he is so hurried that he cannot do himself justice.

Some readers of this article have seen the grounds of the Point Judith Polo Club at Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island. The polo fields stretch out on both sides of the club, with the woods at the back, and in front in the distance are the waters of the Atlantic. From time to time pictures have been given for the decoration of the little office at the club. Among them is a cartoon of a very tall thin man, mounted on such a very diminutive short-backed, docked-tail pony that the rider's feet are only a few inches from the ground. At the bottom of the picture appears the name of James Gordon Bennett.

It is appropriate to mention this picture in connection with this article, because Mr. Bennett, the famous proprietor of the *New York Herald* and one of the most widely travelled men of his time, was chiefly responsible for the introduction of polo into this country. And it is equally appropriate to describe the picture in an article on polo and ponies in this country, because the ponies that were played a generation ago were so small that alongside the thoroughbred and nearly thoroughbred animals of today, ranging in height up to fifteen two and fifteen three, they seem like travesties and lend themselves very freely to the riotous imagination of the cartoonist.

Mr. Bennett, who lived abroad quite as much as he lived in this country, had seen polo in England and on the continent, and because he knew that his countrymen loved horses, and loved games, and because he was a most progressive individual, he decided to introduce the game into this country. The game was first played in the city of New York at what is now the home grounds of the New York Giants, but which is still known to everyone as the Polo Grounds. Mr. Bennett and his friends later played at the Jerome Park Race Track, a short distance farther north. Those were halcyon days of sport at Jerome Park, the track that had been founded by Leonard Jerome, where so many great horses appeared. Mr. Vosburgh in his book on racing in this country has told in a vivid way of those delightful days of ease and comfort, when the sportsmen of New York drove their coaches up from the city and parked around in the infield and watched the racing and the polo afterward. A few years later Samuel S. Sands gave a dinner for all those interested in polo at the Riding Club, and at that dinner the Polo Association was formed. H. L. Herbert, one of the leading sportsmen

of the country, was elected chairman, and Douglas Robinson, an active player at Orange in New Jersey, secretary and treasurer. Mr. Herbert held the position of chairman of this Association until his death.

The Polo Association when it started was composed of seven clubs. There were two Long Island clubs, Rockaway and Meadow Brook; there was the Country Club of Westchester up on the shores of the Sound, there was the Essex County Club of New Jersey, the Buffalo Club from the north of the State, and the two Boston clubs at Myopia and Dedham. Since that day the growth of the game has been overwhelming in this country. There are many civilian clubs, and new ones are starting all the time. In the early days all polo was confined to the Eastern part of the country. At the present time the Middle West is taking it up with terrific enthusiasm and the game on the Pacific Coast has prospered for years, and from that part of the country there have come many notable players, their most particular achievement being the winning of the Open Championship in 1924 with a team from the Midwick Club composed of Messrs. Miller, Pedley, Perkins and Burke.

Mr. Herbert was succeeded as head of the Polo Association by W. A. Hazard, one of the most enthusiastic and beloved sportsmen that this country has produced. On Mr. Hazard's death Mr. L. E. Stoddard, a player of international reputation and a member of two international teams, was made chairman. Since Mr. Stoddard's occupancy of the office the name of the association has been changed from the Polo Association to the United States Polo Association.

The Association is now a national institution in fact as well as name. At the beginning there was no army polo at all. By degrees the officers, with slight encouragement from the War Department, took up the game. Of late years they have taken a most active part in it, and at the present time seem to be supreme in junior polo, which title is something of a misnomer. For it is not polo for juniors as to age, but for a class of players just below the very top, and the twenty-goal teams which are eligible for the junior championship and which the Army turns out are teams that have to be taken very seriously in any company except in competition with the picked four of the country. In the last five years the army teams have won the junior title four times, and their teams in competition (Continued on page 85)

HOW ABOUT IT?

Did You Mean That Reunion Stuff, or Was it Just Bologny?

By Wallgren

WHEN you were in the service all you talked about to the different buddies you had, and the good guys you met, was "the grand and glorious reunions we're going to have (just like the G. A. R.) when we get back home and out of the service."



In Training Camp: "Maybe I'll see you overseas, fellers—if I don't I'll see you all after the war at some big reunion, maybe." Chorus: "You bet!"



Overseas: "Say, I'd like to meet you guys back in the States sometime—after th' guerre. Man!! Wouldn't I show you a good time!?" "You'll see us, don't worry!"



Aboard Ship: "We was just sayin' wouldn't it be a shame if all us good guys we got right here couldn't get together again sometime. We'll just hafta, thassall!"



Farewell Dinner: "Men! After all we have gone through together, fought and bled for each other, are we going to allow this sacred comradeship to lapse? Never!!! Let us make it a point to get together every so often to renew this glorious cameraderie and preserve our undying memories! etc., etc., etc." (Cheers)

—and now that you have a chance to make good on all those promises, reunions, etc., what are you going to do about it? ARE YOU GOING TO THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION? Or are you still going to keep on writing postcards saying: "We'll have to get together again sometime—but gosh knows when"?

Bursts and Duds

In a certain town where the police force was quite familiar with the truth that discretion is the better part of valor, a citizen came home one night to discover a burglar in his home. Rushing to the police station, he was assigned three patrolmen to return with him and catch the marauder.

When the quartet arrived at the house they paused for a consultation as to a plan of campaign. The leader of the policemen offered his suggestion.

"Now, Mr. Brown," he explained, "Jim here will sneak around to the back of the house, Charlie will go around to the side entrance and I'll watch the front."

"But," objected the householder, "who's going in after him?"

"Oh, we'll let you do that, because you know the house so much better than we do."

"I am told you play golf on the Sabbath," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman sternly.

"Yes," admitted Miss Kute, "but on that day I only use the sticks I won at our church fair."

"You're always meddling with something," complained an irate father. "Why don't you grow up and be a man?"

"How the heck can I?" objected little Willie. "Ma allus makes my clothes so darned tight."

"Ah got a notion to quit mah job," announced a gentleman of color in an aggrieved voice. "Mah boss won' lemme have a day off."

"Dat's tough," commented his sympathetic friend. "Whah's yo' wukkin'?"

"Ah sweeps out de 'leckshun boofs afteh de Presumidential 'leckshums."

"Oo-hoo! I saw you kiss Sis!" cried one of those ubiquitous small brothers, suddenly materializing from nowhere at all.

"Er—ah—here's a quarter, my little man," offered the embarrassed suitor.

"And here's fifteen cents change," countered the little man. "One price to all—that's the way I do business."

A certain dusky promoter was haled into court charged with trying to sell life insurance without a license.

"Now, Sam," said the judge severely, "don't you know you can't sell life insurance without a license?"

Sam's eyes widened as a great light dawned upon him.

"Well, dawgone me! Ah been wonderin' why Ah couldn't sell no insu'ance!"

"Fix bayonets!" roared the hard-boiled sergeant on the drill-grounds.

"Please, sir," quavered the very new recruit, "there's nothing the matter with mine."

"Say, mister," a seedy individual demanded of a prosperous appearing citizen, "would you be willing to donate two dollars to improve and beautify your town?"

"What's the idea?" was the suspicious response.

"Well, for two berries I'll move on to the next village."

"Are you *sure*, now?" inquired a restaurant diner who chanced also to be an overseas veteran. "Are you *positive* that this is beefsteak?"

"Sure it's beefsteak," replied the belligerent waiter. "Wossa matter?"

"Well—when I find a fly buzzing around a steak I think nothing of it, but when I find a horsefly—darned if I don't get suspicious!"

"Dese gover'ment guys are crooks," declaimed Spike the Burglar.

"I'll say dey is," agreed the Yegg. "Why, when I filled me income tax return dey wouldn't let me deduct de price of me guns and ammunition."

An uplift worker, visiting a prison, was much impressed by the melancholy attitude of one man she found.

"My poor fellow," she sympathized, "how long are you in for?"

"Depends on politics, lady," replied the melancholy one. "I'm the warden."

"Stop asking questions nobody can answer," ordered Mr. Jones. "Now, not another word!"

"Just one more, Pop," pleaded Tommy. "Say, if I was twins, which one would I be?"

"And what will you have, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Bring me a boiled owl," commanded the overly cheerful diner. "Yeshir, a boiled owl. Tha' guy at th' nex' table says I'm drunker'n a boiled owl, an' I'm gonna 'vestigate."

"Dad," declared the son who had just been graduated from college, "I want you to give me some advice about how to run a newspaper."

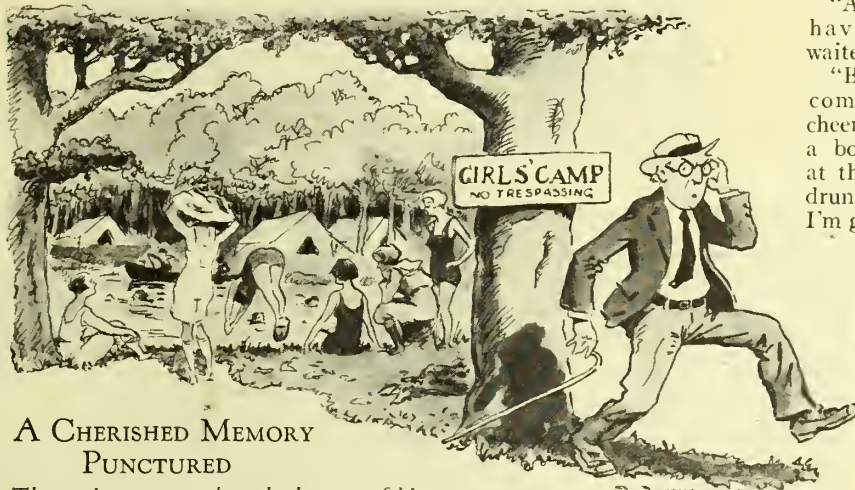
"You've come to the wrong person, my boy," sighed the veteran editor wearily. "Ask any of my subscribers."

Two bucks, on leave to Paris, were improving the fleeting hour by a museum tour. In one of the Egyptian rooms they stood in awe before a mummy over which hung a card inscribed "B. C. 1006."

"Wotcher s'pose that means, Bill?" asked one, mystified.

The other was reluctant to confess ignorance.

"Oh, that," he replied airily. "That's the number of the auto that killed him."



A CHERISHED MEMORY PUNCTURED

The native, returned to the haunts of his boyhood, revisits the old swimming hole

ran editor wearily. "Ask any of my subscribers."

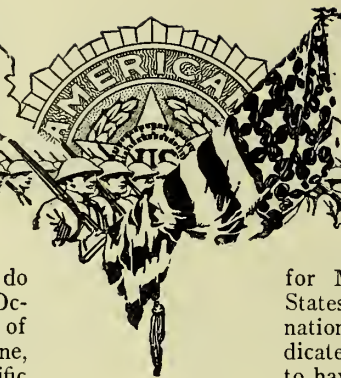
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KEEPING STEP



THE East is going to have its chance to do its stuff at Philadelphia in the week of October 11th. Seven national conventions of The American Legion have come and gone, five of them in the Middle West, one on the Pacific Coast and another in New Orleans, glamorous of the Old South and the old French colony. And now The American Legion, gathering for its Eighth National Convention, will throng to the cradle of American liberty.

It is entirely fitting that this convention should be the East's. Philadelphia and Pennsylvania will be hosts, it is true, but there is a glory in recollection and tradition which will make this convention a pilgrimage center for all of the thirteen original States. The Legionnaires of these thirteen States will have the feeling that Philadelphia belongs to them—that it is theirs by the heritage of the past. So twelve States will join with Pennsylvania to extend a welcome to the Legion of the rest of the country.

The East, which sent its sizable delegations to Minneapolis, Cleveland, Kansas City, New Orleans, San Francisco, St. Paul and Omaha, found itself outnumbered in the tremendous convention gatherings of other years. Always Iowa and Illinois, Ohio and Nebraska, Kansas and Minnesota and Wisconsin have been the warp and woof of convention throngs, their bright badges, their bands and drum and bugle corps, their state songs and their slogans giving character to memorable conventions.

Watch for New York and Massachusetts in this year's parade at Philadelphia, however. And watch for Rhode Island and Delaware and Maryland,

for Maine and New Hampshire and Vermont—States that never yet have had a chance to go to a national convention in force. Advance reports indicate that scores of posts of Pennsylvania expect to have almost their entire membership in the parade at Philadelphia. And with them will be the vast numbers of Legionnaires from New York and Massachusetts and the other eastern States—the chance for the East to do its stuff after seven years.

Reports also tell of the firm intention of the rest of the Legion to be present in Philadelphia to see what the East will produce in the way of a national convention. The Legionnaire living in Iowa or Nebraska who is rather proud of the fact that he has attended four or five national conventions is wondering what Philadelphia will be like and he is going to find out. The convention connoisseur intends to sample the 1926 brand. Practically every Department in the United States has already arranged for its special trains to carry big delegations to Philadelphia, and the advance arrangements made by each Department for its hotel and other housing accommodations forecast a record-breaking crowd. Philadelphia, for its part, promises to have room for everybody, to provide quarters and food at reasonable prices, and to give everything else which makes a national convention what it should be.

The Sesqui-Centennial Exposition provides for the Philadelphia convention those amusement and recreation features which other convention cities have had to obtain by special arrangements. Make no mistake about it. The exposition will provide a marvelous background for



Preparing to greet the Legion: The Misses Therese Gorman, Harriet June Morgan and Priscilla Montgomery, as Quaker maids, and Charles Penn Morris, as William Penn, rehearsing a welcome pageant to be given at the Eighth National Convention at Philadelphia, October 11th-15th. Twelve William Penns and one hundred and fifty Quaker maids will meet delegations on trains and escort them to hotels. Below, the auditorium at the Sesqui-Centennial grounds in which the business sessions of the convention will be held

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the Legion's convention and the crowds attending it. In numerous ways the Philadelphia Legionnaires arranging for the convention have been able to take advantage of the exposition facilities.

The convention sessions will be held in the huge auditorium on the exposition grounds, with seats for 15,000, with a pipe organ that cost \$150,000. Here Legionnaires not only will listen to the discussions and debates of the delegates and the addresses of national leaders and distinguished guests; they will also hear magnificent musical programs, pipe organ renditions and numbers by Philadelphia's philharmonic orchestra, a world famous organization. In the auditorium will also be held the colorful Dance of the States, a ball which will be attended by the delegates of all the Departments.

Another exposition center which will belong largely to the Legion during the convention is the new Municipal Stadium on the exposition grounds, with its seating capacity for 75,000. Here will be the reviewing stand for the parade, which will be held on Tuesday, October 12th. The stadium is expected to afford the best view of a Legion parade ever seen at a national convention. Arrangements have been made to have the entire stadium filled with spectators before the parade starts. A "Waiting for the Parade" show and circus will entertain the stadium crowd for the two hours it will take the parade to move from its starting point at the City Hall to the Exposition grounds.

Fifty thousand Legionnaires are expected to march in the parade. The delegations from the thirteen original States are expected to reflect in dress and exhibits historic events of the Revolutionary period. The Delaware Department will head the Departments, an honor it won by making the best proportionate membership gain in 1926, and Florida will march second. At the very head of the line will march the Combat Medal Men's Association, composed of service men decorated for valor in the World War.

The New York Department expects to have at least twenty-one floats in the parade and it will also try to have the largest number of members marching. One of the biggest bodies will be Lafayette Police Post, composed of members of the New York police department. The New York Department's massed colors, the flags and Legion banners of its more than eight

hundred posts, will also be a striking feature of the convention parade.

The parade route is three and one-half miles long. From the City Hall it follows a straight line to the huge Liberty Bell arch at the main entrance to the Exposition grounds. From the Liberty Bell arch the parade will proceed down the exposition grounds to the stadium. Broad Street, down which the parade will march, is Philadelphia's widest thoroughfare. It is level for its whole distance and its unusual width from curb to curb should make the parade in the crisp air of Autumn unusually pleasant for marchers and spectators.

Aircraft will accompany the paraders. The dirigible Los Angeles will float above the crowd. Army and Navy airplane squadrons will fly in battle formation, dropping flowers and flags to the accompaniment of bursting bombs.

As one of the leading entertainment features of the convention, a spectacular military pageant and military review will be staged in the Municipal Stadium. Battle scenes will be depicted with all the realism that picked troops can put into them. The storming of Montfaucon is expected to be the main feature.

On Thursday and Friday of convention week a Historic Pageant will be given in the stadium, with more than 2,000 persons taking part. Regular Army troops from the temporary camp at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition grounds will be dressed in uniforms of the Revolutionary War period. One of the most impressive scenes of the pageant will be the surrender of Cornwallis to Washington at Yorktown.

To make possible the convention and the entertainment of Legion visitors Philadelphians have subscribed to a fund of \$50,000. A committee of two hundred has been working out the convention details. Vincent A. Carroll, whose name recalls the fact that he belongs to the line of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, is General Chairman of the committee. He is a national vice-commander of The American Legion. Edward J. Meehan is executive chairman of the committee.

Legionnaire W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania railroad, Major General Douglas MacArthur, former commandant of West Point, and Major General William G. Price are among those taking a prominent part in the



The Betsy Ross home in Philadelphia, birthplace of Old Glory, will be a place of pilgrimage for thousands of Legionnaire visitors during the convention

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preliminary work of the convention. The whole city shares the spirit of these leading citizens.

One hundred and fifty girls garbed as Quaker maids will bring the first greetings of the convention to Legionnaires as they approach Philadelphia. Groups of the girls will board the special convention trains at stations near Philadelphia to extend a welcome to the visitors. Accompanying them will be the more sturdy figure of William Penn in the rich garb of his time.

While the Legion is holding its own sessions, The American Legion Auxiliary and the Forty and Eight will also be holding their national conventions in Philadelphia. Mrs. William H. Biester, Jr., President of the Pennsylvania Department of the Auxiliary, is at the head of the committee making the arrangements for the Auxiliary's convention, and Joseph W. Breen, the founder of the Forty and Eight, is leading the Philadelphia voyageurs who are preparing to entertain the box-car hosts from the rest of the United States.

More or less secrecy surrounds arrangements many Legion Departments are making to surprise the rest of the Legion at Philadelphia. Almost every Department has announced that it will exhibit in the parade floats recalling state traditions and historic events. North Carolina is making no secret of the fact that sixteen of its posts will be represented by floats recalling state historic episodes or advertising state products. Winston-Salem Post of this Department is going to send an 18-piece drum corps and mount its delegation on camels for the parade—not a bad way to remind the rest of the Legion that its city makes a certain cigarette. Durham (North Carolina) Post is going to do something like that, too. It is another tobacco metropolis.

Colorado expects to send an exhibit of jack rabbits by airplane. Department Adjutant William H. Dunn says he will take them to Philadelphia in his official department plane. Legionnaires along his route may watch for him. The plane is blue with Legion emblem and department name in white. The commander and adjutant of Fred Perry Post, of Englewood, Colorado, also expect to travel by plane, a red one with white lettering.

In addition to the Legionnaires who go to Philadelphia on the special trains, thousands will go by automobile. Everybody knows of the net-work of perfect roads centering in the convention city and everybody also knows of the historic spots and the scenic attractions which can be viewed en route. Guidebooks telling Legionnaires how to get to Valley Forge, the Battlefield of Gettysburg and other places which Legionnaires will want to see will be obtain-

able during the convention, as will be other guidebooks telling what to see in Philadelphia and how best to see it.

Although the convention does not open until Monday, October 11th, Legionnaires and members of the Auxiliary will be arriving in Philadelphia in large numbers on the preceding Saturday. Many will attend the Congress of Americanism to be held on Saturday under the auspices of the Legion's National Americanism Commission. Many are also expected to see the football game between the University of Pennsylvania and Swarthmore. Legion dancing at all hotels will also begin on Saturday night and will be continued each evening during the convention. Open air dances on paved streets will be held each evening during the convention.

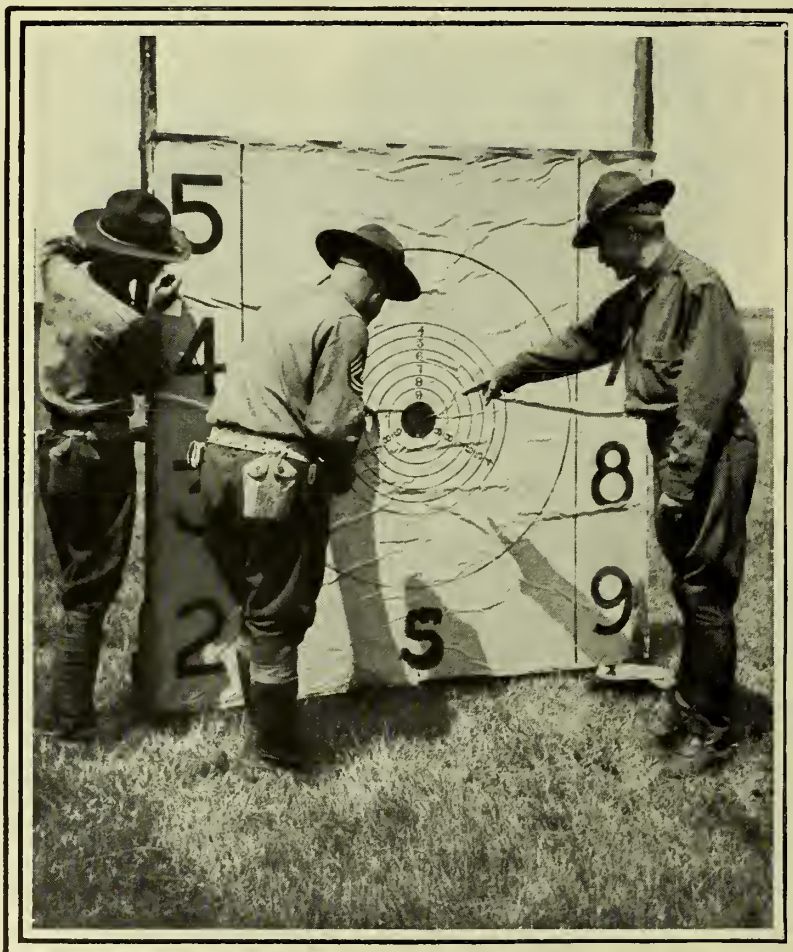
Special Legion services will be held in the central churches of each denomination on Sunday, October 10th. Legion-conducted tours of historic points of interest in and near Philadelphia will be held on Sunday afternoon and during convention week.

NATIONAL Commander John R. McQuigg arrived back in Indianapolis on the threshold of August. Since October of 1925 he had been traveling up and down and across the United States, visiting the Legionnaires in Department after Department. He had come back periodically to his desk at the Legion's G. H. Q. He had looked in on Congress occasionally, to satisfy himself that the fight for the passage of the Johnson Bill and other legislation was being won. He had visited the children's billets of the Legion and dozens of hospitals, gaining

new energy and new inspiration to carry the vision of the Legion's usefulness and the message of its opportunities to the towns and cities ahead of him. But for the most part he had spent his time in the midst of Legionnaires who were doing the Legion's work, the men in the towns and cities of the United States who were demonstrating to their fellow citizens that the Legion is a living force in everyday affairs.

Commander McQuigg took it for granted that the whole Legion was with him on the one big job of raising the Legion's membership higher than it had ever been before. As he traveled, the news of the membership gains came to him, as State after State broke all its previous enrolment records.

But there was something else that couldn't be taken for granted. The voice of extreme pacificism was being raised stridently. Unthinking theorists were striking at the foundations of our national defense. Demanding new reduc-



"Good pistol shooting, sergeant major," said Brigadier General McQuigg. Then he himself took a rifle and scored five bull's-eyes at two hundred yards. All in a day's work at Camp Perry, Ohio, where National Commander McQuigg this summer practiced what he preaches by commanding his Ohio National Guard outfit in its training period

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tions in the Army and the Navy, they struck also at the system of military training in schools and colleges and summer camps designed to fit young men to officer any future Army this country might have to raise in a war emergency. Commander McQuigg saw clearly the dangers of the pacifistic sophistries. So everywhere he went he answered the challenge of the ultra-pacifist. From one end of the country to the other he spoke, voicing the views of men who dislike war as much as any pacifist and with more reason. And he gave to the country the message that the Legion knows so well, that this is no time for America to weaken her arms.

As he arrived back in Indianapolis on the edge of August, Commander McQuigg had the double satisfaction of knowing that his membership hopes had been justified and that his message on preparedness had been heeded. He knew that the Legion had exceeded its 1925, 1924 and 1923 membership and hoped for the highest enrolment it had ever had. He saw everywhere a new realization of the need for maintaining the country's defense system. Everywhere the summer military training camps were running, more successfully than ever before. The clamor of the "disarmists" had fallen away.

To anyone but John R. McQuigg it might have seemed a good time to play hooky—to take a vacation. Especially since there were still some States to be visited, a round of a dozen department conventions to be made—it is his ambition to visit every State in the country before the Philadelphia convention. He might have been expected to rest to store the energy he would need for the hard traveling ahead of him.

Indianapolis in August is not a very good place to come to for a rest after 50,000 miles of traveling. The stoked head of the Middle West cornbelt settles over the city by day and there are nights hot and moist and breath-taking. Most Indianapolis choose August for a migration to a region of woods and lakes in Northern Indiana.

This is what National Commander McQuigg did. He went back to his home State of Ohio, put on his old uniform and placed himself at the head of the outfit he commands, the 73d Brigade, Ohio National Guard, in Camp Perry. A plain shack on the shore of Lake Erie became for a few weeks the Legion's



Glimpsed as two boys' baseball teams, protégés of Sangamon Post of Springfield, Illinois, fought it out for a chance to play in the department tournament and later in the Junior World's Series to be held at Philadelphia

G. H. Q., as well as the Headquarters of the 73d Brigade, O. N. G.

E. J. Tippet, Editor of the Ohio Councillor, the official newspaper of the Ohio Department of the Legion, found him in his shack one day, and after the Commander had finished talking by telephone with National Adjutant Jim Barton, back in Indianapolis, he told Mr. Tippet some things that are worth passing on.

"Why am I here?" Commander McQuigg repeated Tippet's question. "Well, sir, I'll tell you.

"For years, and particularly since I have been Commander, I have been making speeches all over the country on preparedness. I have assailed the ultra-pacifists for their attempts to render the country helpless. I have urged young men to attend schools which give military instruction along with academic work. I have urged young men

beyond college age to attend the Citizens Military Training Camps. And I have preached to my comrades of the Legion their duty to co-operate in assisting all branches of our preparedness policy.

"I'm simply here trying to back up my own words with action."

Mr. Tippet reports that a bit later he watched Commander McQuigg score five bull's-eyes at two hundred yards—the first shooting he had done with a rifle since the war.

LINDSTROM (Minnesota) Post knew all the perils which beset little children on their way to and from school. The boys and girls of Lindstrom had a particularly dangerous path to follow because their school lay mid-way between Lindstrom and a neighboring village on a paved state highway. Actual counts showed that an average of 970 passenger cars and trucks passed over this highway every day. And yet the children of Lindstrom had to dodge their way along this busy road four times a day to get back and forth between home and

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school. There had been one accident in which one boy was crippled for life and there had been many less serious mishaps.

Lindstrom Post took the simplest and most direct method possible to make it safe for Lindstrom children to reach their school building. It laid out, graded and surfaced with trap rock a walk for one mile beside the traffic-teeming road.

LAS VEGAS, Nevada, is a desert town and mighty proud of it. It is half way between Salt Lake City, Utah, and Los Angeles, California, and three hundred and fifty miles of sand and cactus plains stretch away eastward and westward from it. But any tourist who hops off one of the fast Union Pacific trains which halt for a rest at Las Vegas finds himself in a surprising oasis—a modern little city of well-paved streets, wide lawns with spraying fountains, and bungalow homes. And Las Vegas promises to be some day the metropolis of a vast area. That day will come when the Boulder Dam is spun across the canyon on the Colorado not many miles distant from the town and the impounded waters make fertile all the land thereabouts.

Upon first thought, a bathing suit in Las Vegas seems as funny as a diver's helmet on Pike's Peak or a parachute in a New York subway. But in Las Vegas is Legionnaire McFadden's swimming pool, an honest-to-goodness concrete-lined swimming hole that need offer no apologies because it hasn't salt water or a surf.

Legionnaires of Las Vegas Post had been using McFadden's swimming pool ever since the war, but nobody in the Chamber of Commerce had thought of the idea of exploiting Las Vegas as a rival of Coney Island or the Venice that lies just outside Los Angeles. And then, early this summer, The American Legion Weekly published a photograph of the prize-winning bathing beauties in a contest conducted by a post in Missouri. The idea was a burst in Las Vegas.

Let Carl K. Farrar tell what happened. He was Chairman of Las Vegas Post's Bathing Beauty Contest.

"All we needed was the idea," writes Mr. Farrar. "We got our committee working immediately. All the business houses promised to provide floats for a parade and to enlist the contestants who were to appear on the floats as a finale to the contests to be held in the pool.

"There were three classes of contestants—boys and girls under six years, girls between six and sixteen and girls over sixteen. At first there wasn't much enthusiasm shown, and it looked for a while as if we'd have a fine play without actors. Then word got out about the costumes and the wonderful floats that were being provided and pretty soon everybody was talking about the beauty contest. Competition got in its work.

"The day of the contest came and the post was mighty busy.

All afternoon the contests were held in the pool. At five o'clock the parade started from the court house square. It was a revelation to everybody. Thirty beautiful floats were shown. The judging took place on the court house lawn and three thousand of the town's four thousand inhabitants were close enough to have a look. The children under six years were awarded their prizes on the lawn, but five representatives were chosen from the other two groups to compete in the elimination contest to take place at the Legion bathing beauty dance on the following night.

"One dollar admission was charged at the dance and the post obtained enough money to pay for all prizes and to lift a debt of several hundred dollars on its clubhouse."

EVERY American Legion post in the United States has been asked to do its part in a national movement to persuade as many citizens as possible to vote in the elections to be held on November 2d. The National Americanism Commission of The American Legion and the National Civic Federation jointly are conducting the get-out-the-vote campaign, in the hope that there will result an awakening of civic consciousness throughout the country. The need for such an awakening is indicated by the fact that only fifty percent of eligible voters went to the polls in the presidential elections in 1920 and 1924.

Following an appeal sent to every Legion post by Frank C. Cross, chairman of the Legion's National Americanism Commission, political education meetings were held under Legion post auspices in several thousand towns and cities on September 21st. At these meetings plans were drawn up for extended campaigns to remind citizens of their duty to vote in November. Many other organizations have pledged co-operation in the movement. In this campaign citizens are being urged not only to vote at primaries and elections but also to join parties, clubs, local associations or whatever units of party machinery exist, and to attend caucuses where the primary tickets originate.

The participation of the Legion in the movement was authorized by the National Executive Committee early this year. To make it effective a special bureau has been established by the National Americanism Commission and S. R. Kemp is acting as Campaign Director.

THE thirty thousand American Legionnaires who shove off for France in September, 1927, will find themselves the objects of admiration of the French government, and the French people will truly welcome them.

This reassurance was contained in cablegrams received in August by National Commander John (Continued on page 87)



Here are the desert mermaids who took part in the Bathing Beauty Contest of Las Vegas (Nevada) Post, held in a town which is in the center of seven hundred square miles of hot sand

THEN AND NOW

*Facts on A. E. F. Burials—
More Help Wanted on Locating Graves—
Reunions of Wartime Units, Most of Them at Philadelphia*

THE co-operation of readers in connection with the cases of unlocated dead overseas which were listed in this department in the August number of the Monthly has been unusually fine. Some of the information given will no doubt help greatly in the recovery of bodies which were buried eight years ago and which thus far have not been located. One of the cases is that of Corporal Edward W. Benson, Company M, 127th Infantry, 32d Division, who was killed in action August 4, 1918, in front of Fismes. We refer our readers to the account of this case in the August issue of the Monthly and then call to their attention the following additional information in order that comrades of Benson may refresh their minds regarding the situation at the time and probably be able to give more data. The 127th Infantry was relieved by the 112th Infantry, 28th Division, on the night of August 6th-7th, which accounts for the fact that two of the responses in this case came from former members of the latter regiment.

Allan Hutchinson of St. Petersburg, Florida, makes the following report:

"In reply to your inquiries as to the finding of a body in Fismette with the initials E. B. on the belt and which is thought might be that of Corporal Benson, Company M, 127th Infantry, I might say that it cannot be Corporal Benson because it is stated in your column that he was killed with a number of his buddies on the outskirts of Fismes and buried with them, one of whom, Henry Zimmerman, I remember seeing as I looked at his tags on the morning of August 7th, when my outfit, Company H, 112th Infantry, relieved the 127th Infantry. Now in regard to the body found in Fismette, almost a mile from where Corporal Benson was killed, I think you will find that the soldier was Edward Brennen of Company H, 112th Infantry, who was reported missing in action in Fismette. [The honor roll of the 28th Division History shows Eugene J. Brennan, Corporal, Company H, 112th Infantry, killed in action August 27, 1918.—C. C.] As we were the first American troops to cross the Vesle River into Fismette, Corporal Benson couldn't have been across the river." This information most certainly is valuable in the effort being made.

From Harry P. Shields of Arnold, Pennsylvania, formerly first sergeant, Company F, 112th Infantry, comes this information:

"My outfit relieved Company G, 127th Infantry, dug in along narrow-gauge railroad tracks in the town of Fismes, about ten o'clock on the morning of August 7th, and other companies of the 112th were relieving other units of the 127th at the same time. As a suggestion, look for Corporal Benson's body in the vicinity of the old grist mill (water-power mill), about one

mile south of and five or six hundred feet to the left of public road leading to St. Giles from Fismes, or possibly the road leading back to Croix Rouge Farm.

"A standard-gauge railroad traversed our front on a five or six-foot fill about four to six hundred feet distant and had been used by the enemy for machine-gun emplacements, and on the open ground where Company F, 112th Infantry, was digging in were the bodies of dozens of 32d Division men. We had just finished digging in when officers and men of the 127th Infantry came and guided us to Fismes and the relief before mentioned was made."

We hope with the foregoing information that the chaplains or burial details of either the 127th Infantry or the 112th Infantry or of reserve or neighboring units may be able to supply the additional facts which will result in the location and identification of Comrade Benson's body. In connection with the same case Harold E. Smith of Union City, Pennsylvania, formerly with Company A, 112th Infantry, gives information which might lead to the recovery or identification of yet another body:

"In the Corporal Benson case, listed in Then and Now, it is stated that an unknown body had been found in a garden of Fismette, near a trench behind a stone wall. Now this may or may not be the body of Joe Barnes, Company A, 112th

Infantry. Barnes was killed by a one-pounder behind a stone fence in Fismette and was buried in a shell hole a few feet from where he fell. I don't know as to any initials on his belt, but he was buried just as he fell, tin hat and all, his feet toward the stone wall."

Perhaps other readers will be able to contribute additional information which will confirm

(Continued on page 86)



This is probably a made-in-America photograph, but Chester A. Morrison of Palatine Bridge, New York, found it near Château-Thierry, France, in 1918. Does any Legionnaire recognize this quartette, or know what has become of them?

(Continued from page 17)

A Socialist believes generally in common ownership of the means of production and transportation, especially as regards the key industries. The owners of these industries, under his ideal state, will be the state itself or associations of workers directed by the state. But the principle of the supreme state he repudiates, and also the doctrines that all workers should receive equal rewards regardless of their talents and services. He does not repudiate entirely the idea of capital, but only that of capitalism—the “undue power of wealth.” He believes in bringing about the Socialist state not by bullets but by the ballot; his methods are wholly political and do not differ essentially from

those of our old-established parties. In world affairs he expresses himself through the Second or Amsterdam International, but he does not take absolute orders from it, as do the Communists from the Third or Moscow International. He votes, in the United States, the ticket of the Socialist Party. He is generally a pacifist, holding that the working class should have nothing to do with struggles between capitalist governments.

In the United States the break came and the line was drawn about 1919, when the Socialist Party expelled 45,000 advocates of violent social revolution and adherents of the Third International. These outcasts had by 1922 formed the Worker's Party. The practical and theoretical gulf between the two factions is now far wider than that between the Republicans and the Democrats.

So much for Classes 1 and 2. Next, Anarchists and Syndicalists. And here we must have some more history.

In the stormy days between 1840 and 1850, when Europe was struggling to throw off the tyrannies of absolute kings, to form nations from ill-governed little principalities and to correct the injustices of the new industrial era, Karl Marx had an associate named Michael Bakunin. A Russian of aristocratic birth, Bakunin became early in life a revolutionary. Marx was temperamentally a scholar, Bakunin a man of action. Twice he was sentenced to death, and slipped out of the noose only by luck or the influence of his noble family. His experience seems to have soured him on society.

Partly for this reason, partly perhaps because of a personal quarrel, he repudiated the Marxian doctrine. In so far as it proposed to wipe out property and make voluntary co-operation the basis of society, he considered it sound and right. But when Marx proposed that the state should hold the bag, Bakunin differed violently. Governments, he said, were the curse of society. Man would never be free until he renounced not only the idea of capital but that of authority. In Bakunin's ideal state, production would go on by "voluntary co-operative associations of workers with no kings or presidents, parliaments or police, to interfere."

He named his theory "Anarchism."

After Bakunin's escape from Siberian exile in 1861 he spent the rest of his life in such countries as would give him asylum, spreading this doctrine and quarrelling with Marx. He never carried very far the philosophy of Anarchism. That was left for Prince Kropotkin, also a Russian aristocrat. In contrast to Marx and Bakunin, Kropotkin was a skilful and interesting writer. Some of his studies in the possibilities of co-operation are considered even by conservative economists as a contribution to the science. The Prince elaborated Bakunin's theory. It had, even to the radical mind, two weak points. How will the ideal anarchist state control and suppress crime? And how will it proceed to make the lazy work? Kropotkin argued against these objections with considerable skill.

Almost from the first, Anarchism was unlucky in the class of followers which it attracted. Freud, the modern psychologist, has made us all acquainted with the "inferiority complex." Certain people unite with this abnormal mental trait a tendency toward criminality and lawlessness. Hatred of the superior, of the person holding authority over them, is the governing impulse of their emotions. Secretly, they dream of murdering their rulers; sometimes when they are brave enough or unbalanced enough, they make the dream come true.

The various kinds of revolutionary radicals follow their own traditional methods, as distinct as the rituals of the churches. Except in old Czarist Russia—an exception to all rules—the Communists or the revolutionary Socialists have seldom if ever used bomb or dagger. When they have fought, it has been with rifles in hand, in a semblance of military order. Political as-

sassination belongs almost exclusively to that element among the Anarchists which I am now describing. The Nihilists who in 1881 blew the life out of Czar Alexander II with a bomb were not, as many suppose, the parents of modern Bolshevism, but a variety of Anarchists. Lucchini, who drove a stiletto to the heart of the Austrian Empress Elizabeth in 1898, was an Italian Anarchist. To the same cult belonged Bresci, who in 1900 murdered King Humbert of Italy, and Czolgoz, who in the following year shot President McKinley. John Wilkes Booth and Guiteau, the assassins of Lincoln and Garfield, had the same type of disordered mind. In other climes and times, it is probable that they would have been king-killing Anarchists. During the labor troubles of 1886 a bomb killed seven people, including two policemen, in Haymarket Square, Chicago. No one will ever know exactly who threw it, but he was certainly a militant Anarchist. So well is the method recognized that when in September, 1920, a cart loaded with explosives blew up before the office of J. Pierpont Morgan, all ex-

perts on radicalism laughed at the police theory that Russian Communists did it. "A typical militant Anarchist job," they said.

It would be untrue and unfair to think of the element which I have described above as holding a majority among Anarchists. The typical Anarchist is likely to be a kind of gentle, impractical philosopher, disposed to thought and discussion rather than to action.

Let me say here that Anarchism is now by far the smallest radical group, both in Europe and America. In its great day it made some progress among the northern peoples, and then died down. But the Latins accepted it with more enthusiasm. And as Simon-pure Anarchism died out, the Latin Radicals largely shifted their allegiance to its moderated and modern form—Syndicalism.

This doctrine had Anarchism for one parent and trades-unionism for the other. During the half-century when Socialism and Anarchism were getting their foothold in Europe and America, the trades unions had been going on more or less quietly to ameliorate the condition of labor. Everywhere they outnumbered in membership all the purely radical elements put together. In the United States, the American Federation of Labor and the Big Four of the trainmen have a hundred adherents to one American party Socialist, Communist or I. W. W. Our labor unions, as organizations, keep sternly apart from politics, except occasionally to recommend a candidate—LaFollette in the last election, for example. European unions have not been so exclusive. Usually they hold a close working alliance with some radical or workingman's party. To take a moderate example: In Great Britain, the Trades Union Congress corresponds to our American Federation of Labor. It is the central body, which reconciles the differences between various trades and gives common direction to labor policies. Officially it has no connection with the Labor Party which gained and lost control of the British government three years ago. Practically it holds a close connection—it is almost the same thing.

Some such principle has governed the labor unions of France. The history of French labor and labor policies is complicated and confusing. It is enough to say that an organization called the Confédération Générale de Travail long occupied in France somewhat the same relation toward organized labor as does the powerful Labor Party in Great Britain. Though there are usually many intellectual Anarchists among its directors, it generally backs the Socialists at the polls. I have told how all Socialist parties and especially all Socialist leaders have diluted the Marxian doctrine as they approached power. In 1889 a Socialist politician in France gathered such a large following that he was invited into the cabinet of a "bourgeois" coalition government. Tempted by the position (*Continued on page 58*)



How Red Is America?

(Continued from page 57)

or seeing opportunity to give his party a little prestige—put it as you wish—he accepted. That politician was Milherand, recently President of France.

The leaders of the Confédération Générale de Travail, known generally as the C. G. T., went wild. Again labor had been betrayed! Henceforth they would have nothing to do with governments or politics. The working class must take its destiny into its own hands. Already many of them were theoretical Anarchists; the rest, consciously or unconsciously, worked toward Anarchism.

The French leaders of the C. G. T. established "industrial unionism." Here the basis of organization is not the trade but the industry. In an American steel mill there may be twenty local unions—moulders, puddlers, stationary engineers, firemen, machinists, and clerks. In a French establishment there will be only one union, embracing all employees from a highly paid stationary engineer to the common laborer who cleans up or dumps the slag—the One Big Union.

This idea took the name of Syndicalism.

In Syndicalist theory, the struggle against capitalism, the bosses and government must be considered as war. In war there is no such thing as faith between belligerents. All agreements of the laborer with the capitalist are therefore mere scraps of paper. The only agreement that Syndicalism will ever recognize is that One Big Treaty by which the bosses turn over industry to the One Big Union. For that constitutes the final aim—control and ownership of industry by voluntary associations of the workers therein.

The methods of Syndicalism are distinctive. To begin with, it emphasizes the strike as a weapon. Of course, strikes for higher pay, shorter hours and better conditions had been known ever since there were labor unions. The Syndicalists, however, were virtually the inventors of the strike for political objects. They looked forward in the end to the Big General Strike. The laboring class, having been converted to Syndicalism, would some day lay down their tools all together. The "bourgeoisie"—capitalists, employers, bosses, merchants, traders—would have to capitulate or starve.

As a kind of guerilla warfare pending the main engagement, the Syndicalists invented a method known as sabotage. It consisted in the covert and systematic destruction of property during times of industrial stress. With deliberate carelessness they broke vital parts in machinery, short-circuited electric lines, let buildings burn. Employees of canning factories would "carelessly" put the first-class labels on the third-class goods and vice versa.

All this, in Syndicalist doctrine, leads

up to The Day. When it dawns the workers, having won their general strike, will take over the industrial plants, the railroads, the mines, the farms, and run them by voluntary co-operation.

ACCURACY and truthfulness are two different things. As I read over what I have just written about Syndicalism, I feel that I have been accurate without being exactly truthful. For a bald statement of the doctrine and principles of the Syndicalists does not tell the whole story. The members of a Syndicalist union are, after all, workingmen; their union is the most convenient weapon in any fight. In the great majority of cases, strikes of Syndicalist unions have for their objective shorter hours or higher wages, just like those of craft unions. "Political strikes" of



Syndicalists have been brought off in Europe, but they are rare phenomena. With one partial exception, we have never had a strike of this kind in the United States.

Again, Syndicalist unions do make agreements with their employers, and keep them—up to a certain point. Finally, do not imagine that the syndicalist union engages in constant sabotage. That, like the strike, is a weapon kept bright for the day of battle.

Nevertheless, the doctrines which I have stated above are the heart of Syndicalism—the texts on which the C. G. T. leader in France, the "wobbly" in America, bases his recruiting and his agitation—the final aim.

As the reader may have perceived, Anarchism and Syndicalism much resemble each other in theory. There is, however, a difference, strongly perceptible to every expert in radical parties. It consists mostly in atmospheres, in methods, and in those points of the central doctrine which they emphasize. The Anarchist has his eye fixed solely on abolishing government, "the great enemy of mankind and of progress."

The Syndicalist is simply indifferent to government. It's in the way, that's all.

Syndicalism has made its greatest progress among the Latin peoples. With the northern races it counts for little. In individual Spain, on the other hand, it is the strongest form of radicalism.

The idea grew up in the United States during the early years of this century. Unlike our other radical theories, it was a native product, not an importation. It found expression in the I. W. W. When that troublesome but interesting body got into action, it discovered that it had only invented something already invented in Europe—Syndicalism. It thereupon incorporated certain French beliefs and methods, like sabotage.

Unlike the Communists and Socialists, neither Anarchists nor Syndicalists have any purely political expression in the United States. An Anarchist who voted would not be an Anarchist. The I. W. W. "wobbly" may vote, but he has no party affiliation.

So much for Groups 3 and 4, the Anarchists and Syndicalists. The differences between them are so subtle as to defy synopsis. The reader must, however, have remarked by now the great, essential differences between Communists and Socialists on the one hand and Anarchists and Syndicalists on the other. The state, to the Communist, is everything; and to the Socialist most important. The Anarchist and the Syndicalist would destroy government altogether.

On the other hand, the main object of these factions is perhaps nearly the same. All would abolish capitalism, now the mainspring of industry. All but the Socialists would wipe out capital; the Socialist would reduce its power.

Whenever you try to condense social theories, you find extremes meeting in an odd and whimsical fashion. "To hell with government!" say the Anarchists. The "predatory" kind of American capitalist, commoner before the war than in our new industrial era, used privately to say exactly the same thing. Which gives point and logic to Theodore Roosevelt's explosion when he called this class "big Anarchists."

Now we're all set. Let's go. In subsequent instalments I propose to consider the Syndicalists, Anarchists, Communists and Socialists of the United States; to estimate their numbers and influence; to describe their methods; to discuss the reasons for the blight which has fallen on American "red radicalism" during the past five years; and to speculate on the conditions in which it might have a rebirth and a wider growth.

Mr. Irwin's second article, "The Revolt of the Blanket Stiffs," a discussion of the origin, history and present status of the Industrial Workers of the World, will be published in the November issue.

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All Hands 'Round

(Continued from page 34)

stood Art Shook, the Napoleon of ceremonies. Not much taller than the Little Corporal, but considerably wider, Art Shook has a rich megaphone of a voice, and as much music in his feet as any member of the orchestra has in his instrument. He inhaled deeply and his first words soared over the hall:

"Honor your partners!"

The disorder melted into order. A pattern formed. All over the hall an intricate weaving began. The music went on. The regular beat of the piano dared five hundred people to get out of step. And on the platform the foot of the caller never lost track of a single count as the second sentence quickly followed the first in the mystic ritual of the quadrille: "Corners the same!"

Incredibly they all knew. They understood. They bowed, they retreated. They turned, and bowed again. Rhythmic form and color made a moving Persian carpet on the dance floor. Supple human bodies expressed the joy of movement. Expert oldsters advanced. And youngsters followed. Even if they hadn't danced under the Cleveland administration, they did very well.

A patch of purple was a corduroy shirt from Sears-Roebuck on the shoulders of the bashful Willy. In the same set, Mabel from the drug store was a bright blob of yellow in her new voile dress.

These weekly dances given by the Clausen-Worden Post started three years ago when Hanford MacNider, now Assistant Secretary of War, whose home post it is, suggested to W. Earl Hall that the post put on an oldtime fiddlers' contest. So the word went round that all the fiddlers in the region were to be present on a certain evening to play such oldtime favorites as "Money Musk" and "The Irish Washwoman." When the countryside responded overwhelmingly, the idea came to Mr. Hall of having an oldtime square dance. The older generation enthusiastically took up the suggestion, and soon the youngsters followed suit.

The orchestra was recruited from the fiddlers who had entered the first contest. A piano and other instruments were added as the crowd grew, until now

the eight-piece orchestra is not too much. And all of them get a certain percentage of the gate receipts.

And those gate receipts! They have built a Boy Scout cabin, sent a high school football squad to a Big Ten football game, built half a dozen skating rinks for the youngsters of the city, bought a Legion-community golf course for the city, donated funds to the community chest, and helped put up a new Y. M. C. A. Also from being \$3,000 on the debit side of the ledger, the post has risen to \$5,000 on the credit side. In the three years of operation since the dances began, Mr. Hall estimates that the oldtime parties have attracted over 150,000 dancers and brought the post a gross revenue of approximately \$37,500.



Mr. Hall, who describes himself as chief nursemaid to the little idea which has grown so large and healthy, began by giving the dances all the publicity they wanted through the columns of the Mason City *Globe-Gazette*, the newspaper of which he is managing editor.

The admission was twenty-five cents per person, and it has remained at that price. Everyone can afford to come, and when he gets there he does not have the feeling that he is out of place, because with The American Legion standing back of these dances, they have stood for community service, and wholesome amusement. "Even preachers approve of us," said Mr. Hall. He says that any post may do it, and gives nine rules which he says will bring success:

1. Arrange for an oldtime fiddlers' contest.
2. Recruit your orchestra from these oldtimers.
3. Publicity.
4. Keep your admission charge low.

5. Have your Auxiliary unit set up a refreshment stand to aid their welfare work.

6. Provide for a checkroom; it will be an added source of revenue.

7. Keep your dances morally above criticism.

8. Hold the dances regularly, preferably every Saturday night.

9. Keep your oldtime dances oldtime.

The Mason City post has found these rules to be excellent.

What is the difference between a round and a square dance? According to definition the Charleston itself would be a "round dance" because a round dance is one in which the couple forms the unit. Square dances, on the con-

trary, require several couples to make the figure, and are divided into two classes: the square dances and the contra dances. The former are danced by couples forming squares, while the contra dances are performed by two facing lines. The Virginia Reel is the most common contra dance; the quadrille the best known square dance.

It was the quadrille, of all things, that

proved the most popular during the long evening. Of course the oldtime fiddlers' contest which came in the midst of it was the greatest event. A few waltzes were permitted, a two step, a circle two step, and a Virginia Reel. But at last Mr. Hall arose and announced that the oldtime fiddlers' contest was about to begin. Mr. Hall said that each fiddler would be allowed to play for three minutes, accompanied by the pianist, Albert Coe. Art Shook, the caller, would time each man with his watch and would warn him thirty seconds before closing time.

The last man of all to come up was W. P. Church of Clear Lake, Iowa. "Sixty-five years young," said Mr. Hall, introducing him, and the contestant came forward to announce to the pianist that G was his key.

But something was wrong with his violin. It was not in tune. The old fiddler bent his gray head in perplexity and proceeded to work with the strings. "Stand round in front," called someone,

and the crowd seemed to move a little restlessly while it waited.

But absorbed in his task with a rapt-ness that was child-like in its simplicity, the violinist continued to tune his fiddle, his back to the audience, ignoring the crowd. And then suddenly to his horrified amazement, the instrument went to pieces in his hands.

He stared at it dumbly. The whole room felt the drama of his predicament, and a sympathetic feeling seemed to flood the room, as no one laughed or made a single comment. "I guess—I guess I better go," he mumbled and started to his feet.

"No, no.—here—use Mr. Roberts's violin," said Albert Coe, the pianist. And as Mr. Church took the fiddle, relief swept over the house, which had in some amazing way sensed the man's feeling.

The songs which he played were old and familiar. Perhaps the strange violin did not sound the same to his ears as his own would have. Perhaps he felt that he had made a bad start, but he played anyway with the same earnestness that he had shown in tuning up his old fiddle. "You have only thirty seconds more," said Mr. Shook, warning him as he had done the others that his time was about to end.

In consternation Mr. Church stopped. "What's that?" he asked, and the lines of his body seemed to add, "what have I done wrong now?"

"I said you had thirty seconds more to play in."

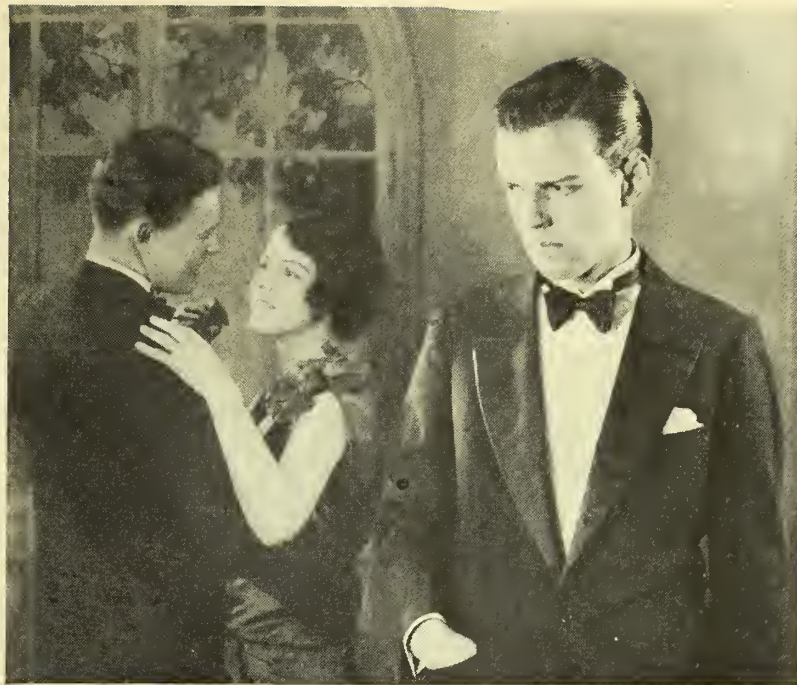
"Oh—thanks—all right!" And the fiddler placed his violin under his chin again.

"Time's up!" said Mr. Shook half a minute later, and though the selection was not finished Mr. Church went down from the platform, looking somewhat abashed, as if he regretted that his misfortunes would put him beyond the reach of even the third prize.

But the people who had heard the playing were the judges. And when they had given a generous amount of applause to each of the contestants, and the handkerchief in the hand of Mr. Hall dangled over the last head—that of W. P. Church—they stamped and clapped and shouted to demonstrate their unequivocal decision that Mr. Church should have the first prize. It was a fine demonstration of the American liking for a man that makes good despite difficulties.

And then another quadrille was danced. Mr. Shook took his place on the platform once more. "Honor your partners right and left. Allemande left and swing your own first couple round the inside right and left with the right hand couple and the corner the same!"

It was "all hands 'round." The music played merrily. The American Legion was reviving American dances for the American people, which was all very well, and very noble, but the really strange and amazing part of it all was that the American people were really dancing them with gusto and enjoyment, and coming back for more!



Turned down again —perhaps it's comedones*

Not a single dance with her. How he envied the other men as they gayly whirled her round the floor! Somehow *he* was always "just too late." He suspected she was purposely declining his invitations. But never for a moment did he guess that the reason was comedones.

A GREAT many young men suffer from comedones—commonly called blackheads. Skin can't be clean-looking, fresh, wholesome, if these disfiguring formations are present.

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*WHAT ARE COMEDONES? (pronounced Cóm'e-dónēs)

(Dictionary definition) A small plug or mass including the excretory duct of a sebaceous gland, occurring frequently upon the face, especially the nose, and consisting of retained semi-liquid glandular secretion or sebum. The outer end is often dark or black, due to accumulation of dust and dirt; hence it is often called blackhead.

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Red Donovan Comes Through

(Continued from page 41)

and one in New York City. Field agents of the Rehabilitation Committee, covering the Texas and New York City territories, interviewed these two men and obtained from them affidavits corroborating Donovan's story about the gassing in France. This was progress. Then through two local posts of the Legion in Montana the main office of the Committee in Washington obtained sworn statements from neighbors telling how Donovan's health had declined since his return from the war, and that a cough seemed to bother him a good deal.

Thus the Legion, through its nationwide organization, continued to assemble evidence tending to support the contention that Donovan's lung trouble was due to his having been gassed in France, and therefore compensable under the law. This took several weeks, because, understand, the Rehabilitation Committee was not handling Donovan's case alone. It was handling actually thousands of such cases at the same time.

In January of 1922 it thought it had enough evidence on the gassing to make a case. The case was presented before the United States Veterans Bureau in Seattle by the Legion's agents there. The decision was against Donovan. Admitting that he had been gassed in France, it did not necessarily follow that that was what was the matter with his lungs now.

The Legion appealed the case to the main office of the Veterans Bureau in Washington, asking for a reversal of the Seattle decision. Naturally something had to be found in the way of new evidence to support the appeal.

By this time you are perhaps aware that the National Rehabilitation Committee of the Legion is a pretty sizable institution. I have spoken of its central office or headquarters in Washington, where Chairman Watson Miller directs its activities. I have mentioned a branch office in Seattle and traveling field agents—contact men, they are called—all the way from Montana to Texas and New York. Yet I have mentioned the mechanism and agencies of the Committee only where it has become absolutely essential to an understanding of this narrative. But I must make another mention now. Attached to the Rehabilitation Committee is a body of medical consultants, numbering some of the foremost members of the profession in America. The function of these consultants may be illustrated by what two of them did for Donovan. In preparation for its appeal the medical evidence in the Donovan case was submitted to two of these consultants—Dr. Thurman Mann, specialist on constitutional diseases, and Dr. William Leroy Dunn, specialist on lung diseases.

Dr. Dunn's report was frankly a disappointment. It practically upheld the

decision of the Seattle board. The evidence presented did not establish that Donovan's lung trouble was due to gassing in the service. So all the work on that end of the case seemed to have gone for nothing. But a ray of hope came from a rather unanticipated quarter when Dr. Mann's report declared that it was quite likely that Donovan's heart trouble was due to the infection of the bullet wound in his leg. Up to this point no effort had been made to connect the heart disturbance with the service, and the leg wound was not thought to be important.

The Legion based its appeal on the study of Dr. Mann. The argument was heard by five members of the appeal



board, four of whom were doctors. They recognized as sound Dr. Mann's contention that the poisons set up by the leg infection had disturbed the heart. The Seattle decision was reversed and Donovan's disabilities were formally rated as due to the military service. This entitled him to compensation for his injuries. This compensation was fixed at \$14.25 a month from the date of his discharge from the Army to the time he entered the hospital at Helena and \$95 a month from that date on. Up to this time Donovan had been receiving expert medical attention at Helena, but he did not have a cent of income. His wife and little girl, now nearly a year old, were still with the wife's parents in Miles City. The decision which the Legion obtained in Washington put a check for \$1,292 into the hands of Joseph Clancy Donovan.

A check for thirteen hundred dollars will make a difference in the morale of any man who is broke. It made a big difference in Donovan's, and in a few weeks he was able to leave the hospital. This was in May of 1922.

While able to leave the hospital Donovan was not strong enough to go back to farming, providing he had something to farm, and his days on the range, of course, were over. He had a wife and a child and an income of \$95 a month, but no vocation and no prospects. The

war was not over yet for ex-Private Donovan. But the Government had foreseen such contingencies, and was prepared to send disabled veterans to school to learn new callings in life to replace those they had been obliged to abandon on account of wounds or disabilities incurred in their country's service. Donovan applied for vocational training under government auspices. He said he wanted something that would keep him out of doors, preferably something that had to do with cattle or a farm.

The vocational training department of the Veterans Bureau was not being well handled just then. Donovan was induced to take a course in automobile repairing. As nearly as I can learn, the reason was that the farm courses in that part of the country were pretty well filled up, whereas there were plenty of vacancies in a big automobile school in Kansas City. So to Kansas City went Donovan to learn to fix automobiles. His \$95 a month disability compensation was replaced by training pay which amounted to \$145 a month. His wife and baby went to Kansas City with him.

Donovan was in Kansas City a year. At first he got on pretty well, but at the end of six months his health began to fail and he seemed to lose interest in his schooling. He told a Legion field representative who dropped in one day to see how the boys were getting along that if it wasn't for the \$145 a month which his family needed he would chuck the school and start out on his own. He did not want to be a garage man. He wanted outside work. Something to do with a farm.

Donovan was falling into a dangerous state of mind. He was on his way to become a permanent pensioner of the Government, doing anything so long as it would keep him on the public payroll. But there was still initiative left, and the Legion's representative helped Donovan to get a transfer to the University of Minnesota to a special course in grain grading and stock raising. The effect was almost instantaneous. At the automobile school Donovan had become an indifferent student and a bad example to those about him who were trying to learn. At the University of Minnesota he was one of the hardest workers in the course. After nine months of classes he began a course of practical instruction in the field, traveling up and down the line of the Northwestern railroad studying the transportation, storage and marketing of grain. A year of this and his education was pronounced complete, and he left the government payroll to take a job at \$200 a month for one of the large terminal marketing associations in St. Paul.

This was in the summer of 1924. Donovan was making his third effort to take up life where he had left it in 1917.

This time it did not look like a false start.

But it was. In six months Donovan's health gave way again and he had to quit his job. He was as blue as he had ever been in his life. It began to seem as if he would never be able to carry on. The Legion representatives, still following the career of their client, were puzzled too.

But, while puzzling, the case was not without precedent, and the Legion people were less discouraged than Donovan. There had been hundreds of others like it, where men had been thrown back into hospitals eight or ten times after they had been discharged as cured. In such cases one of two things was the matter. The patient was incurable, or the doctors had not located the real seat of the complaint. To cope with this condition the Legion had persuaded the Government to establish a special diagnostic center at the Cincinnati General Hospital, where men might be taken for intensive observation in a searching effort to discover what was wrong with them. When I say the Legion did this, I mean Dr. Kennon Dunham, of Cincinnati, did it. Dr. Dunham is a Legionnaire, and he has been a member of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee since that committee was formed. Dunham's diagnostic center has worked so well, and has restored so many discouraged men to health, that now a second center has been opened at Mount Alto, near Washington.

Donovan was sent to Cincinnati and kept under observation for five weeks. The doctors probed and they tested and did all sorts of things which mystify laymen like me. In the end they concluded that the seat of trouble was the heart infection caused by the poison generated by the wounded leg. This was simply a revival of the earlier opinion of Dr. Mann. Donovan was taken to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington and his leg was operated on. An active condition of infection was found. It responded to treatment and in six weeks was cleared up.

Donovan went back to St. Paul and took his job back. That was more than a year ago. Donovan seems to be cured. He says he never felt better in his life, even when he was punching cows and sleeping on the prairie rolled up in a blanket. He has had two promotions and two raises in salary and has built a bungalow for Mrs. Donovan and their two children—for Joseph Clancy Donovan, Jr., added his small but important presence to the fireside last winter.

I say Donovan seems to be cured. It seemed so before, I know, but that was before the doctors got at what they now believe to have been the seat of the whole trouble—that little bad place on the leg which of itself didn't seem much more serious than a mosquito bite. But if trouble returns Donovan knows where to go—to The American Legion. The Legion, through its National Rehabilitation Committee, will act as his advocate, friend, guide (Continued on page 64)

The BULL'S EYE

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Editor WILL ROGERS

The Wise Guy and the Clown

A constant reader of my "Bull" Durham Ads writes in and says; "If there was another smoking Tobacco the equal of "Bull" Durham a lot of us would quit you no matter how much it cost. But alas there is no equal at any price as we have all found out at various times. So we must hasten to turn the pages and groan, whenever we encounter the CLOWN Ads of Will Rogers, who is trying to discredit the worth of the WORLDS FAVORITE TOBACCO."

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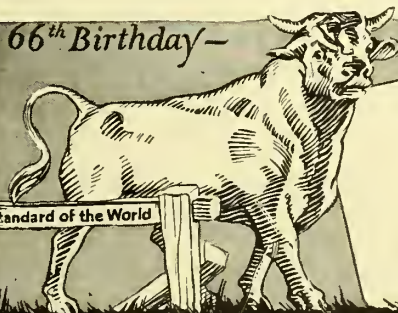


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Los Angeles

Red Donovan Comes Through

(Continued from page 63)

and counsellor in any effort by the Government to discharge its obligation to this ex-soldier who gave eight years of his life to his country.

The Legion is prepared to do that for any veteran, or for the dependents of any veteran who has died. Multiply the case of Donovan by one hundred thousand and you will have some conception of the dimensions of the work which the Legion through its Rehabilitation Committee has done in this detail. Chairman Miller informs me that at this moment more than eleven thousand cases like Donovan's are open and active in the files of the Committee. The Committee of course renders this service without charge to veterans. A great deal of the work which the Committee does is offered gratuitously by such eminent specialists as those I have had occasion to name in this article—men like Doctors Dunham, Dunn, and Mann. But it is necessary to have a paid and expert staff covering every part of the country. These men and women are all top-notchers in their line. In the beginning the Legion bore the whole expense alone, then the Red Cross and the Knights of Columbus helped us out for a while. Two years ago the Legion appealed to the country to endow this effort and raise a fund of \$5,000,000, the interest on which keeps the wheels of the Rehabilitation Committee turning and also carries on the Legion's work for war orphans.

The Government of course provides the actual treatment and has set up under the Veterans Bureau a vast machine for this purpose. Just now this

machine is getting in more satisfactory working order than ever before. It is still a long way from perfect, however, and by its very nature it will never attain that degree of perfection which can be reached by departments of the Government which deal with purely material things, as for example, the Post Office Department. That makes the continued co-operation of the Legion so essential. It costs the public nearly \$1,000,000 a day to operate the Veterans Bureau, but appropriations for this purpose have always been readily forthcoming. The American Legion largely furnished the impulse and the plan upon which the Bureau was erected and wrote the vast and complex body of law under which it operates. In this connection great credit is due to John Thomas Taylor, Vice-Chairman of The American Legion's National Legislative Committee, and to Edward McE. Lewis, Secretary of that Committee.

With the erection of the government machine known as the Veterans Bureau the Legion's work was not ended. You have seen what would have happened to Donovan if it had not been for the co-operation between the Legion's own organization and that of the Government. Every part of the Legion organization shares in the task.

Thus many hands and many minds contribute to the work, and the story of Red Donovan is merely a fair and representative example of the watching and waiting and headwork and teamwork required to pay the debt which the country owes and intends to discharge to every disabled veteran.

The Handshaker

(Continued from page 25)

like the Handshaker to capitalize his mistakes. Nellie had been a bad investment, so he had gone to the other extreme!

A week passed and to Peep-Sight an orderly presented brigade commander's compliments and desired that the captain report to him at once. Peep-Sight found the brigadier alone in his office, looking worried. He motioned the captain to a chair and with his characteristic directness proceeded to get at the meat of the coconut.

"You have a sergeant in your command—one Henry Bland, captain. What is he like?"

Peep-Sight replied with a wealth of detail and considerable feeling and at the conclusion of his recital the brigadier appeared more worried than ever. "The little squirt met my niece recently and managed to turn the girl's head—oh, quite," he explained, "all due to the passion of society women for entertaining big buck soldiers—roughnecks and

horsethieves that might be at home in a dirt camp or a cow barn but who certainly have no business at a polite dance with society dowagers furnishing sweet little debutantes to dance with them. Making the world safe for democracy has certainly been construed mighty literally by our society snobs and the enlisted men seem to enjoy being patronized by them. They entertain soldiers at their homes now and no questions asked. The uniform is the passport. But with that uniform once off, they'd sic the dogs on the man that used to wear it—damn 'em—I mean the fool soldiers. Well, at some such dance as this my sister's only child, Evelyn, met this half-portion sergeant Bland, who sung her some sort of siren song. At any rate she's crazy about him—bad attack of uniformitis. The girl will come into a million dollars on her eighteenth birthday—and that's only a week off. She says she's going to marry that little squirt if it kills her, and the question

before the house now is: What am I going to do about it. My sister has put the buck squarely up to me."

So The Handshaker had sold himself again! Peep-Sight couldn't refrain from an inward chuckle. He had never seen the brigadier's niece, but he had much respect and affection for the brigadier and could understand without a diagram just what such an appendage as the Handshaker would mean to the old man's family tree.

"Can't you co-operate, captain, and banish that man Bland to France with a casualty replacement draft. I'd be much obliged to you if you'd help me out."

The commanding officer's request is always tantamount to a command and Peep-Sight did not hesitate. That very day the division personnel adjutant made a requisition upon the regiment for a casualty replacement draft and Peep-Sight's share of the outrage was one first-class radio sergeant. "We'll give them the Handshaker, Grasby," Peep-Sight murmured in a faraway voice. "When does he start?"

"Immediately—this evening, sir. However, Bland knows nothing of radio. The captain will recall that he refused to have Bland in his B. C. detail in any capacity."

"We'll let General Pershing find that out after Bland reports for duty. He'll probably be calling on the commanding general the day after he lands in France."

"Oh!" said the top, and sent for Sergeant Bland to acquaint him with the latest development in his hectic existence. A look of absolute horror, of dawning despair, swept over the face of the nuisance.

"Why—why—tha—that's not possible," he gasped. "Who'll—who'll—baby those Lewis guns when I'm gone?"

"Your successor," Peep-Sight informed him coldly.

"There'll be no more doughnuts, sir. Even since I became a non-com I've yielded to popular clamor and given the boys doughnuts for Sunday morning breakfasts."

"Doughnuts are a luxury, Bland. Soldiers must learn to dispense with luxuries."

"But I saved the captain a lot of property accountability in his supply tent."

"And I made you a corporal for it, didn't I?"

"I do not wish to appear to argue or to dispute with the captain because that isn't soldierly and it is prejudicial to good conduct and military discipline," the Handshaker declared passionately. "I merely ask the captain for justice. I know more about this field artillery game than any lieutenant in the regiment and I ought to be sent to an officers' training camp. As an enlisted man I'm an economic waste."

"The interview is at an end," Peep-Sight informed him coldly.

"But sir, I'm engaged to be married—I'm in love with a lovely girl—a real lady this time, (Continued on page 66)

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The Handshaker

(Continued from page 65)

sir—and we want to get married before I'm ordered abroad—"

Peep-Sight stood up. "Sergeant Grasby, I've placed my endorsement of transfer on Sergeant Bland's service record, and I leave to you the details of his separation from this battery." And he walked out.

Just before retreat Grasby reported to him that the Handshaker was out of their lives forever. "You don't appear as happy as you should be in the circumstances," the captain charged Grasby.

"I'm not, sir. The wretched little fox raised every protest he could think of except the one that would have fixed the captain's clock — to wit, the fact that he is not a radio man. All he had to do was to tell the divisional personnel adjutant he was being shipped overseas under false pretenses and the captain would have been up before the chief of staff for a prize rawhiding — perhaps charged with wilful violation of orders."

"I figured that angle of the deal, sergeant. I knew Bland wouldn't betray me, and for this reason. He couldn't possibly deprecate himself to the point of admitting there is anything in this man's army he can't do."

"He took a buzzer and a copy of the International Code aboard the train with him. I walked down to the station with him, sir, and I talked to him like a father. I told him all about himself and tried to get him to see himself as others see him. I don't think he heard me . . . he wasn't given a chance to telephone his girl and say good-bye . . . as per the captain's orders."

"Well, I got my orders from the brigadier," Peep-Sight protested. "I'm sorry for Bland, but he can find a new girl in France, where I understand girls are plentiful and approachable."

IV

FRANCE at last! And a gray old village in the training area. Peep-Sight and his battery officers sat at mess in the dining room of Madame La Roche. The last day of their training had just been completed. They had spent it working out co-ordinates with a theodolite and between bites Peep-Sight questioned his lieutenants on the day's work, to make certain that all had real-

ly understood the problem. The captain was in a happy mood—in fact he had been in a happy mood ever since arriving at O. & E. Training Center No. 3 and learning that the regiment was not to be armed with G. P. F. 155 mm. rifles after all. Instead they had been switched to 155 mm. Schneider howitzers.

Presently Peep-Sight adverted to their good fortune. "Those G. P. F.'s have a very wide dispersion in range," he declared. "You simply can't adjust your fire to make them worth a hoot for counter battery work. They're ammunition wasters—only good for bombarding a town. But the Schneiders are accurate, and, thank God, we're to have

horses instead of tractors! A horse doesn't spit blue flame at night and bring fire down on one! And the methods of using the 155 Schneiders have changed with the advent of the war of movement. They shove the heavies up hub to hub with the light field batteries now — yes.



gentlemen, it's going to be a grand war—an artilleryman's dream."

An orderly, with rain dripping from his slicker, stood in the doorway. "I've brought a lieutenant over from regimental headquarters in my sidecar, sir. He's assigned to the captain's battery. Shall I tell him to come in, sir?"

"By all means. Tell the lieutenant to come right in, that he's just in time for dinner."

Two minutes later the door opened and a snappy little shave-tail stood in the entrance. He was sporting a tiny moustache—a mere dot under each nostril, his overseas hat was set jauntily on the side of his head and he carried a swagger stick. He snapped into it and said in a very clear, crisp voice:

"Sir, Second Lieutenant Henry Bland reports to the captain." Then he stepped forward and handed Peep-Sight a copy of the order assigning him to the battery.

Peep-Sight stood up and proffered his hand. In moments of great stress he never forgot that he was an officer and a gentleman. "Welcome back to the old outfit, Mr. Bland," he said in a slightly strained voice. "I daresay I do not have to introduce you to my official family."

"No indeed, sir," said Bland, and shook hands cordially all around. A

striker placed a chair and he sat down and beamed at them impartially.

"I'm excess baggage, of course," he announced. "Simply attached." (Peep-Sight had his full complement of lieutenants—four). "Here today and gone tomorrow, sir. Only a subaltern, kicked around from pillar to post—and by a queer trick of fate I find myself ordered to my old regiment where I spent so many happy days as a private."

"It was no queer trick of fate that caused you to be assigned to my battery, Mr. Bland," Peep-Sight reminded him. "You wouldn't have missed this triumph for a ripe peach. The adjutant didn't know you, of course—never did know you, in fact—so you begged him to assign you to B battery."

The Handshaker smiled happily. Disdaining a denial, he said: "Well, now that you've got me, sir, I'm here to tell you you couldn't have gotten a better man; I'm a graduate of the De Souge School of Fire and I know my stuff. I could have graduated one hundred per cent, but I knew if I did they'd keep me there as an instructor, so I wiggled through just five per cent over the deadline. My instructors were surprised and a little indignant. They had expected more of me!"

The mess received this characteristic speech in profound silence. "For a hundred francs I persuaded the sergeant major at De Souge headquarters to place my name on the list of lieutenants to be sent to this regiment. I love sergeant majors. They're so amenable to reasonable suggestions."

Again the profound silence, broken presently by Peep-Sight. "In my battery attached second lieutenants rate about Grade 15. Like children they will be seen and not heard, Mr. Bland."

"Have I made a tactical error in coming here, sir?"

"You certainly have, son. There's only one person in this battery that has a kind word to say for you and that's Second Lieutenant Bland. Which is too bad because I'm quite sure you're Old Man Efficiency himself. However, now that you're back where you wanted to be, for the love of Heaven try to quit sounding off every time a self-important thought capers through that nimble brain of yours. Have some modesty, Bland. You don't have to admit to us how good you are. We know it. You're the original human whiz-bang but you talk too much—about yourself. The officers' mess in this battery was a perfect delight to all of us until you came. It can still be a delight, if you'll get on to yourself. If you do not you'll have to feed with the line, because I'll not have my appetite spoiled by your brag."

The Handshaker nodded respectfully but did not reply. "You and I will get along together like two little birds in their nest," Peep-Sight continued crisply, "provided you cease trying to sell yourself to me. You're all sold out and I'll never recommend you for anything. Be you ever so clever and brave, I have two second lieutenants now who are very much senior to you and smart

enough for all practical purposes, so make up your mind that while you remain with me your military career is marking time."

The Handshaker grinned patronizingly and speared an olive. "You can't keep a good man down, sir," he retorted. "You ought to know that."

Peep-Sight exploded. "Perhaps not, Mr. Bland, but we can take measures to get rid of him. You're attached and I have no platoon for you to command, but in all probability I'll have one job for you where you can function to advantage."

"I understand, sir. Liaison officer with the infantry. Cheerio! I was going to ask you for that job, sir, and now it's mine free gratis. It's where I belong. I'm rather good at map-reading and that's something a great many of the students at Camp De Souge were not well up on. Whenever Second Lieutenant Henry Bland is with the infantry and it's held up by machine gun fire, the right man to direct artillery fire on those machine gun nests will be Bland. Any old time I telephone you or send a runner to you with the co-ordinates of a German machine gun nest, you may depend upon the correctness of the information. Captain, you will be quite right in assigning me to infantry liaison. You certainly can't trust an infantry officer with that mission, because he wouldn't have a very clear idea of the range, the co-ordinates of the target or the physical limitations of your guns. Of course my duty will be much more dangerous than commanding a platoon of the firing battery or observing fire, and I shall probably get bumped off. But who cares? The greater the danger the greater the glory. Has it occurred to you, sir, how few artillerymen have been cited for gallantry in action in this war?"

And then silence, profound and unbreakable, did settle over that mess. The Handshaker made several gallant efforts to start a conversation on other topics, but his brother officers were gunshy. Finally, however, he got a rise. He said:

"And how's old First Sergeant Grasby, captain?"

Thereat Peep-Sight and his four lieutenants laughed unashamed.

V

THE infantry colonel came out of the shell crater in which he had established his post of command. "Where's that little wind-bag of an artillery liaison lieutenant?" he demanded of his adjutant. "Damn him! I told him half an hour ago we couldn't get forward until the line of machine gun nests on that wooded slope had been flattened out. I told him we had to have artillery fire on that position and I told him to see that we got it. Why the devil I can't get what I want when I need it beats my time."

"His telephone line has been cut, sir," the adjutant informed him. "He's wasted all his (Continued on page 68)"



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The Handshaker

(Continued from page 67)

own men trying to mend it under fire and none of his runners appear to have gotten through. And he hasn't any more runners. A little while ago he despaired of getting his information back to the battery, and the last I saw of him he had borrowed a sack of Mills grenades from one of our men, three extra clips of pistol ammunition here and there and said he guessed he'd have to clean those machine guns out all by himself, in view of the fact that he couldn't get artillery fire on them. He went sneaking off up that little gulch yonder."

The infantry colonel cursed and returned to his P. C. to curse some more. He had little use for field artillery and was certain that it was muchly overrated. It was never where it was needed, and when one did get a message to it as to the location of the enemy target the boobs read the co-ordinates wrong and fired into their own infantry. One could safely figure on ten percent casualties from shorts whenever one followed their erratic rolling barrages. How like an artillery commander, he reflected, to send him a brainless snipe like that Lieutenant Bland. Cool young pup though. Lot of side about him—top-heavy with over-confidence born of ignorance. And now he had gone off to clean up single-handed something a battalion of infantry hadn't been able to do! The cock-sure little monkey . . . well, the colonel had lost a number of better lieutenants than Lieutenant Bland that day, so manfully he resolved not to weep when, upon resuming the advance, the young artillery ass should be found riddled with machine gun bullets!

His adjutant crawled over and skidded down into the shell hole. "Strange about those machine guns, sir," he reported. "Their fire seems as steady as ever, but there aren't so many bullets coming this way. Have you noticed, for instance, that the one that has been flipping lead over the lip of this crater has gone off the job?"

"Just cooling his gun," the colonel assured him.

Another half hour passed; then a shadow fell athwart the shell-hole and the colonel, looking up, beheld Second Lieutenant Bland standing on the rim. "Come down, you ass," the colonel yelled. "Do you want to get killed?"

"No danger, sir. I don't know what the conditions are on either flank, but I do know that it's safe to go forward on a thousand yard front. I've eliminated five machine gun nests."

He squatted calmly on his heels and lighted a cigarette, while the colonel and the adjutant stared at him fascinated, in utter unbelief. "I worked my way on my belly up that little watercourse on the right," Bland went on. "Lot of brush and tall dry grass there. I chucked a few grenades into the mouth of the gully and then, under cover of the smoke and dust I ran boldly in and flopped before they saw me. Pretty soon I located the gun and I moved off on a flank. They were too busy to notice me as I crawled, so I worked around in back of them and two grenades did the trick. Funny thing, colonel. That gun crew had a German police dog with it, and the dashed dog flew at me. I shot him between the eyes with my pistol as he came on. Of

course," he added, "I'm an expert pistol shot, so that was quite easy. I then prowled along through the brush and trees until I saw little puffs of dust at the edge of the woods in front of me, and I knew that was the dust raised by the blast of machine gun fire. So I went back, shouldered the first gun I had put out of action and set it up where I could manage the second gun still in action. Then I got a few belts of ammunition and in a couple of bursts I had No. 2 machine gun out of action. There were two guns in that nest, and seven men. I stuck my card in the band of the corporal's cap. I used up all of the ammunition in the belts at that nest just spraying the woods where it seemed to me the third nest was located, although I couldn't see it, and finally I prowled over and found it. I had some pistol work there, but cleaned up nicely. There is a dead German officer on that position and I placed a centime on each of his eyes to prove I'd been there, and I have his Luger pistol with me now. The other two nests were easy money. They were just on the edge of the woods, dug in and camouflaged so they could sweep the open terrain below for a mile north and south. They never suspected anybody of being in back of them—and the underbrush was thick. I pistoled that gang in jig time and tied my handkerchief, with my



initials on it, around the leg of a sergeant on the fourth nest and took the boots off a lieutenant on the fifth position." He blew a cloud of smoke into the sky. "I always mark my dead, sir."

"I think," said the colonel of infantry, "that you're a liar—shell-shocked—that is, a romantic character. You never did it because it isn't done."

"To a good man," said the Handshaker, "nothing is impossible. Speed and accuracy, initiative and decision, are the prime requisites of a field artillery officer. I flatter myself I possess all four."

"If you have done this thing," said the infantry colonel solemnly, "and can prove it, I shall recommend you for the Congressional Medal of Honor."

"Well, it wouldn't be any more than I deserve, sir, for I've saved a lot of your men. You can prove it. I made certain of that. What's the use pulling off a stunt and not getting credit for it? Remember, sir, there's a dead dog on the position on the right. Next, left, my card in the corporal's cap, next left an officer with a centime on each eye and no pistol in his holster; next left a sergeant with a handkerchief, with my initials on it, around his left leg and next left a lieutenant with his boots off. Now, if the colonel will move forward and remember not to cuss the field artillery hereafter—"

VI

FIRST Sergeant Grasby came heavily up the stairs in the German house in which his battery commander was billeted. They had been on the Rhine a month. In his hand the top held a sheaf of press clippings, which he silently handed the captain. When the latter had completed his perusal of them he looked at Grasby.

"And old King George shook his hand in Buckingham Palace and pinned the Victoria Cross on him!" Peep-Sight murmured in a faraway voice.

"And Marshal Petain pinned the Medaille Militaire, the Croix de Guerre with palms and the Legion d'Honneur medal on the brat and kissed him on both cheeks," Grasby added proudly.

"While General John J. Pershing hung the Congressional Medal of Honor on him and made him a captain," Peep-Sight almost wailed.

"Following which the brigadier's niece, million in hand, married him in Paris last week, sir."

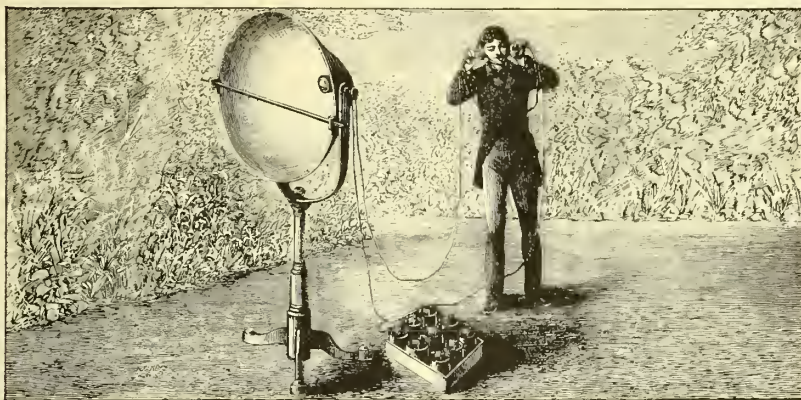
Peep-Sight sat a long time looking at the floor. Then: "Pull that bell cord, sergeant, if you please."

A maid, the daughter of Peep-Sight's German host, answered the call, received her orders and departed, to return presently with two glasses and a quart of champagne. Never before had Peep-Sight been so familiar with his first sergeant, but—

"Here's long life and happiness to our hero," said Peep-Sight, "and may he never lack something to brag about—damn him!"

"Amen!" said First Sergeant Grasby.
THE END.

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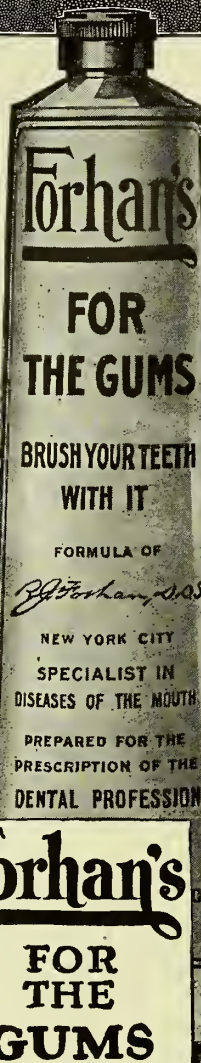
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The House on the Square

(Continued from page 13)

he reached the crossing opposite a house of red brick with white-framed windows and immaculate door, it lagged. So many times since the spring of 1895, he had taken the steps two at a time. But today he hesitated to see the door open, to enter the cool, clear hall. And then he had entered it.

In the dusky drawing-room he paced, hands tense behind his back. Suddenly under the chandelier that was a shower of crystal, his glance went upward and the set line of his mouth relaxed. He stood there, while his eyes misted with the sudden blur that comes to the man of strength only at rare moments. And passes as quickly in shame for his weakness.

"Miss Crittenden will be down presently, sir," the butler announced.

Peter Collins looked at the clock which, with two elaborate side ornaments, decorated the mantel. Twenty minutes to three!

It was three o'clock when she appeared in the doorway, as she had so often in the past ten years.

But another was with her, a slight little woman with Laura's coloring, and hands and eyes that were restless.

"My cousin, Mrs. van Cleve, Mr. Collins," said Laura Crittenden as they entered. "I'm so sorry you had to wait—"

"It's all my fault," the older woman interrupted, voice light as a child's, eyes raised beseechingly. "I descended on Laura unexpectedly—with my little girl. Philadelphia gets on my nerves every now and then. I lived here until my marriage, you know, and I can't get used to being away."

Peter did not know, nor did he care. His troubled eyes sought Laura's.

Cool and white, with hair dressed high and pompadoured softly over her forehead, she was little changed since the day when she had offered her friendship. The roundness of first youth had gone, the surging blood under the transparent skin, but the eyes were the same, the delicate nostrils, the firm red mouth.

Colonel Crittenden had accepted their friendship grimly, with a shake of the head over the wilful "girl of today," as parents will probably always shake their heads. Only one dominant observation had he made:

"Of course, Laura, I realize that you think too much of me and the name we bear to bring upon our family anything approaching humiliation. Keep this on

a friendly basis and I have no objection to the young man calling here."

The thin thread of scarlet that was Laura's lips had gone a bit thinner. She had said nothing. But at twenty-nine, she was still Laura Crittenden, with a look that was sweetly aloof when the men of her own set asked her to marry them.

Peter took the hand held out, met the anxious eyes that gauged instantly the anxiety in his. She turned to the other woman, whose ever-active hands were busy arranging the folds of her train.

"I wonder if you'll forgive us, Janet. You see, I didn't know you were coming

and Mr. Collins has to see me about something very important."

"Of course, of course, dear!" came the high voice while the hands moved toward her fluffy blonde hair. "I'm going to take the baby out, anyway. You haven't seen my little girl, Mr. Collins. You must, really. She's Laura's godchild and looks so like her, she might be her own."

She fluttered out of the room and into the big hall.

"What is it?" Laura put quickly. "What's troubling you, Peter?"

"Not now! Get rid of her," came hurriedly. "There's so little time."

Without exchanging another word, they waited until Mrs. van Cleve reappeared with her daughter. The tiny figure in the big arched doorway was such an exquisite miniature of Laura that for a moment Peter could not take his eyes from her. There flashed over him the yearning thought: That might have been their baby—his!

"Shake hands with the gentleman, Laura dear," the mother prompted.

A butterfly hand went into his. "How do you do," came daintily. "I'm going to be seven soon."

He gazed down at the fairylike figure and, on a swift impulse, bent low, arms sweeping round it. She nestled within them with that unquestioning faith which longer living takes from us.

The mother gave her high laugh.

"She always makes friends quickly."

"Don't cure her of it," came with husky force.

He watched the child through the doorway and into the hall. When his eyes returned to Laura Crittenden, she must have read their thought. The longing, backed by a strange anguish, she could not read.

He stood looking long at the woman



he loved. Then turned, went quickly to the far end of the room, into its shadows.

"Peter," she pleaded, "you look like a man distracted."

"I am! I've been like a lunatic. Laura—I'm leaving for San Francisco tonight."

"San Francisco?" Her eyes leaped to his.

"There's not much time to tell you. Sit down beside me, won't you?" He seized her two hands. "Dear—if you had let me—if you hadn't held me off each time I tried to—I'd have smashed down everything that stood between us—long ago. You know that. We talk about friendship—you know that isn't all I've felt for you these past ten years. You know you've meant everything to me. I don't know how much I mean to you—you've never given me the chance to find out. But I've worked toward making such a place of distinction for myself that one day, soon—I might be able to come to you"—he broke off, halted—"not too mean a man for a Crittenden's daughter. I've slaved for it, Laura. I even put my brother on his own so that no other interest could interfere. This year the Edison Company took up one of my patents—the biggest thing I've accomplished. Today," he ended harshly, "I had a wire from San Francisco—"

"Peter—" she prompted softly as he stopped.

"My brother has been arrested there—for forgery."

He said it with the dead calm of utter despair.

The hands within his clenched convulsively.

"Forgery!" she murmured the word with a horror that was shuddering.

"I sent him West last year—told him he was old enough to shift for himself. But he's like my father. I might have known! It—it just about finishes everything for me."

The hands clung to his.

"No—no! It can't be true—it mustn't!"

"He did it once before—put my name to a check. I told him then if he tried it again, I'd send him to jail. But he knew I wouldn't. Now he's forged another man's and I've got to try to keep him out. Good God—what a hideous joke!"

Laura Crittenden's eyes dropped to the shaking hands that gripped hers. Her own trembled. Tender woman-hands that loved, they were impelled to reach up; to draw to her breast the haggard face; to tell by their touch that whatever came to him they would give clinging sympathy and solace; that through the ordeal ahead, they would be his.

Her stricken gaze started toward his, then slipped away as if pursued. It sped round the room, wide with terror like a wild thing trying to escape, not the man at her side, but the problem before it. It came back and clung to him with an expression he could not fathom. They (Continued on page 72)

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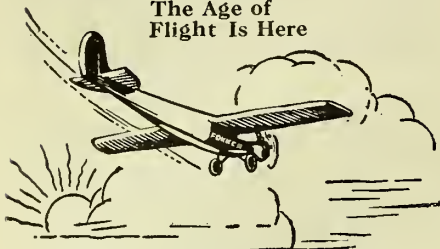
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The House on the Square

(Continued from page 71)

were in a soundless world. Time itself seemed to have stopped.

He waited.

Then suddenly through the stillness chimed the clock on the mantel. An hour had gone by.

"Laura!" his grip tightened, a man clinging to the straw of hope. "Laura!"

At last her voice came, strangled.

"It will mean prison, Peter?"

"I'm afraid—I can't save him. Even by making good the money. I"—he dropped her hands and his own dragged across his forehead to the sweep of hair. "I can't afford to be a coward. I've got to face it. I'm going out there. I don't know when I'll be back. Laura—" was struck from him desperately—"don't take away the dearest thing I have in the world!"

Her lips quivered, the firm white teeth biting into them until a drop of blood deepened their red. Her tearless eyes strained to meet his. Her voice was the whisper of a sad wind among the trees at night.

"Peter, — I — I shall always be your friend."

Nothing more! She looked away. His tight nerves, his high-strung sensibilities sounded a knell. It was for all time.

He got to his feet, silent, his face gray. The word he had waited for, the word on which hung all of hope, had not been spoken.

AUTUMN—1915

NIGHT glowed with stars. It was so clear, so transparent that the complete outline of the thin young moon shone gold through the blue. In the Square, tree branches swayed musically against one another. The air held the pungent odor of autumn leaves.

The house before which a car drew up glowed, too. It was full of light, all its windows smiling. The man who sprang from the car had never seen it like that. He paused in amazement. It was as if miraculous new life had been injected into old bones.

One foot on the lowest step, he stood gazing upward. It did not seem possible that ten years had taken their count of him since he had gone down those steps, all reason for living struck from under his feet. Yet they had been the hardest, longest years of his life, spent in that aloneness to which shame sentences the sensitive. And with the

strange, wilful way of the law called compensation, that very seclusion devoted to experiments with electricity had brought him a glittering success.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" is more the cry of today than in the Biblical days that created it. Yet Peter Collins had accepted his responsibility. Through settlement of his brother's debt he had lightened the sentence. And millions flowing to his genius, formed a tide that soon washed clean his name. When the black sheep died shortly after release from prison the hurried world conveniently forgot the whole affair.

In all the years he had sent no word to the woman he loved. A yearning to know how the years had dealt with her was the reason for this visit.

He sprang up the steps, rang the bell, expecting the old retainer. But the butler was new to him. He asked for Miss Crittenden, was shown into the drawing-room.

The old room, vivid under the light, took on a look of life, rejuvenation. Yet, aside from new draperies, it was unchanged. The floor had been cleared, evidently for dancing. Side lights and crystal chandeliers were ablaze. Their incandescence sent sparkles dancing from the points.

He stood under the one facing the doorway, his gaze fastened there.

Presently there came the swish of silk on the stairs. He seemed to hear it from the topmost step. His imagination descended with her until she stood before him.

Then his breath halted. He was struck with the first lightning thought: "Am I, too, so changed?"

The hard brilliance of the lights, cruel as time, revealed a woman of thirty-nine who looked older. The glow had gone out of her hair. It lay quietly parted and pallid against her brow. There was none in her eyes, either. Wistful, they were, and a little sad, with lines unconcealed at their corners. A fragile ghost of Laura Crittenden, she came to him, one fine veined hand held out.

He took it, held it without a word, because he could think of none to say.

The first came from her.

"I can't believe it's you."

"It does seem strange—after all these years—" He stopped short, self-conscious with the fear that he might reveal his astonishment at what they had done to her.



"When did you get back?"

"Only this morning."

She led the way toward a couch pushed against the wall. Then swiftly turned and drew two chairs toward each other. And he knew there had come to her as to him the realization that the couch was the one they had occupied when she swung the pendulum of their future.

"How are you?" she ventured, and without waiting for his answer, "I don't have to ask what you've been doing. I've followed it all. It's wonderful—but I can't say it has surprised me in the least. You know, I always expected something magnificent of you."

"Yes. Your belief in me, your encouragement, are largely responsible for what I've accomplished. Do you remember how often we spoke of the magic possibilities of electricity in the next twenty-five years?"

"It is—almost twenty-five years, isn't it?" came from her in a low voice.

"Over twenty."

"What a long time—to be friends!"

"Yes."

"I—I thought you might have forgotten me."

"I couldn't write," he said simply.

"I know. I don't blame you." She gave a shaky smile and her eyes wandered away.

"You—you look very festive here tonight," he observed after a moment of awkward quiet.

"Yes. I'm giving a party for my cousin's daughter, Laura van Cleve. They're stopping with me." Her eyes came back to him. "Why, you've met them! Don't you remember? The day that—" she paused.

"Yes—I remember. A little girl—"

"She'll be a debutante next year."

Once more the desperate reminder of time. "It's hard to believe, isn't it?"

"It's—incredible!"

"I want her to meet some young people here."

"They still live in Philadelphia?"

"Yes. Mrs. van Cleve is a widow. She's had rather a difficult time of it."

"Are you living alone in this big house?"

"Since my father's death. It was a great shock to me. It's always so hard to realize that you've got to lose those you love."

"Yes—I know."

Her chin trembled a bit. Her eyes filled as they had not that day ten years ago. And yet a veil seemed dropped between them. He could not speak her name.

She smiled, a trembling smile.

"You'll stay tonight, of course. It's going to be quite a gay little party, and after being away so long—"

"I'm afraid I wouldn't know how to behave in a drawing-room. You see, for so many years now, I've lived in a California shack, working, working—not doing much else."

"They'll adore meeting you. Most of them know you by reputation and I shall be so proud to introduce you as an old friend."

(Continued on page 74)

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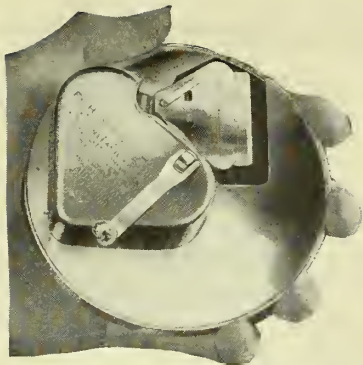
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The House on the Square

(Continued from page 73)

"Darlin'," trilled a voice coming from the landing halfway up the stairs. "Where are you? Lolla's on her way down in a new dress and everything."

"There's Laura now." The woman facing him rose quickly. "Come into the drawing-room, dear."

Peter followed, paused as his breath seemed to stop. He was standing under the crystal chandelier opposite the doorway. Facing him was the Laura of twenty years ago. The same wild mass of pale gold hair looped at the back of the neck; the same brown, long-lashed eyes; the same short, fine nose with its delicate nostrils; the same dainty figure. The same—with one exception! The lips were a full reckless crimson, not the scarlet thread that might press into a thin line.

She wore blue, too, a floating chiffon with rosebuds scattered over it. Her eyes were lifted and smiling.

Her radiance swept round Peter Collins like the wave of a wand. The years dropped from him, a cloak discarded. He was a boy again, standing under a shower of crystal, wondering about the future,

wondering about this girl of his dreams.

She came forward as they were introduced, smiling, a white hand reached out to him. He took it, stood gazing down at her, then caught himself and smiled in turn.

"We've met before, Miss van Cleve,—here in this room."

"Have we? Of course I've heard of you—everybody has—and it's just wonderful, meeting you. But I didn't know—"

"Oh, you were a little girl then. You wouldn't remember. But I'll wager I have the advantage of all these young fellows who are coming tonight—in one way, at least."

"What way?"

"On the occasion of our first meeting—you gave me a kiss."

She laughed, a radiant parting of the full lips.

"Well—that only proves that at an early age I knew what I wanted—and took it."

"No—I was the one who did the taking."

She blushed, not a flush of embarrassment, but of pleased flattery. In the moment of absorption, he did not notice that Laura Crittenden had slipped from the room. Now the girl looked round quickly, then back at him.

"We seem to be alone," she observed with perfect poise. "Shall we sit down

and get really acquainted before the others come?"

Her eyes held the dazzled light of youth looking upon greatness, but no fear. The man followed her to the couch and sat silent, staring at her.

"I want to hear so much about you," she prompted. "I don't care where you begin. Only don't end too soon. Nobody's likely to be here for another hour." Sitting there, soft throat and arms gleaming against the background of dark velvet, she let her eyes move slowly over him, a caress. "I wouldn't have believed that great Peter Collins could be so young," was what she said.

"I'm forty-three."

"That's awfully young to have done everything you've done," she observed rather vaguely. "And you don't look even that."

"Don't I?"

"Rather not! Why, you're so brown and—and—Oh, I oughtn't say it when I know you so slightly!"

"Say what?"

"That you're—handsome." The blood spread under the faint pinkness of her cheeks. "You don't mind me saying it, I hope."

"Not a bit! I like it." He sensed himself reddening like a youngster and liked that, too.

From the music-room back of them came the minor sweetness of a bow drawn across a violin, the rambling of fingers softly over keys. Never before had Peter Collins felt the charm of music in this quiet house. It was all in line with the sense of youth she gave him.

They talked until the first guests arrived. He had not the slightest idea what they discussed. Nor did he realize that as he told her of his electrical inventions, her eyes wandered.

He felt nothing but impatience when Laura Crittenden returned after a time, accompanied by the girl's mother. As they came in, Laura van Cleve rose.

"You're going to let me have a few dances, aren't you?" Peter suggested swiftly.

"The first, the middle and the last. That will keep you here all evening," responded the maid of seventeen.

She fairly floated to the other end of the room. He watched her with a sudden grip of terror that he would not get her back; one of these lithe-limbed striplings would take her and his new-found boyhood from him.

When the dance began and he held the girl herself, it was like new life seeping through his veins. He danced



atrociously. The jerky steps with which 1912 had supplanted two-step and waltz were absolutely new, not to say confusing. But he could not bring himself to stop; he would not. Rather make himself ridiculous!

"You're dancing with an old fellow who's been in the wilds," he whispered through the misty gold of her hair. "I ought to apologize for insisting on those three dances. But I don't intend to give them up."

"You didn't insist. I gave them gladly." She lifted the glory of young eyes and lips. "I'll teach you the new ones sometime. They're not hard to learn."

Laura Crittenden sought him once before supper. They stood chatting about nothing, while the other Laura whirled past and looked back. As if seeing him pleased her! Even Mrs. van Cleve's gushing became bearable. It hazed round him, making no impression.

When he claimed the last dance, she caught his arm, drew him into the hall.

"Shall we go into the conservatory? There'll be a lot of extras and we can sit them all out, if we're where no one is likely to look for us."

He found himself at the rear of the house, in a little glass-covered room which had been the alcove of the library in the old days.

"I made Laura do this," she explained with proprietary air. "We planned it during my Christmas vacation from school last year. She'd do anything for me—she doesn't seem to care about anyone else. Poor old dear!" She raised the leaves of a fern against her face. "Do you like it?"

"It's beautiful."

"I hated the stuffiness of this house. It made me feel as if I were going into a morgue. The clamminess of that front hall when the door opens—whew!"

She sat on a marble bench, made room for him beside her. The leaves backed the gold of her head and trembled round her face until she looked like a dryad peeping from them. Her voice took the whispered lure of the music drifting in, like an echo of lost dreams.

"Isn't it sweet here?" she murmured, lips brushing a leaf.

Peter's breath caught. He went suddenly dizzy. Of what use time—thought—reason? He did not want them. Nor did he want the Laura Crittenden of today. No! He wanted this girl, the Laura of twenty years ago, the Laura of whom he had been cheated! He could demand her now!

His arms went out, grasped her. He took her in them, bent his lips.

"Laura—I've held you in my arms once before, dear. I've kissed you. I want you there again. Don't think me a madman. I love you—I want you for my own!"

The girl's startled eyes darted to his. She struggled a breathless instant, both hands raised to thrust him away.

"Don't tell me I'm too old for you. I can make you happier than any of those boys—adore you in a way they couldn't! Why (Continued on page 76)

Ample argument

THE OLD CHINESE proverb says, "One picture is worth ten thousand words." By much the same reasoning... and it is sound reasoning, too... the best argument for Fatima is Fatima. Taste one... for just one taste is worth a bookful of description

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The House on the Square

(Continued from page 75)

wait to tell you? Dear—answer me! Have I frightened you?"

His lips were on her hair, her brow. They had not gone to her own red, quivering ones.

"You think you don't know me. That's true! But I'll make you love me. Only say you'll give me the chance! Only promise there'll be no one else. I won't hurry you. Only I want you to know! Say you don't hate me for this—Laura!"

Still no answer came. Though the eyes with lids drooped did not stir from his, the hands still held him away.

"I've been starved for love so long, dear. You can't understand! But the instant I saw you tonight—so sweet, so adorable, I knew that all I have in the world is yours. And I've so much—let me give it all to you! I couldn't risk losing you! Don't think me a madman," he repeated.

"Darling, answer me—do you?"

The exquisite figure in his arms was tense a moment longer. Then ceased to struggle, lay quiet. The hands relaxed slowly, dropped from their resistance. The eyes holding his misted.

Her voice came, little more than a breath.

"I think—I think you're wonderful." And who shall say that under the moment's provocation she did not mean it?

Peter Collins bent lower—to the moist red mouth of seventeen. As it met his, he closed his eyes. Life was sweet! He was holding the Laura of long ago. He was that boy—and he had won her!

WINTER—1925

THE New Year had made its bow to the world and was smilingly satisfied with being. More than half the town was still asleep after the effort of seeing that it arrived improperly chaperoned. Twilight of brilliant blue, amber-edged, touched the trees of the Square, melting bare branches. Over the old house it hovered, smoothed gently the sharp corners, gauzing its gauntness.

In the drawing-room, dusky under the fading light, a man waited with eyes turned toward the doorway. No sparkle of anticipation, no eagerness of hope. They were the eyes of fifty-three drained of illusion.

A woman came out of the hall, step sighing against the floor. She went up to him, laid a frail hand upon the stooped shoulder.

"Happy New Year, Peter!"

"Happy New Year?" He laughed abruptly. "What a delusion that wish is! Happiness—" The word snapped off like the clip of a whip.

She sat down in the chair facing his, her head with its halo of pale silver, bending anxiously nearer.

"What has happened now? Has Laura been misbehaving again?"

He raised the eyes that were dulled.

"Oh, I dare say I haven't the right to complain. She likes what she's pleased to call a large time. We went to a party last night with the Hollisters and their crew. Dinner and dancing in a noisy restaurant first—a musical comedy later—supper and dancing in a noisier restaurant after that. I don't know where they went from there. I left them at quarter to four."

"And Laura stayed?"

"She got in—at half-past eight."

"Peter!"

"Well, and why not? It was New Year's Eve—a celebration has to be complete. It's not her fault. She's young, twenty-seven—I'm fifty-three. I can't give her what she needs to make her happy—the thrill of imagination, of romance. It was vanity that made her marry me—nothing more! I

was a fool—" he stopped hoarsely. His hands with the old movement swept through his thinned hair, then suddenly crashed down on those of the woman bending so near, and his voice came, a broken, hopeless cry. "Oh Laura—Laura—what a miserable hash we've made of our lives." He stood up, awkwardly, and walked behind her chair, his hands clenched.

She swayed slightly, silent with the practiced control of years. Then her face went low. Her lips brushed the shaking hands that held hers. The tears that should have fallen for him at twenty-nine, fell slowly—desperately now. Her voice when she spoke was smothered under them.

"It's I who have messed our lives, Peter—I who made the mistake that can never be set right. I loved you when I let you go away twenty years ago. I want to tell you now—I may never have another chance. I was weak and proud and afraid to face issues as I should have faced them, by the side of the man I loved. But I've been punished—punished with all these years of loneliness, years of nothingness, Peter. Sometimes when I see you and Laura together, see her impatience and your unhappiness, the pain of it, knowing that I brought it on you—through pride



which was nothing more than cowardice,—it's more than I can bear! I who love you,—who will love you always. I've committed suicide, Peter, as surely as if I'd killed myself in this room twenty years ago. But my greatest punishment is that I've killed you, too. I'd give my life for your happiness—and it's too late. I want you to know—that will be in my soul when everything else is—ashes."

He reached down. His hands, wet as they touched her face, moved tenderly over the lowered head. She raised it and, though too dark to read her eyes, he knew they were supplicating.

"Forgive me, dear," she pleaded. "I can never forgive myself."

Silently he drew her from the chair, until she was in his arms. A tired, worn figure drooping against his breast, a woman spent like the rose mummified before it has bloomed.

The shadows deepened, descended on them, blotted out the old room, the tarnished frames with their stern canvases. Even the crystal of the chandeliers melted into nothingness. It was as if the walls themselves faded away. All that was substance, all that was material was gone. And in the stillness of a great understanding, they two were alone. Their souls were one.

THE eyes of the man in the chair before the fireplace came back with a start to the date of the newspaper he held. "Saturday, January 3, 1926." Back to their shadowed corners trooped the ghost actors of years that were gone. The man's gaze wandered to the reddening coals; to the young blonde woman in silken black who sat hunched forward prodding the warmth from them; to her suede-clad foot in its high heel and filmy stockings.

He sat quite still for a long moment, head fallen to his breast. Then his eyes wavered back to the item in the newspaper:

MISS CRITTENDEN DIES

Miss Laura Abner Crittenden, daughter of the late Colonel John Abner Crittenden, died suddenly yesterday at her home in Washington Square at the age of forty-nine. With her passes the last bearer of a distinguished name, the Abner Crittendens having been one of the few original Knickerbocker families. Although a beauty and belle of the early nineties, Miss Crittenden never married. She was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Colonial Dames, etc., etc. Her nearest surviving relative is Mrs. Peter Collins, wife of the millionaire inventor. Funeral services will be held at her late residence.

The man's eyes lifted from the sheet. "It doesn't seem possible," he repeated dazedly. "Why, only two days ago, we were here—in this room, talking—"

"I never knew Laura had heart trouble," broke in his wife with a little shudder. "Do let's go home, Peter. We've been here all day and we've got to come back tomorrow. This place gives me the woollies."

"You go (Continued on page 78)



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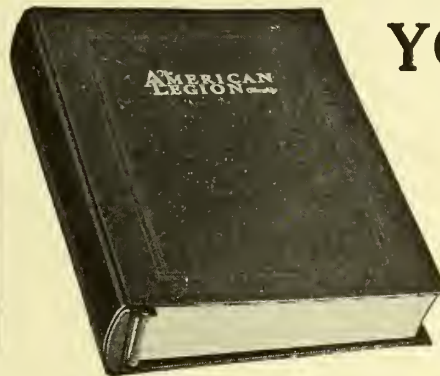
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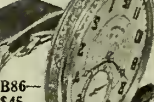
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The House on the Square

(Continued from page 77)

home," he said softly. "I want to stay."

The graceful form rose from the settee, the swish of silk like music round her.

"Poor Laura—poor old dear! What an empty, useless life! No one but me to give a darn whether she lived or died!" She went to a mirror, settled a transparent black hat faced delicately with white on her swirl of gold hair and studied the effect. "I'll probably have to wear mourning for a couple of months, at least. It's inconvenient—coming at this season. But I suppose I must. Poor old Laura!"

She sighed. Her light step gave no sound as she disappeared into the hall.

Peter Collins got slowly to his feet. Up the stairs he made his way and into the room overhead where a tired white face lay still. He stood looking down on it.

Suddenly it seemed suffused with light, strange compelling. A light struggling to him through shadows, dispelling barriers, filling space, dissipating limitations as if they had never been. No longer had he any sense of the house on the Square. They two were alone once more. But somehow he knew now that the moment when he had held her in forgiveness, in communion, in understanding,—that moment would endure through eternity.

Keep Looking and You'll See Him

(Continued from page 39)

sensation when its body was exhibited at Jones and Brown's store.

It is time for that sort of thing to stop, and it is time for thoughtful Americans to put a stop to it.

The American eagle deserves well of us. He has helped in no small measure to make the national spirit of America what it is today. He helped to win the World War. On thousands of posters, displayed in every town and village of the United States, he typified the might of embattled America, and if any man had torn or defaced one of those poster eagles, some true American would have driven his fist into the traitor's face.

We have made use of the American eagle as a symbol of our national greatness. His warlike beauty, his strength, his swiftness, his superb and dauntless bearing have become a national legend and have helped to stimulate our national morale. He has created an image in our minds which has inspired thousands of Americans to deeds of valor and in every war that we have fought has helped us on to victory. Surely we Americans owe him a debt which cannot be neglected; and surely, of all the wild creatures of our American woods and waters, the American eagle, emblem of our country, is most deserving of our protection.

There is no good reason why we should not protect him. Unlike the golden eagle, which in some parts of the country is a menace to young stock, the bald eagle does practically no injury to man. Always most abundant about bodies of water, he subsists mainly upon fish seldom used for human consumption.

It is true that in a few isolated regions he has been known to prey occasionally upon lambs and pigs. It is true that he kills a considerable number of coots and some wild ducks, though most of the latter are wounded birds. In Alaska, where the bald eagle is abundant, he is said to prey upon the

salmon, which the canning interests seem to regard as their exclusive property.

So much for his economic status. It was Benjamin Franklin, generally a model of common sense, who first criticized on moral grounds the selection of the bald eagle as our national bird, declaring that the turkey would have been a more appropriate emblem! If Franklin could picture a pompous gobbler inspiring American youth to deeds of heroism as it perched above the Stars and Stripes, he had a livelier imagination than most of us.

As for the bald eagle's moral character, it is a fact that he often deprives the osprey or fish hawk of his booty; but throughout the whole realm of nature it is ordained that the reward of strength shall be mastery, and the bald eagle, like all of nature's wild things, lives and must live in accord with nature's law. It is true also that the bald eagle sometimes feeds upon meat too gamey to be attractive to the average civilized human being, but in this respect he differs from civilized man only in degree. And when Franklin called the bald eagle a coward because he had seen the tiny kingbird attack the eagle with impunity, he had evidently forgotten what the average man is likely to do when he is attacked by a wasp or hornet. The eagle, like all the other big birds of prey, is often annoyed by smaller birds of various kinds which know that they are safe because of their small size and superior agility. Frequently, on such occasions, the eagle will rid himself of his tormentors by leaving his perch and flying away; but to call him a coward on that account is no more logical than to declare that a man who runs away from an angry wasp is a coward.

The fact is that the American eagle is exactly what his looks proclaim him—a bird whose courage is worthy of his majesty and strength. He is not the utterly fearless creature that legend pic-

tures. If he were, he would long ago have ceased to exist. He has intelligence as well as courage, and he knows when he is hopelessly overmatched.

Among the poets, none has expressed the eagle so well as Tennyson in a famous "fragment" often quoted and never to be forgotten:

He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

That is the eagle not only of legend but of reality, an accurate and inspiring picture. In the legendary lore, however, which has grown up about the King of Birds, imagination has played a certain part.

Probably even in legend his marvelous power of vision has not been exaggerated. Those fierce and haughty eyes, gleaming so sternly under their overhanging brows, are in truth as keen as they look and are able to pick out small objects at an incredible distance; but whether it is true that the eagle alone among mortal creatures is able to gaze directly at the noonday sun is a question which science has not yet determined, though all birds have a third inner eyelid, a delicate translucent curtain which they are able to draw at will across their eyes.

In one respect legend has magnified the eagle's powers and has done him serious injury. There is no known basis for the widespread myth, quite generally believed, about the eagle's habit of carrying off small children. It is perfectly safe to say that all the stories of American eagles kidnapping babies are products of the imagination.

Aside from legend, there are various popular misconceptions about eagles in general and about the bald or American eagle in particular. It will be surprising to most people, perhaps, to learn that the female eagle is always larger than the male, though there is reason to believe that the male is the bolder. Even more surprising is the fact that the largest American eagles are not the white-headed, white-tailed adults but immature birds of the second or third year, generally known as gray eagles. It was the famous naturalist Audubon who, mistaking the gray eagle for a distinct species, named it the "Bird of Washington" in honor of the great man "who was the saviour of his country." Nor does the American eagle commonly nest on crags, as is generally supposed, though

in craggy regions beside the sea he may use some lofty cliff as a lookout point.

His home is a castle indeed. It is built of sticks, some of them five feet or more in length and almost as thick as a man's wrist, sods, weeds, grass, moss, bark, pine tops, stalks and branches of various kinds. The eagles, which are believed to be mated for life and which probably live to a great age if no accident befalls them, return to the same nest year after year and add new material to the structure each season, so that ultimately it attains an immense size. Nests six or seven feet in height and six feet wide are not uncommon, and there is a record of one nest in Ohio, occupied for at least thirty-four years, which is twelve feet tall and eight and a half feet across the top. In a shallow depression at the top of the nest

the female deposits two, occasionally three, great white eggs; and when the eaglets make their appearance, both parent birds work diligently and faithfully to satisfy the voracious appetites of their offspring.

There have been many cases in which bald eagles have defended their nest and young with dauntless

bravery, while a wounded eagle, wing-broken and brought to bay upon the ground, will fight to the last with furious resolution against odds which might well chill the spirit of the bravest man that ever lived.

To give a detailed account of the life and habits of the American eagle would require more space than is available here. This article is designed to open the way to a better acquaintance with a splendid bird too little known in life to the people of this nation, whose emblem he is; and, above all, to impress upon every American who may chance to read it the desirability of making the American eagle in fact as well as in theory our national bird, a bird to be guarded and fostered.

Protective laws are less effective than sentiment. In most of the States of the Union the eagle is now supposed to be protected by law. What we need is a national feeling about the American eagle which will make the wanton killing of eagles a thing to be ashamed of. Unless this feeling is created, this superb bird will continue to diminish in numbers and may ultimately even go the way of the bison.

Surely, among the men of The American Legion, the American eagle—symbol of America's might and freedom—should find a host of staunch and stalwart friends.



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The Powder-Stained 70's

(Continued from page 21)

ever ride a bronco?" His tone showed he expected me to say no.

"Yes, sir. I have broken broncos?"

"Broken broncos?" said Mr. Williams, in a tone of mild surprise. "Who for?"

"For Colonel Cunningham, sir."

Colonel Cunningham was an ex-Confederate officer and a fine old gentleman. He had a contract to supply cavalry horses to the Government. To have broken broncos for Colonel Cunningham was a feather in any man's cap. But was I telling the truth?

"All right," he said. "We will give you a trial in the morning."

During the night the herd was moved two or three miles off of the trail, because the Indians had been troublesome. One or two boys kept watch, while the rest of us slept on the prairie. In the morning Bill Lamb, the straw boss, led out a rangy roan horse. He had been saddled with difficulty.

"Here you are," said Mr. Williams. "See what you can do."

The whole outfit gathered around, laughing and joshing and giving me advice. Bill Lamb held the roan by the cheek piece. "Try your cinch," he said, "and be sure your foot is in the stirrup before you get on. If it isn't he'll throw you the first jump."

Bill meant this in a helpful way. He was not guying me like the rest.

But I had a plan of my own. I took the horse by the cheek piece with my left hand. In my right hand I held the reins and the saddle horn. I told Bill to let go. Bill turned loose and backed quickly out of range. I vaulted into the saddle without putting my foot in the stirrup, trusting to luck to land my feet there when I hit the saddle. This was not trusting to luck altogether, because I was pretty good at mounting that way—and I may say that it was reckoned as no great feat. My feet hit the stirrups and I was firmly seated before the roan knew what was up. I had borrowed a pair of spurs and a quirt. I gave him the spurs and a cut with the quirt and gave him rein. A horse won't buck if you hold his head up, and I was prepared for this one to buck and have it over with. I was tolerably sure of myself as a rider and the guying of the bunch had not weakened my determination to show them a thing or two.

The roan put a bow in his back, let

out a bawl and rose straight in the air. He came down with his four feet so close together that the hoof-prints must have touched. Up and down he went, traveling in a jagged semi-circle for about three hundred yards, but four times that far counting the ups and downs. I heard Bill tell a couple of the boys to be ready to help if I got in trouble. But I was never in trouble for an instant. This may sound like boasting, but I don't ever recall riding a bucking horse and having such good luck as I did that day. It was like sitting in a rocking chair in somebody's parlor.

Well, after my roan had bucked for

about three hundred yards he started to run. I gave him the spurs and the quirt. The boys followed me up, hollering, "Stay with him, kid!" Over the prairie we went like the wind for about five miles, when the horses slowed down to a walk. Mine was lathered with sweat. I turned him around and rode him back and set him on his



hindquarters before the boss.

"Young man," he said, "as long as I have a bunch of cattle you can punch cows for me."

You can talk about your grand and glorious feelings. . . .

I stayed with Mr. Williams for a month, collected my wages and went to Jacksboro, where I ran into Burro Brown, division manager for the Ben Picklin Stage Line. "You are just the man I am looking for," said Burro. "Bill Hotchkiss turned the stage over last night and hurt some of the passengers. I had to let him out." So I began driving stage again, between Jacksboro and Fort Concho. A trooper of the Tenth (colored) Cavalry always rode with me as a protection against Indians or highwaymen.

I never met any highwaymen or hostile Indians during this or any other tour at stage driving, excepting only once. That was an Indian attack on the Ben Picklin line, but it did not amount to anything. About ten Indians rode down on us and began shooting. They only wanted our horses, however, so of course they did not shoot the leaders as they generally did the first thing in a raid. They did not shoot at me either, or at any of the passengers, because that would not have stopped the horses. They simply tried to upset

us by shooting the spokes out of the wheels. They did shoot enough of them out to make us wobble a bit, but after the trooper and some of the passengers had picked three or four of the marauders off of their horses they gave it up for a bad job and galloped away.

Ben Picklin, who owned the stage line, was a great character. After a hundred close shaves with death in the West he died in the New Willard Hotel in Washington from the effects of swallowing a fish bone.

On one of my trips to Concho a man got on the seat with me. He smelled so bad they probably would not have let him ride inside. You would have taken him for a sheep man forty rods off against a high wind. There was something about his unshaven face which was faintly familiar. I knew a lot of sheep men but I could not place this fellow. I studied him out of the corner of my eye. We had that habit in those days. It was best to size up a stranger, and try to calculate what to expect of him in case any shooting started. Every Western gunman was a character reader, more or less, and started reading a stranger as soon as he saw him. It was instinctive. A man's eyes told you most, but you could get a good deal from watching the workings of his mouth and his tone of voice. Many a man went up to Wild Bill Hickok determined to kill him, but revised his plans after one look into those steely gray eyes.

I finally placed my passenger. "Well, Montezuma," I said. "When did you take up sheep raising?"

However greatly the gambler may have been surprised at the penetration of his disguise, he merely asked politely where I had seen him before. I told him I had sat in a game with him just after the arrival of the first railroad train at Denison.

"I guess I neglected a little formality," he said. "Here is a hundred dollars. I have a little piece of business in prospect at San Angelo and don't want you to give me away."

He told me he was after two professional gamblers named Frank and Charley. I said it was all right with me and that I didn't need his hundred dollars now.

At San Angelo my sheep herder headed for Bill Veck's saloon. Mr. Veck started the city of San Angelo with an army hospital tent, a barrel of whiskey and a stock of clothing and tobacco. He put up a sign which read, "General Merchandise, Pizen and Terbacher." By this time, however, he had a fancy saloon, gambling house and billiard hall. Montezuma sat down at a table. "Mr. Barkeeper," he said, "will you kindly bring me a drink of pretty good whiskey?" To pay for the same he pulled out a roll as large as your arm. He asked for a deck of cards and began playing solitaire. The news spread that there was a flush sheep man at Bill Veck's fooling with a pack of cards.

It was not long before three lesser lights of the local sporting fraternity

were seated at an adjoining table playing seven up for the drinks. Presently they invited the lonesome sheep herder to join in. "Dad blame my ram's horn," said the stranger, "I don't care if I do." The mild game proceeded and by and by one of the tin horns remarked, "Say, Jack, I sure hold a whacking poker hand here. Look at that layout, will you?"

The cards continued to run so poker-wise that it seemed a shame to waste such hands on seven up. Did the stranger ever play poker? "Wall, now, dad blame my trotters I do sometimes in a friendly way, say ten cent ante, or even a little higher if the keerds run just right, and just to fool time I'll risk this here five dollar bill."

"All right, you boys start the game," said one of the tin horns, "while I go out and rustle a five."

He went out to tip off Charley and Frank, the king bees of the San Angelo sports.

Pretty soon Charley and Frank sauntered in. Montezuma's make-up was perfect. He had smeared himself with sheep dust from head to foot, and had rubbed it in his hair. His long, dexterous fingers were grimy with it, and, as he had privately exhibited to me, he carried a bag in each coat pocket to render the flavor of his person more convincing. By and by Charley and Frank sat down and another tin horn dropped out. That made three professionals against the supposed sheep man. A crowd began to gather to see the sucker trimmed.

The bets mounted and pretty soon there sometimes would be as much as a hundred dollars in a pot. The sheep man would win now and then, but on the whole he was going down hill. As he afterwards told me, he spent five or six hours studying every factor of the situation. Frank and Charley had introduced a pack of "readers"—a marked deck, that is. But the sheep herder held his cards so clumsily in the palm of his hand that he obscured these markings from his opponents. Montezuma kept his broad hat pulled well over his eyes, to conceal his countenance, and above all the penetrating glances by which he took in every detail of every play. When Montezuma had everything figured out to his satisfaction his long finger nails began to get in their cunning work of nicking the aces, kings, queens, jacks and ten spots. These private marks of the sheep man were not visible to the eye, but were placed so that Montezuma could read them by touch as he dealt. He knew every card above a ten spot held by his fellow players. Those below ten did not figure in his calculations. While all this was going on he had kept up a running fire of bucolic tomfoolery which had the spectators rolling in laughter.

"Wall, now, podner, being as I ain't busted, you remind me of the lambs a buttin' the old ewe's bag to let down her milk, and by the old ram's horn, I'll just nachully call you, milk or no milk."

The game lasted two days and nights. Army officers from Fort Concho, across the river, and (Continued on page 82)



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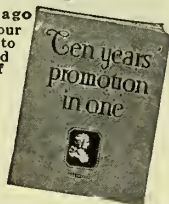
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The Powder-Stained 70's

(Continued from page 81)

sports from Ben Picklin, a stage station down the line, came to watch it. The sheep man's luck seemed a miracle. Finally Frank and Charley were touching Bill Veck for a thousand dollars a throw to keep in the game. The game ended when Bill refused to pass any more money across the bar. The sheep herder rose, groggy with fatigue. He tossed a hundred dollars on the bar and said if that was not enough to buy drinks for the house to call on him for more.

Two or three days later I was in Bill Veck's again, and Charley and Frank were there discussing the recent experience. "I can't make it out," said Charley. "Why, the damn fellow smelled like a sheep. Did you notice under his finger nails? And he didn't have a pair of socks on his feet."

"Did you ever hear of a fellow named Montezuma?" I asked.

Charley faced me abruptly. "Was that fellow Montezuma?"

"His Royal Nibs himself," said I. "I brought him in on my buckboard."

"By the great Scott, why didn't you pass the tip?"

"Charley," said I, "it was you, Frank and Montezuma—all three of you oldtime experts, as I happen to know. Why should an outsider meddle in?"

Charley and Frank shrugged their shoulders. They had lost \$25,000 apiece. Live and learn.

Speaking of character reading as a means of self protection, it must be borne in mind, of course, that it simply

was an auxiliary to the basic asset of handiness with a gun. Character study, as an academic pursuit, could be carried too far. They tell a story of a resident of Deadwood called Three e-Finger Pete.

"How did you lose them digits, Three Finger?"

"Well, you know me. Kind of thoughtful like. Always careful to study things out."

"Yes, but what has that to do with them fingers?"

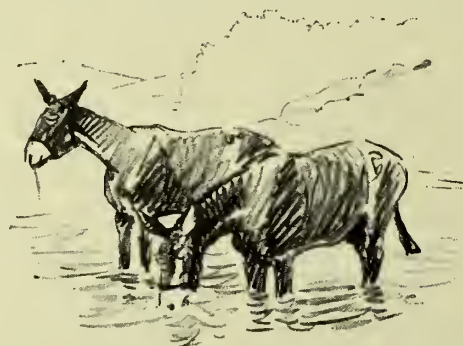
"Well, once I studied a leetle too long."

Handiness with a gun meant quick and sure shooting. These qualifications were one. It made little difference how sure a shot a man was if the other fellow shot first, or how quick he was if he missed his mark. Nearly all shooting was from the hip. There seldom was time to bring the piece on level with the eye. All good shots "fanned the ham-

mer," as the saying was. This was the quickest way to shoot, but it was difficult, and accuracy required endless practice. Fanning the hammer consisted simply of raising the hammer with the thumb and letting it go. Triggers were never used. The first thing a man did when he got a new gun was to take the mechanism apart and file the "dog" so the hammer would not stay cocked. Ben Thompson, a San Antonio gambler and killer, could fan the hammer so fast that the bullets would follow each other like shots from a modern automatic.

Ben was as quick on the draw as any man I ever saw in action except Wild Bill Hickok, who generally is credited as the quickest of them all, and I think he is entitled to the distinction. Bill killed only in self defense, or as a peace officer, and he would give the worst desperado his chance to draw. Ben gave his victims no show. He was a cruel, cold-blooded killer like Tom Horne or Billy the Kid, and like Billy the Kid I fancy he was a coward at heart. A man's nerve cannot be judged by the notches on his gun. Billy the Kid killed twenty men before he was twenty-one years old and Sheriff Pat Garrett stopped his career. It was easier to shoot a man in the back than to walk up to him and face him as Hickok used to do. I cannot understand the aura of romance which surrounds a rat like Billy the Kid, whom, if it is of any interest, I knew as a tow-headed boy in Silver City, New Mexico. I used to buy him candy before he was old enough to chew tobacco.

Tom Horne was a packer and scout with me on the Geronimo campaign in the eighties. Then he hired out to some cattle men to take care of nesters—settlers—who wanted to plow up the ranges and who declined to take a



friendly hint and pull out. Whenever he killed one of them he put a rock under his head. That was Tom Horne's brand. Finally he killed a cattleman's son by mistake and was hanged in Cheyenne for that piece of carelessness with firearms.

But to illustrate how fast Ben Thompson could draw and shoot.

Ben had a falling out with Jack Harris, a San Antonio saloon keeper, and started to Jack's place to make trouble. Jack got wind of it and was waiting behind the bar with a sawed-off shot gun. As Ben passed the front of the saloon he happened to glance through a chink in a Venetian screen that was just in-

side the door and saw Jack with his gun. Ben whipped out his pistol. His thumb flicked the hammer twice, a neat hole was made in the screen and Jack doubled up on the floor with two shots in his heart. Those two shots could not have been fired more than a half a second apart.

A short time after that Ben and King Fisher, a killer from Laredo, started for Harris's to kill the gambler who ran the tables for the late proprietor. But this got out, too, and a delegation of peace officers was waiting for them. The two gunmen mounted the stairs which led to the gambling rooms and as they opened the door, officers blew the tops of their heads off from ambush. When Ben fell he had both of his guns in his hands. He had drawn them instinctively in the fraction of a second of life which was left to him after he had been hit. That is the most remarkable draw I can recall, except that which is credited to Wild Bill Hickok when he died at the hands of Jack McCall.

I am surprised to notice that writers place Wild Bill's killings at only forty-odd. Offhand I should say that he killed twice that many men. I have seen him kill eight or ten in the course of my intermittent meetings with him from the year 1868 to 1876.

In '68 I was on a cattle drive from Texas to the Kansas City market. We stopped at Abilene for a few days to let the stock graze. Bill was city marshal of Abilene and Mike Williams was his deputy. The main centers of recreation were the Alamo and Novelty Saloons, which were across the street from each other. The cowboys had been getting drunk and making themselves a good deal of a nuisance. Bill spoke about it to the boss, who promised to keep his men in hand. Everything was all right until the next evening when a puncher named Bill Cole got liquored up and fired a shot into the sidewalk in front of the Alamo.

Hickok and Williams were across the street in the Novelty. Bill started over to see what the shooting was about, telling his deputy to stay where he was. Bill entered the Alamo through the back door and asked Dunbar, the proprietor, who did the shooting.

"I did the shooting!" yelled Cole, blazing away at Hickok. The shot grazed his side.

With a movement which no eye could follow Bill's hands dropped to his sides, there was one report and the cow puncher fell with two bullets through his belly.

At that moment another figure dashed through the front door with a gun in each hand. Without an instant's hesitation Bill switched the muzzles of his guns in that direction, fanned the hammers and the newcomer dropped. Bill glanced over the form of the dead cowboy to see who else he had killed. He gave a quick cry. Mike Williams, his deputy, lay on the floor. Bill lifted Mike's body up and laid it out on a card table, crying like a child, "I've killed my best friend!"

Hickok was blameless in Williams's

death, of course. Williams had been instructed to remain across the street. All Bill had had time to take in was the figure of a man with two guns in his hands, tearing through the door. He naturally concluded it to be a friend of the cowboy he had just slain.

Wild Bill spent the rest of the night pacing up and down the middle of the main street looking for Texas cow men. But we were all in camp, where we took pains to remain until the drive was resumed to Kansas City.

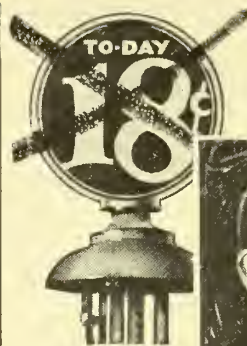
A favorite practice shot of Wild Bill's was to stand between two telegraph poles and spread his guns from the hips simultaneously, in opposite directions, hitting both poles.

I saw him use that shooting principle on two men in Abilene. The night before he had won a little money playing cards, and although Bill was as square as a die, two of the losers claimed he had cheated and that they were going to get him. The next day Bill was walking around town as usual. He found the two card players standing on the railroad station platform. Bill was across the street, seventy or seventy-five feet away. He just stood there, waiting for the others to make the first move. The two men could not stand to be faced down that way, so as if on a given signal they started to pull at the same moment. Bill's guns were in his hands in a second. There was one report, but both men dropped, mortally wounded. Like any other experienced gunman, Bill always shot for the stomach.

Wild Bill pacified three of the worst killing stations in the West—Abilene, Hays City and Dodge City, Kansas. The men he killed formed but a fraction of the number of lives he saved by discouraging the practice of homicide as an every-day occupation. Bill killed only as an emergency measure. When a word of warning failed to break up a row he used to crack the disturbers over the head with the butt of his revolvers. He did this to a little sawed-off Irishman in Mike Coffee's place in Hays City and the Irishman planned revenge. He waited for Bill in an alley outside. When Bill passed the alley the Irishman stepped out, shoved a gun against the marshal's stomach and began to curse him. Bill calmly glanced over the man's shoulder and said in an importuning tone, "Give the man a chance for his life. Don't stick a knife in his back." The Irishman turned to meet the supposed attack from behind and Bill shot him dead.

The moral of this incident was, when you draw a gun use it.

Wild Bill Hickok's name was a misnomer. His real name was James Butler Hickok and there was nothing wild or boisterous about him. He was as mild-mannered and soft-spoken as you please, and always scrupulously well dressed. The conventional get-up of a western dandy—ornamented buckskin coat, and the like—was not for Bill. His clothes were on an eastern pattern, and in the height of fashion. He was six feet, two (Continued on page 84)



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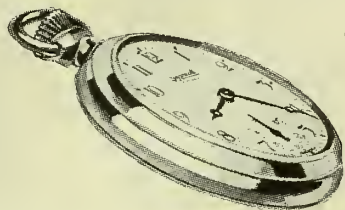
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The Powder-Stained 70's

(Continued from page 83)

inches tall, and his long, golden hair was the only mark of the plains about him. He had the handsomest head of hair I ever saw on a man. It was as fine as corn silk. Some of us used to call him Golden-Haired Bill, and I know he liked it. I think Buffalo Bill secretly envied Wild Bill his hair, but the two men were great friends. In the West long hair was not a mark of dandyism especially. Scouts let their locks grow as a protection against the sun, and to show that they weren't afraid of the Indians. Indians had a contempt for short-haired men, thinking they clipped their heads to make their scalps more difficult to lift.

I never saw Wild Bill take a drink. Incidentally I never saw Jim Bridger take one either—a fact which I mention because a motion picture called "The Covered Wagon" has depicted him to thousands of Americans as a little, shriveled up sot. James Bridger, scout, trader and plainsman, was six feet tall and a Virginia gentleman.

Wild Bill Hickok got his name from a remark he made about his fight with the McCanles gang during the Civil War. Bill was a Union cavalry scout, and McCanles was a horse-thief and general desperado. Ten of the gang surrounded Bill when he was calling on a widow in a cabin in southern Nebraska. Bill had only one revolver. In the cabin there was a rifle and a knife. Bill used them both. The details of the fight are not known, but Bill beat off the gang, killing most of them—all ten, according to some accounts. Bill himself received more than twenty wounds. Asked how he did it Bill said, "I'll swear I don't know. I kind of went wild." From then on he was Wild Bill.

Wild Bill's end came at Deadwood in 1876. He was playing cards, sitting with his back to a door—something he never had been known to do before. Jack McCall opened the door, and, unnoticed by anyone, shot Bill through the head. Bill collapsed on the table, dead on the instant, but when they picked him up it is said that he had both of his guns in his hands. That draw is more remarkable than that of Ben Thompson, in Texas. Ben was shot without warning, but he was looking for trouble at the time, and his mind was on his guns. Bill was among friends, feeling so secure that he had neglected his usual precaution of sitting with his back to a wall. Bill Hickok's guns were an extension of his subconscious self. There was something almost preternatural about it, which explains why he lived as long as he did.

Plainsmen did not work in those fancy rigs they wore when they had their pictures taken, or, in later years, when they began to be lured into the show business.

Frank Bennett, who scouted for us during the Loco outbreak in New Mexico in 1882, dressed a good deal like an Indian—not as a measure of disguise, but because that was the most comfortable way to go. He wore a loose-fitting calico shirt, and a breech-clout, or G string, as we called it, about his loins. On his feet were Apache moccasins, a sort of boot which could be pulled up to the knee. He carried extra soles, and when one wore out he sat down and stitched on another. Around his waist was a cartridge belt, and a butcher knife and scabbard fastened onto it.

About his head was wound a white band—a scout's mark of identification. He carried a rifle and went on foot.

All of the other famous scouts I knew—California Joe, Bill Cody, Buffalo Billy Comstock, Jack Crawford, Ben Clark, Big Bat Pourier, Bat Garnier, Billy Hunter, Jim Longwell and a dozen more—dressed about like the ordinary plainsman; a calico shirt, corduroy or worsted pants, skin cap or broad hat and boots. They went mounted—not on mustangs or chargers as all fiction and some histories have it, but

on the good old Missouri mule, one of which would outlast four horses.

A wonderful esprit de corps existed among scouts. They considered themselves the élite of a command, as their successors, the aviators, do now. When off duty they were nearly always great on show. There never was a greater dandy than Bill Cody. When the old West passed he found a congenial atmosphere in the circus. General Sheridan and Elmer Judson, who wrote dime novels under the name of Ned Buntline, made Buffalo Bill known to fame. But for two incidents his name, which has become a trademark of the West, probably would not have been as well known today as those of perhaps twenty other frontier characters any old timer could call to mind.

When Duke Alexis of Russia toured the West in 1871, General Sheridan selected Cody to be the visitor's guide and bodyguard. Later on when Mr. Judson was touring the West he picked out Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok as the two Westerners who were most likely to charm the East, and who would consent to go East and go on the stage. He took them East and put them on exhibition, and began making them the heroes of his blood-and-thunder stories. Buffalo Bill liked the life and stuck with



it, but it was too thin brew for Wild Bill. Cody got his colonel's title years later in the Nebraska National Guard.

In the course of fifty-seven years of association with the Army, in service which was almost continuous, most of my campaigning has been against Indians. Contrary to the general impression which is conveyed by history, I consider the red men as a thoroughly honorable race.

The Indian is not treacherous by nature. I never knew an Indian to break a promise. A white man was as safe in a hostile Indian camp under a flag of truce as he would have been in his home. It is to be regretted that Indians who came to us under a flag were not always treated with like courtesy.

Of all the tribes, the fiercest and most remarkably led were the Chiricahua Apaches of Geronimo's band. They held out and fought after all of their brothers in arms had been subdued. The Apache was a fighter by instinct, but he would not shoot a man in the back. Who ever heard of a white man being finicky about shooting an Indian in the back?

I hope you will pardon a personal incident.

In March of 1886 a detachment of scouts finally tracked Geronimo down in the barren mountains of Sonora, Mexico. We had crossed the line by permission of the Mexican Government. Captain Emmett Crawford, Third Cavalry—one of the finest soldiers I ever knew—was in command. I had charge of the pack train. The chase was pressed for weeks, with scarcely an hour's respite, in the most difficult country to get about in that can be imagined. Captain Crawford was shot in the head during one of the skirmishes. I carried him on a travois for six days before he died, and five days after, and buried him at Nacori, Sonora, Mexico.

Finally the Chiricahua Apaches, who had fought for thirty years, found themselves at the end of their rope. Geronimo began overtures for surrender, and it was arranged that both parties—the United States scouts and the hostile Apaches—should repair to the Canyon de Los Embudos, and General Crook should come down from Fort Bowie, in Arizona,

to arrange with Geronimo the terms of capitulation.

We were encamped in this tropical valley, and Geronimo and a few of his men were in our camp awaiting the arrival of General Crook. Attached to our command was an Indian scout named Dutchy, with whom I was not on very friendly terms. Dutchy went to Geronimo with a story, the details of which are neither here nor there. Geronimo lost his head and decided to kill me.

I was standing in front of the cook fire whittling a stick, when I happened to look up and see Geronimo and two followers approaching. All three had rifles. I felt with my elbow for my revolver, and found that it had slipped rather far back on my hip. I did not want to be seen adjusting it, as Geronimo would have had a perfect right to have taken that for a hostile move and commenced firing.

So I kept on whittling and with my elbow began to nudge my gun into position. Geronimo continued to approach, circling to my left rear, but I did not turn around. I knew he would not shoot unless I faced him and he knew I knew it. Finally Geronimo stopped about ten feet to my left and slammed the butt of his rifle on the ground, in an endeavor to startle me into turning around. I had worked my gun around in position for a quick draw. But I kept on whittling, as if nothing had happened, though Geronimo knew perfectly well that I was aware of his presence. A white man might possibly have been in doubt, but an Indian, never.

Geronimo stood there for a moment and with a grunt of dissatisfaction turned and stalked away. If I had turned to face him there would have been trouble, which to say the least would have been an odd prelude to a peace conference.

Later, directly after his surrender to General Crook, Geronimo came to me.

"Mule captain," he said, "you pretty good white man. All the same Chiricahua."

What he intended to convey was a compliment which I have never been ashamed of.

"Death to the Traitor!"

Clack—Clack—Clack came the sound of the watchman's stick. Something held Anne's heart still. Then came his voice, "Thr-e-e o'clock in the morning, and a traitor has been caught! God bless the King—and death to all traitors!" Anne knew it was David. "Dear God——" But let the inspired pen of Curwood tell you what happened—you will be enthralled by—



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It Takes Two to Make a Polo Player

(Continued from page 47)

with civilian teams very clearly show what discipline and practice and organization will do in building up a team.

In the cartoon referred to, Mr. Bennett is mounted on a farcical pony, but there is a good deal of truth in the idea as there is in all good cartoons. Take the case of T. A. Havemeyer, Jr., at the old Country Club of Westchester. Mr. Havemeyer is a very tall man. It is a regret that he has given up polo, for he was a fine performer, and one has a very vivid recollection of the way in which he used to play with his feet out of the stirrup irons dangling alongside his pony.

Lawrence Waterbury used to play a little bay pony called Stumpy. When he twisted Stumpy around on a space not much larger than the proverbial dime it is quite likely that his stirrup iron touched the ground, Stumpy being so small and careening over at such an angle.

The method of the divisions of the game has been changed since those early days. At the beginning there used to be fifteen periods of fifteen minutes each, with players changing their ponies as often as they liked between goals. Now they play eight periods, or chukkers as they are called, (Continued on page 86)



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It Takes Two to Make a Polo Player

(Continued from page 85)

each of seven and one-half minutes and if the player changes his pony during the playing period he does it at his own risk. In the very beginning the ball used to be put in the middle of the field and two selected players from either team used to charge for it. This has been changed and now the ball is thrown in from the center of the field between the two teams lined up.

The layout of the grounds and the method of play have changed not at all so far as the elemental things are concerned, and these are the things which interest the public most.

It would take an infinite amount of space to write of all the heroines of the polo grounds. There would be more heroines than heroes, because on the list of the greatest the ladies predominate. The part that all fine ponies play in the game cannot be estimated. It is easy

enough for anyone to make the casual remark that ponies are at least fifty percent of the game. They are more than that, because if you can't get to the ball you can't hit it, and if you are fighting a pony you have little left for the work in hand. There have been many ponies who were almost perfection. Perhaps the greatest of them all was Harry Whitney's Cottontail.

Then there is Mr. Sanford's mare Beatrice, one of the greatest ponies ever to play the game. She is a great big rangy mare of the most placid disposition. And her story very rightly belongs in the pages of an American Legion magazine. For she went through the war as an officer's charger and after the war she has been going on her high way, a most perfect animal, ready at all times to give her best, to take bumps—and never does her great heart falter.

Then and Now

(Continued from page 55)

the identification which is here offered by Mr. Smith.

ANOTHER case in which more definite information was received is that of Lieutenant Ralph W. Lane, Company B, 101st Infantry, 26th Division, reported killed on October 24 or 25, 1918. Thomas A. Wilkinson of Lynn, Massachusetts, formerly sergeant major of the 1st Battalion, 101st Infantry, writes:

"In answer to your request for information regarding the location of the grave of Second Lieutenant Ralph W. Lane, would say that he is buried in rear of the Molleville farmhouse in the Argonne. I was with Lieutenant Lane when he was killed. I took his watch and overseas cap, which were all that was left of his belongings, and returned them to his father in Danvers, Massachusetts.

"Battalion headquarters was located at the entrance to the Molleville Farm just off the Samogneux road. Lieutenant Lane's grave is about ten feet to the left of the farmhouse, on entering the valley. There is a dog tag and a slip of paper, his identification, put in an empty bottle and stuck at the top of the grave. He was killed October 24th and buried the same day."

REUNIONS of the war-time outfits increase in number each year. The old gangs want to get together and tell each other who won the war. A number of the reunions this year will be held in conjunction with the National Convention of the Legion in Philadelphia, Oc-

tober 11th-15th, as the following list shows:

8TH CO., 5TH INF. O. T. S., CAMP LEE—Former members interested in reunion during Legion National Convention in Philadelphia, Oct. 11-15, address Milton M. Parker, care U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

24TH CO., 5TH BN., O. T. S., CAMP LEE—Former members interested in reunion during Legion National Convention in Philadelphia, Oct. 11-15, address E. C. Bollinger, 318 N. Fourth St., Apollo, Pa.

29TH DIV.—Former members attending Legion National Convention in Philadelphia, Oct. 11-15, are invited to reunion banquet of Co. B, 104th Eng. Assn., in Camden, N. J., Oct. 12. Address Clifford J. Shemeley, 926 Spruce St., Camden.

VET. CORPS.—All former members attending Legion National Convention in Philadelphia are invited to attend smoker at Vet. School, University of Pennsylvania, Oct. 12, 8 p. m.

CO. C, 305TH INF., 77TH DIV.—To complete roster, write Fred L. Gunther, Room 745, 42 Broadway, New York City.

23D ENGINEERS—Reunion at Philadelphia during Legion convention, Oct. 11-15. Address Dr. John A. Farrell, 212 West Gay St., West Chester, Pa.

808TH PIONEER INF.—Reunion of officers, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Oct. 16. Address Ralph Abington, Standard Accident Ins. Co., 110 William St., New York.

YEOMEN (F)—Reunion of all girls who served in Naval Reserve Force at Philadelphia, during Legion Convention, Oct. 11-15. Address Margaret R. Wellbank, 2548 W. Diamond St., Philadelphia.

SECOND DIV.—Reunion at Philadelphia during Legion convention, Oct. 11-15. Registration booth will be opened and reunion details announced during convention sessions.

BASE HOSP. 61—Former members interested in proposed reunion at Philadelphia during Legion convention, Oct. 11-15, address Margaret F. Johnston, 224 Bloomfield Ave., Passaic, N. J. Headquarters will be with New Jersey delegation at Philadelphia.

BASE HOSP. UNIT, Camp Lee, Va.—Reunion at Philadelphia during Legion National Convention, Oct. 11-15. Address Henry M. Baker, 160 N. 60th St., Philadelphia.

ORDNANCE DET., Sandy Hook Proving Ground—Men formerly of this outfit interested in reunion at Philadelphia during Legion National Convention write J. W. Kreuzer, New Richland, Minn.

U. S. ARMY AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION—Annual reunion in Philadelphia during Legion National Convention. Address Wilbur P. Hunter, 5315 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE COMPANY CLERK

Keeping Step

(Continued from page 54)

R. McQuigg from Aristide Briand, Minister of Foreign Affairs for France, and jointly from the Semaine du Combattants, a French veterans' organization and the Committee d'Entente, a central committee composed of representatives of all the French veterans' societies.

The cablegrams were sent when it became known that certain doubts as to the attitude of the French had been raised in this country due to unofficial and entirely spontaneous demonstrations in Paris during July.

Nothing could be more reassuring than the statements made by the French veterans and the French government. The French veterans cabled:

"The Committee d'Entente and the Semaine du Combattants, representing more than 2,000,000 veterans and victims of the war, formally deny the rumors tending to create the impression that the French do not wish the convention of The American Legion to be held in Paris in 1927. On the contrary French veterans rejoice to have this opportunity to show their American comrades that for them lasting comradeship and brotherly love remain always above material consideration. We wish to assure you that more than ever the members of The American Legion will be received with sincere cordiality and great enthusiasm by their French comrades and the entire French people. Recent incidents during the passage through Paris of Americans have been isolated cases and insignificant."

The cablegram from M. Briand read: "Inasmuch as certain newspapers in America have circulated hostile rumors, you have inquired of the French government what may be the attitude existing in France regarding the convention of The American Legion which has been invited to be held in Paris in 1927. You may be assured that for my part the coming to France of your members will be considered by all as friendly and courteous, as a sacred pilgrimage to the graves of the American soldiers who rest in France. There is not a Frenchman but will greet your members as they pass and kneel with them on those graves. I can, therefore, only wish as many members of the Legion as possible will come in 1927, fully confident of the welcome they will receive from the government of France and the French people."

The France Convention Committee at a meeting in August considered these communications, which bore out, Bowman Elder, National Chairman, said, the information given by John J. Wicker, Jr., National Travel Director, when he returned from France recently after conferring with French government officials on housing problems. Mr. Wicker said that while unofficial persons might have created certain embarrassment, every Frenchman he talked with was enthusi-

astic over the Americans' coming, and the French people will do everything in their power to provide a welcome.

The committee also learned with satisfaction that the Leviathan, known to thousands of A. E. F. veterans, had been officially assigned as the flagship of the American fleet which will take the Second A. E. F. to France. The Leviathan is the only vessel that will draw passengers from all States, as the other twenty-three ships will be allotted to state quotas.

WITH expectations that the Legion's membership would be seven hundred thousand or more on September 11th, the day on which comparative department standings for 1926 were to be computed, National Commander McQuigg late in August appealed to all Departments to keep on getting new members right up to the opening day of the Eighth National Convention. At the time he made his appeal Commander McQuigg was gratified to know that forty departments had exceeded for 1926 their membership totals of 1925 and six departments, Florida, Wyoming, Arizona, Maine, Oklahoma and Idaho, had made surpassingly splendid records by exceeding the quotas assigned for 1926. With August figures showing that 1926 membership had exceeded the membership of 1925, 1924 and 1923, Commander McQuigg was hoping that late returns would bring the total close to the figure for 1922 enrollment, which was 745,000.

ASSEMBLY call for Legionnaire contributors to this issue finds in line one of the oldest members of the Legion, Major Henry W. Daly, author of the article, "The Powder-Stained Seventies." Major Daly, a member of Jasper Post of Washington, D. C., is seventy-six. He is not quite the oldest Legionnaire because there are at least two or three who are over eighty. . . In line also is Peter B. Kyne, who was introduced in last month's number as the first Department Historian of the California Department. The final installment of his story, "The Handshaker," is published in this number. . . C. LeRoy Baldridge, who drew the cartoon on the second editorial page, is a member of Willard Straight Post of New York City. . . Woodward Boyd, author of "All Hands 'Round," is one of the many women who earned the right to Legion membership by service with Uncle Sam in the World War. She joined a women's post in Chicago early in the Legion's history. . . James A. Drain, author of the article on the Legion's service to disabled veterans, is a Past National Commander of The American Legion.

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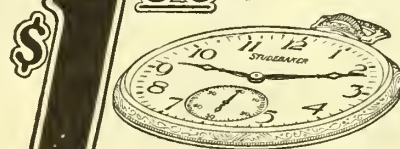
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Toss — Oars!

(Continued from page 29)

game men, who kept their wits about them and could do their best in an emergency. To make professional navy men is not the primary object of Camp Gridley; this brief report is not an argument for national preparedness. I've merely been asked to visit the camp and write the way I feel about it.

Here it is:

I'd like to think my son, if I had one, would be like the port-bow oarsman in the boat Max Rawlings was maneuvering in a high wind. A husky freckled boy, a little trained from last season, but with hands still soft from a winter in which he had not touched an oar, he gritted his teeth and did his best. The wind kept swinging the bow out of position. "Give her a few strokes, port bow!" said Max, himself giving her help with thrusts on the checkered tiller. Time after time the boy obeyed, doing his durnedest.

"How about the blisters, son?" called the photographer on shore. The boy gave him a quick grin and shouted "Three new ones!" and went right on heaving at his oar.

Maybe that's militarism. Maybe it's militarism to teach boys to handle themselves on land and water, and to get the habit of doing things right, and to grin and keep on fighting with blistered hands against wind and wave. Maybe it's militarism to name a camp after a man whose memory lives in the phrase, "You may fire when ready, Gridley!"

Maybe some of those boys will learn to like the naval life, yes. But if they don't—if the day ever comes when the Navy has to have them to protect our shores, their lives will be easier and safer and more valuable because of what they're learning now. No man can say that day will never come. But teaching boys to read a compass and handle a boat won't make it come. And any life needs trained hands, a trained mind, the habit of doing things right before you quit; that's discipline. Any man needs the ability to keep on trying, even with blistered hands. The winds of earth blow just as hard in peace time as in war.

Those boys are getting ready to be men.

A Personal View

(Continued from page 35)

the President to West Point are to be reserved for sons of service men who died in war. Their right to the most favorable treatment can't be questioned.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI is the grandson of the great Garibaldi, the liberator of Italy. Himself an exile, he was standing on a platform

A Lesson From Garibaldi
in the same town in America where his grandfather was long an exile. Pro-Mussolini and Anti-Mussolini feeling was running high in the crowd of men of his own blood. They expected him to feed the flames. But he said that this country was no place to carry on that argument. That expresses it exactly. I hope that he and all others will so act. America is no place for Fascist and anti-Fascist campaigning.

He Kept On Fighting
AFTER THE GREAT name he made in the war Sergeant Alvin York went home to Tennessee with a mission. He had seen a light which he wanted to spread. He would give his poor neighbors the benefit of what he had learned in the outside world. They had the character that produced Yorks and Andrew Jacksons and Abraham Lincolns; but he wanted them to realize on character by more education. Not for

his own profit but for theirs, he lectured up and down the land to get funds for the life work which he had set for himself since the day he took, singlehanded, that big bag of German prisoners in the Argonne. Now among his beloved native mountains the Alvin York Industrial Institute is rising to teach boys and girls modern methods in farming and industry. Some millionaires looking for objects of largess might put it on their list.

The Most Selfish Man
THE EX-KAISER is one of the richest men in Europe. He wants the value of his two million acres of land in Germany. He wants all his castles paid for. Though his ancestors took all this property by war he

does not think that he should lose any of it by war. Still he harps on the fact that his people betrayed him. If they had kept on starving and fighting for him he says he would have won. Then he would have been back in his castles and all the cripples and women and children would have been working his two-million-acre farm for him. It never occurs to him to give one cent to his "beloved German people." Everything William has is for William; and everything any German has should be also for William. We knew what we were doing when we fought not against the German people, but against Kaiserism.

Dangerous Ways

(Continued from page 45)

neck. It gave a new sense of security.

"And remember, bo," warned Mike, "that Kinsella's seen you go. He ain't asking for what the wop took. Not on your life. When he ribs himself up to start, there'll be smoke. And something else—you can scrap and you're hard-boiled, or you wouldn't be in this outfit, but you seem kinda country and sappy, at that.

"Now a guy like Merino and most of the others here will fight quick. But Kinsella's different. He'll work himself up. He'll say something kinda sarcastic; then he'll get raw; then he'll get rough. And mind, he'll not be doing it to get your goat. He'll be working up his courage. And then—*wham!* He'll pull the gat and the smoke will cloud right up. Now—you beat him to it. Got me?"

"I have you, Mike," I said. "And much obliged."

"Never mind the much obliged stuff. You be ready, that's all. Don't let that big tramp beat you to the draw. For unless I'm groggy, that boy's going to ditch you, Jack."

CHAPTER XI

HOW little we know of people. I'd set Mike down for a yellow bully, and here he was aligned on my side, prepared, I was sure, to go to bat with fists or gun when the need arose. I'd placed Kinsella as decent at heart, and within an hour or so of cataloguing him I'd learned that his conceit made him more viciously deadly than Merino.

I asked Mike, as he helped me carry the dishes from the spring to the larger shed, how long before the *Alida* would return. Within a week or so, he told me, but there could be no certainty as to the exact time. I wanted to ask him, now that I had won his respect and liking, what it was all about, what crime we were engaged upon, but I realized that Mike's regard was predicated on my being a criminal; an incautious question might let him know that I was, in effect, a spy. If he discovered that, his liking would turn to vengeful wrath, instantly.

Almost, I appealed to the girl, but if there had been anything even remotely flirtatious in her manner as we prepared the noon meal, it was gone when I came back from the spring. Sitting before her quarters, sewing on something or other, she barely returned my greeting. Mad though I'd become over her, I could not forget the circumstances of our first meeting, these present circumstances. I could no more afford to arouse her suspicions than I could those of Mike. Of course, she was aware that I'd come aboard the *Alida* without knowing the destination or purport of the cruise, but still—I didn't want her to start thinking about me. It would, I told myself

with a wry grin, be as unpleasant being shot by a woman you loved as by a man you hated.

And to be perfectly frank, I didn't know but that she would draw a bead on me as soon as not. My love for her hadn't altered my estimate of her character, my opinion of what she'd do in emergency. If I'd considered changing my opinion of her, the thought of the murdered Saragon would have kept me to my original viewpoint.

And so, unencouraged to stay, I wandered inland from the beach. As I plunged into a thicket of palms and palmettoes, I felt angrily contemptuous toward Kinsella. He should know that the one way to escape trouble was to keep the men busied at something. There was liquor on the island, and the thoughts of idle men of this stamp must inevitably turn to drink. And a drink among this gang would be like tossing a lighted match into a keg of powder. Vicious, quarrelsome, used as they were to settling all disputes with violent action, how long would quiet remain on this key?

And, more dangerous than anything else, there was a woman present. I will confess that my forebodings were gloomy as I wandered through the forest.

A gentle grade led upward, and after a quarter of an hour of walking I found myself on a little eminence that gave a view of all our island. Two and a half or three miles long, irregular in shape, not over a mile across the widest part, with surf pounding on the easterly shore, and several pleasant coves on the west, heavily wooded with tropical growth—this was our island.

North and south of us, the nearest, in either direction, somewhat less than ten miles away, were other islands. No smoke arose from them; they were apparently uninhabited.

I sat down, lighted a pipe, and pondered the situation. An angle that had not hitherto entered into my thoughts intruded unpleasantly now. The *Alida* was engaged in some sort of law violation; suppose that it were captured; suppose, indeed, that the desperate half-dozen aboard the yacht refused to surrender. The news was full, these dry days, of rum-runners that fled from Coast Guard gun-fire, and were sunk. There was a possibility—its strength depended upon the gloominess of one's nature—that the *Alida* might never return, and that our whereabouts might never be made known.

In that unhappy event, how long would our stores last? How long before famine would descend upon us? But I dismissed that idea almost instantly. For there must be game, of a sort, in these woods, and the sea was alive with fish. From any of these coral rocks that thrust them- (Continued on page 90)

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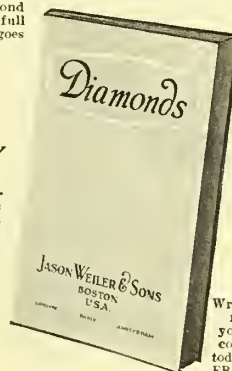
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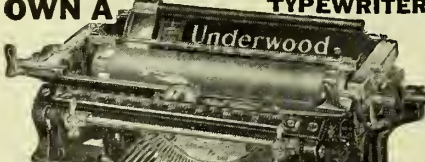
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Dangerous Ways

(Continued from page 89)

selves out of the water along the shore, one should be able, in twenty minutes, to catch enough mackerel, kingfish, amberjack or pompano to feed twice our number. And the spring was ample for the needs of a hundred people.

And, sooner or later, distress signals which we would fly in the event of our abandonment would attract the attention of a passing ship. No, there was no necessity for imagining evils. The actual evils were plentiful and frightening enough.

Looking around the little eminence where I mused, I wondered if there were any better place to defend one's self than this. The knoll itself was wooded, but there was a cleared space around its base, which would expose, in daylight at least, any assault from the farther woods. Also, there was a tiny spring half way down the exposed slope. If one had containers for water, one could slip down at night and fill them.

Tarpaulins stretched between the trees would afford sufficient shelter on these balmy early winter nights. There were no bugs now, either. Oh, yes, if food could be transported here. . . . But there was the rub. How could that be done without instant protest on the part of Kinsella, protest which would lead to immediate precipitation of open war?

I shrugged despairingly. An hour of intensive thinking had brought me nowhere. I swore at myself for a silly old woman. Because I'd had a fight with Merino, and Kinsella had shown no partisanship for me, I conjured up all sorts of piratical happenings. Time to let that Maine sanity of mine play its part.

I knocked the ashes from my pipe and started back toward the corrugated iron sheds. It was getting along toward supper time, and if I could help Rose Blaney prepare the food I'd do so.

But I wasn't a silly old woman. Instead, I was the man of average cool wit that I'd always considered myself. For, long before I reached the edge of the woods, I heard cries and yells that made me burst into a run.

In the shelter of the last trees, barely fifty yards from the larger iron shed, I paused. Rose Blaney was standing by the fireplace which we had built earlier in the day, stirring something in a pot. I breathed easier; she had not been annoyed, apparently, as yet.

But before the big shed, grouped in

a circle, sat all the rest of the crew. There was a keg in their middle, and as I watched, young Dick leaned forward, turned the spigot and filled a tin cup which he drank down at a gulp.

But as he did so, Merino knocked the top off a bottle and put the jagged edge to his mouth. This was different. The keg must hold beer, but the bottles held whiskey, and it was ten to one that Dick was probably the only one of the gathering who wet his whistle on the milder liquid.

The cockney, Alston, burst into song. I listened to the first verse, blushing for the girl. For it was the type of song that one like Alston would have been expected to memorize. Kinsella slapped

him on the back as he paused.

"Atta boy!" he cried. He hiccupped. "Sing louder," he ordered. "Maybe she didn't hear you."

The girl, a couple of rods from them, disdained to notice the singer or his applause.

She put a pan upon the fire and went about her self-appointed task as though the gang were miles away. Certainly, whatever else she was, she was no coward, and the unwished-for love that surged in my heart became tinged with pride.

I peered from my hiding-place, looking for Mike. Thank God, he at least wasn't in this crowd. My second judgment of him had been sound, I hoped. But I felt bitterly toward young Dick. Poor, weak lad. . . .

I loosened the gun in my shoulder sling and stepped from the shelter of the trees. Nothing was to be gained by skulking. From suggestive songs to suggestive acts, to threats, was but a step. . . .

Merino saw me first. "Ah, here comes the man wit' the sock," he cried. "Mebbe, Jack, you and I do a little wrestling, hey?"

Kinsella turned and glared at me. "Now, where the hell you been?" he demanded.

"Were orders given to stay here and drink?" I retorted.

He sneered. "Too holy to drink, eh? A fine guy to take on a party, you are, ain't you? Where you been?"

"Keeping sober," I told him. "What you should have been doing."

He tried to stand up, but fell back into a sitting position.

"None of your lip, my lad," he said.



"If you don't want to drink, all right, but don't get fresh with better men."

"I won't—when I see them," I replied.

For my temper is none too equable. Kinsella knew that liquor would render these men out of hand and yet he had permitted them to get drunk, and had joined them in the occupation. I wondered that Greve had left such a man in charge. But then, excellent commanders are not to be found so easily amid criminal ranks. Greve probably chose what he considered to be the best man available.

"Mebbe you see one right now if you wrestle me," suggested Merino. He still pretended good humor, but there was a glint in his eye that meant something else.

"Didn't you get enough this morning?" I inquired.

"But that was fight, and oh, what a great fighter you are, Jack," he said. The jeer in his voice was patent. "But a wrestling match is something else."

"Listen, rat," I said. "This morning you tried to wrestle, tried every foul trick your dirty brain could invent, and you got plenty, didn't you? Well, let matters lie, or you'll get too much."

"Say," said Kinsella, "what a big mouth you have. You licked Merino this morning, but that ain't saying you could do it this evening. I say, give him a return bout."

"Sure," cried Alston.

Schulz, too drunk to be articulate, muttered something which was obviously approval of the idea, and young Dick, hiccoughing painfully, slapped Merino enthusiastically on the back.

I don't know what would have happened had not the girl, at that moment, called to me.

"Oh, Jack," she said, "come and give me a lift with this pot, will you?"

The others may have been too drunk to notice it, but I caught behind the casual tone an imperative quality. It sobered me, made me sane again, who had been white with fury a moment ago. I stepped past the jeering group around the keg, noting that there were a dozen empty broken whiskey bottles on the ground, and that another case had been opened, and reached the girl. She motioned toward the pot, and I bent over to lift it.

"Don't let them trick you into a fight, Jack," she whispered. "Mike heard them planning it—he's out looking for you now—to warn you. The minute you go for Merino he's to knife you—and Kinsella will shoot you from behind."

I set the pot on the ground.

"Why didn't they open up the minute I appeared?" I asked.

"You forget me," she answered. "I'll have a story to tell Greve and the others. If it's deliberate murder they'll be in bad. But if you get killed in a fair fight, a fight that they'd swear was fair, my word might not go against all of theirs. Keep away from them."

I made an instant decision. If these

gangsters were out to get me they'd not wait long for one plan to execute itself. They'd think of another. And, until Mike was by my side, I dared not go into action against them. But if I could get them to postpone any overt act, get them to think that their first plan was working, I'd be safe—for a while.

So I turned away from the fire and strode boldly into the middle of the group.

"You wrestle, eh?" asked Merino eagerly.

"Say, what the hell?" I growled at him. "All you want to do is fight, fight, fight. But I got a thirst. It's hot in those woods, and I want to get cooled off. Gimme some beer."

Kinsella stared at me, surprised. I snatched a cup from the hand of Dick, filled it, and drank it. I smiled, in friendly fashion, at Merino.

"Too hot to wrestle now, old boy," I said. "But after supper, while there's still plenty of light, we'll take a couple of falls. O. K.?"

"Sure," said Merino.

Kinsella frowned. But the girl could overhear all we said, and what sobriety remained to him advised him not to force the situation. So I drank another cup of beer and then went back to the fire. And as I helped the girl, I prayed for Mike to come.

He did so, just as we were putting things on the ground and preparing to eat.

"Been everywhere looking for you," he said.

"I know—she told me," I whispered. "And if I don't wrestle Merino after supper it'll be Katy-lock-the-door!"

"And if you do wrestle him it'll be Johnny-fetch-the-hearse," he returned. "Listen—there's a back door to the big shed. If we could rustle some grub out—and had a place to go—"

"I know the place," I interrupted. "But the grub—"

"Get 'em drunk," he counselled. "Let 'em go to the booze—encourage them—" "What you two cooking up?" asked Kinsella, suspiciously.

"Aw," said Mike, "Jack oughta be running a Bible class. He's telling me that a little beer won't hurt me but advising me to lay off the hard stuff. Says it'll hurt me stomach. Holy cats, I've drunk enough to hurt me stomach long ago. A little more won't do no harm." "Well, after he's had his wrestling match with Merino maybe he won't be so free with his advice," sneered Kinsella.

The guffaw that went up from the circle was added proof that my bout with Merino was to be the match to touch off the powder.

Mike swaggered into the center of the circle, broke the neck off a whiskey bottle, and raised it on high. "Let's see," he cried, "who can drink a whole bottle without stopping!"

Normal men would have rejected such a mad suggestion instantly, but these men were far from normal. They had been drinking steadily, and they planned deliberate mur- (Continued on page 92)



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Dangerous Ways

(Continued from page 91)

der. Whether they drank to nerve themselves to the bloody deed, or whether drink inspired the deed, would be hard to decide.

It was enough to satisfy me that they hailed Mike's suggestion with gleeful approval. Supper was forgotten. Mike was cheered as he drained a full quart of whiskey, and only I noticed that it slipped down the inside of his shirt, and not down his throat.

Merino was second to try; he swallowed a third of a bottle before, gasping, he dropped the container. Schulz gave up early, and Kinsella didn't try. Young Dick took one swallow and was painfully sick. The girl moved back to the fire.

Supper became a disgusting affair; like wild beasts they grabbed at food, tore it with their teeth, dribbled and slobbered. . .

"Where's the hide-out?" whispered Mike.

I gave him swift directions how to reach the knoll where I had been in the afternoon.

"They'll never let us all go together," he whispered. "But the girl and I can rustle the grub up there—at least we can get it part way—and a piece of tarpaulin—if you'll hold them here."

"Is it necessary?" I objected. "They're drunk now—"

"And sweet mama, when they begin to sober up!" ejaculated Mike. "There'll be murder tonight, if you're here, and worse if the girl's here. Take my word for it."

"Then smuggle the stuff out the back door, and when you're far enough along—when you've got enough in the woods—they can't follow us now—only Kinsella, and he'll not have the nerve to do it alone—fire one shot."

"Gosh, I hate leaving you, bo," said Mike.

"It's the best chance, the only chance," I assured him. "Get busy."

Now, I have a sort of a baritone, a barber-shop voice, you know, and I can remember the airs and words of hundreds of songs. Lying back against the keg, with one eye on Merino and the other on Kinsella, I lifted my voice in what may, for the sake of argument, be termed music.

I sang "Always," and "Remember," and "Middle of the Night," and some of

the old songs. Whenever I stopped, the sleepy Merino, forgetful of his hatred, would urge me on. When Kinsella, who dimly began to suspect something, said he'd had enough of singing, Schulz and the Italian howled him down.

I remembered how long it had taken me to return from the knoll to the sheds. It was a good twenty-minute walk. Burdened with supplies, it would take Mike and the girl—and she'd hold him back—half an hour. An hour for a round trip, at least. Yet a surreptitious glance at my watch told me that I'd been singing for three solid terrible hours, and still the signal had not been sounded.

And all the time I urged Schulz and Merino to drink. Kinsella would suggest the wrestling match, but Merino would laugh drunkenly. "Music first," he would say. "Plenty of time for the wrestle later."

Kinsella, however, drank but little and a measure of sobriety came to him at last.

"Where's Mike?" he suddenly asked. "And Rose Blaney?"

From the woods, close at hand, came the sound of a shot.

"Call her Miss Blaney, Kinsella," I said. My hand went to my left shoulder.

"Say, you've been fresh enough, Jack," he told me. "For two cents I'd start trouble with you."

My gun lay in my lap. "And for less than that, Kinsella, I'd blow your lying head right off your neck. Put up your hands."

His hands went up; I leaped to my feet and the point of my gun wavered between him and Merino. Schulz and Dick were sound asleep now, sunk in drunken stupor.

"What's the big idea?" demanded Kinsella.

"That I know what you and Merino planned, my bucko," I told him, "and it won't work. Turn around—Merino, stand up and turn around."

Frightened, he obeyed me. Now, I suppose I could have disarmed them. But Schulz stirred, muttered drunkenly. And if I placed a hand on one of the standing men, the other might take a chance. I couldn't risk it.

"If you look around I'll shoot," I told them.



Then, walking backwards, I drew away from them. Not until I heard Mike speak to me did I turn. Then, with a dash, I was in the shelter of the trees with him.

CHAPTER XII

NUMERICALLY, when I had aligned the forces early in the day, the sides had been even. But young Dick had gone over to the enemy. No question about that, so, instead of four to four, it was five to three. True, one of their five was a boy, but one of our three was a girl. A discouraging, not to say almost hopeless, outlook for us. But I didn't bother to think about this just now, nor, I imagine, did the others.

We were too busily engaged in making good our flight through the woods while there was still plenty of light to guide us to think of anything else. For from the open space about the sheds came cries of rage, and half a dozen shots were fired blindly in our direction.

But we reached the knoll in safety and Mike, without a moment's delay, seized upon two big cans and ran down the declivity to the little spring. I looked for some other container, but there was none, so I set myself to the job of spreading a tarpaulin which would shelter the girl.

She had looked up from work at which she was engaged to nod a welcome, and then continued at her self-imposed job. And I knew, from the nature of the work that employed her, that she would be worth as much as any man to us. For she was clearing away the undergrowth wherever it impeded a clear view of the open space around the hill.

"Give us a clear aim," she said.

I didn't need the explanation, but the coolness of her voice, the matter-of-factness of her manner, made me appreciate her calm courage the more.

And believe me, I hadn't needed the shots that Kinsella had sent whistling after us to realize that her work was well advised. I could see his position as clearly as himself. Greve had threatened punishment to whosoever annoyed the girl. Conceit and vanity and liquor had combined to make Kinsella deserving of that punishment. He'd wipe us all out now without a qualm. He might spare the girl, though there was not much chance of this, in the hope that the combined testimony of his crowd would offset her story. But there was no room for debate as to what would happen to us two men.

"You'd oughta knocked 'em off, Jack," said Mike, depositing two five-gallon cans of water on the ground.

I nodded. "Couldn't do it, Mike. For that matter, you could have potted them from where you stood."

He grinned shamefacedly. "Got them same ideas as yours, Jack. I can't shoot until the other guy is ready. Well, we was born suckers, us two, I guess. Help me pile dirt around these cans, willya?"

I saw the point instantly, and dropped my tarpaulin. A bullet could steal our water from us in a moment; earth might dull a bullet's impact.

The girl came back from the woods as we finished. She nodded approvingly at what we had done; like any veteran campaigner, she appreciated things without explanation.

"They'll have trouble crossing the clear spaces," she announced, pointing backward with the hand-axe she carried.

"In daylight—yes," said Mike. "But at night—and it's at night they'll come. Miss Blaney."

"But not this night," I said swiftly. "They'll want to do some sobering up first."

She looked at me gravely. "You don't need to assure me," she said. "I'm not afraid, Jack. They'll come tonight; be sure of that."

Well, she was right, and my trite effort to encourage her had failed. So I tried another way.

"So much the worse for them," I said cheerily. "They'll be drunk and we'll be sober. We'll shoot straight and they'll not. The odds are all with us."

"Unless," she said quietly, "they find the rifles."

"Rifles?" I gasped.

She nodded. "In the shed; a case of them. But we couldn't have carried them away, and if we'd tried to open the case they'd have heard us."

I whistled. This put a different complexion on affairs. Why, Kinsella and his gang could stay out of range of our revolvers and cut the trees to ribbons. Sooner or later . . . But there was no sense in worrying now. The thing to do was to be prepared, to throw up some sort of rocky protection. I abandoned that idea as soon as it came to me.

Instead, I heeded another thought. "Mike," I cried, "let's you and I go down to the shed; I'll stand them off while you smash the rifles—"

"Try it if you want, Jack," he said, "but Kinsella ain't such a big dub as all that, you know. He's at that case now, it's a million to one."

"I don't think we ought to separate," said the girl.

There was no fear for self in her mind; I was sure of that; it was simply the utterance of good hard sense. And I yielded to it.

And so we sat ourselves down to the hardest task on earth—waiting. It made me think of those days in France when we'd crouched in a trench waiting for the word to go over.

Night came down suddenly, in tropic fashion.

"Mike," I said, "you take the south and east and I'll take the north and west. If we hide in the edge of the woods maybe we'll see them coming. There'll be stars and a faint moon."

"And what am I to do?" asked Rose.

"Get some sleep," I told her.

The tarpaulin had been rigged well enough. Beneath its shelter she'd be safe from any ordinary rain.

But she (Continued on page 94)

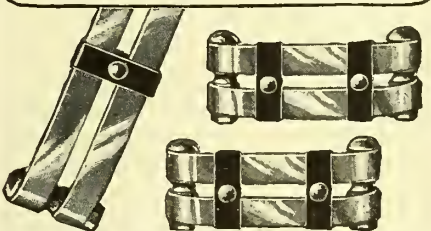
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Dangerous Ways

(Continued from page 93)

shook her head decisively. "My being a woman," she stated, "is responsible for this trouble. Heaven knows I can't help my sex, but I can help making it more of a burden to you men than it has been. I'll do my share of watching."

We knew there was no use in arguing the matter with her, so it was agreed that after three hours she would relieve Mike, who, after three hours of sleep, would relieve me.

Mike and I agreed, so that, if sleep should overcome either of us, the lapse might not prove costly, to march and meet each other every fifteen minutes. At our fourth meeting I told him that I didn't think Kinsella would lead an assault that night.

"In the first place, don't forget that they don't know where we are. They'll hardly look for us at night. Another thing: their rifles give them no advantage in the dark, and Kinsella won't be too drunk to overlook that fact."

So, after one hour of watching, I persuaded Mike to lie down near the girl's shelter. The better rested we all were in the daylight, the better our chances of victory in the certain battle of the morrow.

An hour before dawn I slipped rapidly back into the woods and awakened the girl. She'd had six hours sleep and was reproachful when she discovered how long she'd slumbered. But she accepted my explanation of our altered plans and, having promised to fire her revolver at the least suspicious circumstance, she went down to the edge of the woods. I told her to call Mike in an hour, and then I lay down beside him.

The sun was high when the rattle of a tin cup awakened me. I sat up instantly; the girl and Mike were preparing breakfast.

"Sorry," said the girl. "The cup slipped; meant to let you sleep half an hour longer."

I leaped to my feet and walked off through the woods toward our little spring. I had just lifted my face from its cool caress, and was shaking the water from my eyes, when something whined overhead; almost simultaneously I heard the crack of a rifle.

I made the trunk of a big banyan in something less than no time at all. From behind its grateful shelter I peered.

There, in the edge of the far woods, well out of revolver range, I saw Kinsella, Dick, Schulz, Merino and Alston. All of them had rifles, and Kinsella's was still at his shoulder. I wondered that they hadn't all fired, but guessed—correctly, later events proved—that Kinsella had been so sure he could pot me he'd forbidden the others to fire.

I waved a derisive cap at them, and drew the fire of the other four men. But no bullet even hit the tree behind which I'd dodged, and I ran, in safety now, back to our camp.

Breakfast was an anxious meal, and toward its end dangerous. For our foes had apparently scattered so that the little hill was surrounded, and, equipped with plenty of ammunition, had started firing at random.

We did the best we could; we burrowed hollows in the ground and lay prone in them. But it was coral rock here, save for a few inches of soil, and we couldn't get much shelter. Nor did branches, which we piled about us, seem more than a flimsy protection.

We endured an hour of this and then the girl commented on something which I'd noted, but with no thought as to its meaning.

"The shots are all coming from one direction," she announced.

I rose cautiously, peered through the spaces she'd cleared the night before, and saw that, at the south, my five foes were grouped. And I saw something else that made me quick to understand the new alignment. Ten miles or so to the south, barely visible, was a blot on the ocean. If it were the *Alida*, returning ahead of time, Kinsella and his crew must wipe us out in the next half hour, lest there be tongues to give evidence against him.

And such evidence as we could give would bring as stern a punishment as any court of law would inflict—sterner, for Greve would have them killed, whereas a court would confine them in some jail.

I called my discovery to the others. "They'll rush us now," I told them. "And when they get a hundred yards nearer they'll be in range of our revolvers; the fight won't be target practice any longer."

Mike rose to his feet and the girl stood beside him.

"Here they come," she cried. "And I could not detect the faintest quiver in her voice."

"Don't let 'em into our woods," I ordered. "Come on."

I started running down the slope to the edge of our grove. On my knees, from behind that same banyan which had sheltered me a while ago, I aimed deliberately at Kinsella, and let go when I thought him within easy range.

I hit him, evidently in the hand, for he dropped his rifle, stooping to pick it up with his left. But I didn't stop him, and my next five shots went wild.

Nor were Rose and Mike any better. They fired, but without result. What a futile weapon a revolver is at more than ten feet unless one is an expert in its use!

"Run!" I ordered my companions. "Quick!"

Right up the knoll, past our last night's camp with the still smoking fire, we raced.

Behind us I heard Kinsella order his men to stop.

"Take it easy; they'll be laying for us behind the trees!" he cried.

I stopped, and Mike and the girl did likewise. We reloaded our weapons.

"Fifteen shots," said Mike bitterly, "and Kinsella has a cut finger. Hell, we ain't got a chance unless we get close—and then it's five to two—three," with a glance at the girl.

She shrugged. "I'd not be much use in a rough and tumble, would I?" she asked wanly.

I took a chance at being shot, and craned my neck from behind a tree. The blot on the ocean was a trifle larger now. If we could stand them off for another twenty minutes or so. . . .

A veritable hail of bullets swept above our heads. They had repeating rifles and were trying once more, from closer range, to blast us out of our position.

I peered again around my tree-trunk. Merino I could distinguish, eighty yards away, half-hidden in the foliage. I rested my revolver on a branch and aimed steadily and long. Then I pressed the trigger and Merino disappeared. But a profane yell assured me that I'd not hit a vital spot.

"Well, we get second blood, too," chuckled Mike.

Kinsella's voice drowned out Merino's curses.

"Mike!" he called.

"Well, what you want?" asked Mike, as I nodded to him to reply.

"We're going to get Jack. Don't kid yourself, we can do it. But we got nothing against you and the girl. If you two will surrender, and promise to keep your mouths shut, nothing will happen to you."

"Nothing will happen anyway, Kinsella," cried Mike. "How's your hand? And go to hell. The same from the lady, too."

I looked at Rose; despite the peril of the position, she was smiling at Mike's defiance.

"Listen," I said swiftly. "They're going to hit us—the woods, now they're in them, shelter them as well as us. But if we were at the beach, behind a ledge that would stop their bullets, they'd have no protection. While they're making up their minds to rush, getting up their courage—let's go."

Mike and I each took a hand of the girl; as silently as possible we darted down the north slope of the eminence. We were out of our woods, and almost across the cleared space, when we heard yells behind us, heard shots and the drone of bullets overhead. Then, unhurt, we were in the shelter of the trees.

But I glanced back, and into the open space came Kinsella and the rest. Merino lagged only a little behind, so I knew that he'd not been seriously hurt.

At breakneck pace we tore through the woods; twice the girl would have fallen but that our hands kept her upright. But we gained the beach and rugged coral boulders before our pursuers emerged from the woods.

Kinsella, in the lead, guessed our hiding-place and purpose. Peeping over a

rock, I saw him gesticulate in the direction of our refuge; apparently he tried to urge the others on. And finally, after ten minutes' argument, he seemed to succeed.

The five of them dropped on their knees; they made themselves as small as possible, and began crawling toward us.

I hated to give them our exact position, but it was necessary to stop them if we could. So, once again resting my revolver, this time on a ledge, I fired at Kinsella. Five times I shot and each time missed, and in return they opened upon us with a volley of rifle balls.

We weren't hurt; only the coral splintered beneath the shots, but the feeling was most uncomfortable.

I looked at Mike, and he nodded to me. The girl intercepted our exchange of glances.

"I know what you're going to do—rush them," she declared. "I won't have it. You'll do that so I'll be in no danger of being hurt. But I tell you, I won't have it. If you rush them I'm with you. Anyway, they'd not let me live. I'm going with you."

Her knuckles whitened as they clenched the revolver. I sighed in despair.

And then into our perplexity came the sound of jeering cheers. I peeped over our natural barricade. Kinsella and the others had withdrawn out of range. He was doing something with his rifle, and now held it up, waving a white rag of some sort fastened to its end.

"A parley," I said. "Well, talk does no harm, does it?"

The other two agreed with me, and so I stood up and waved a handkerchief. Instantly, dropping his gun, Kinsella approached within easy speaking distance. His right hand, I noted, was bandaged.

"We had intended wiping you out," he said, "because we thought the *Alida* was coming. But the boat, whatever it was, has changed her course. We got all the time in the world. You can't get away; you'll be dead with thirst in an hour or so of sun; you've nothing to eat. Jack, we're going to get you. If the others will give their word to keep their mouths shut, no harm will come to them."

"A rat's words and a rat's thought—that a truce would be broken," I told him. I turned to my companions. "The jig's up," I said. "I'm not going to let you two die for me. I'm going after them by myself."

The girl rose from her crouch behind the rocks; she was beside me instantly.

"Kinsella," she cried, "we make no bargains. You think you have us; you think we can't get food or drink. Rat is what Jack called you. Well, rat, look to your nest. We're coming for *your* water, and *your* food. You've chased us far enough; now we'll chase you!"

Mike stood with us now. "Come on," she ordered us, "let's finish or be finished—now."

She started toward the retreating Kinsella on the run.

(To be continued)

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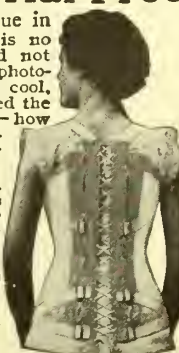
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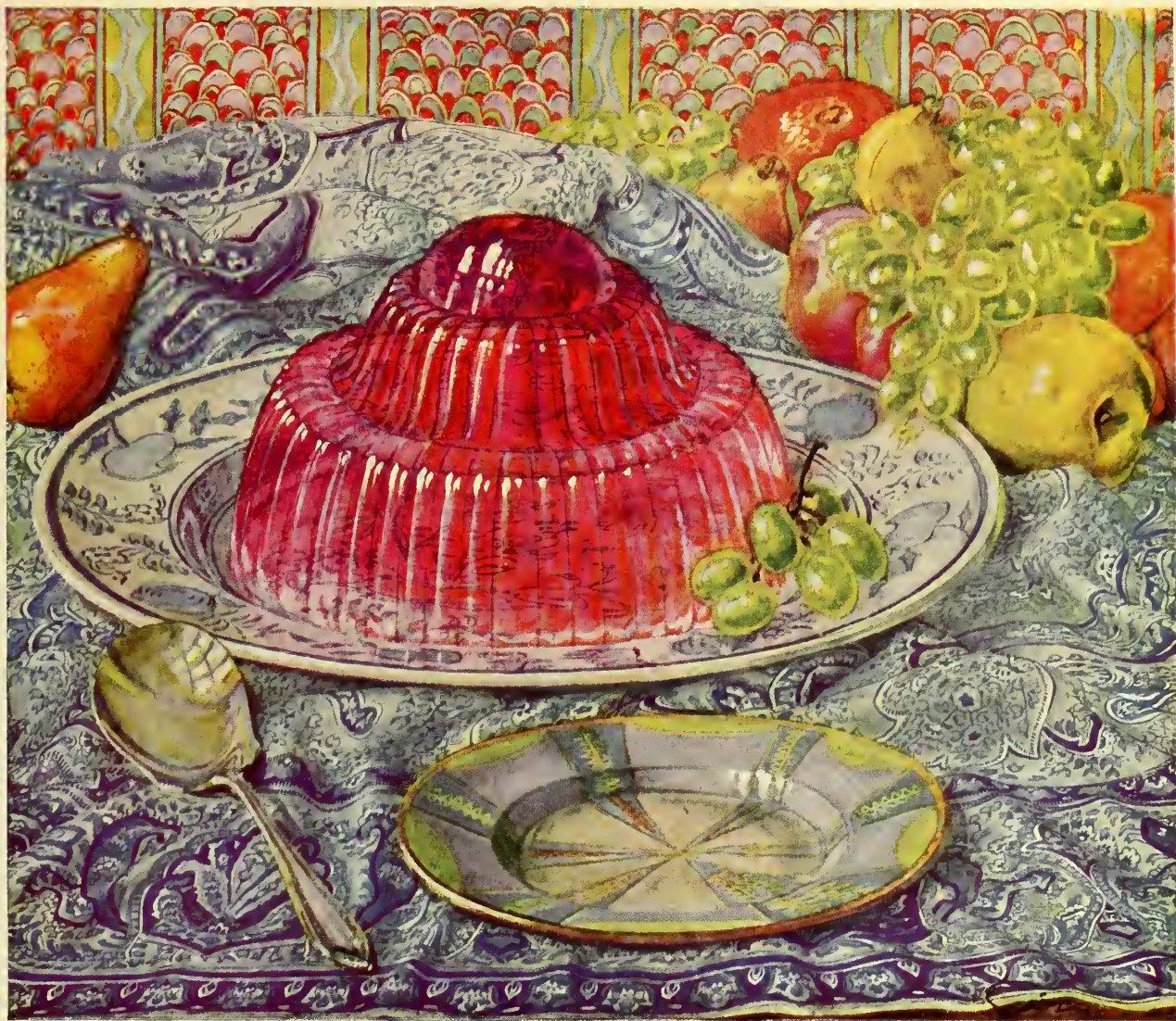
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